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CHARLES WATERTON:

HIS

HOME, HABITS, AND HANDIWORK.

EXPERIMENTS, AT LEEDS WITH RATTLE-SNAKES.

REMINISCENCES

OF THE LATE

CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.,

WALTON HALL, NEAR WAKEFIELD.

VIEW OF WALTON HALL IN THE DISTANCE; OF THE ANCIENT RUIN; AND OF THE CAST-IRON BRIDGE.

CHARLES WATERTON:

HIS

HOME, HABITS, AND HANDIWORK.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INTIMATE AND MOST CONFIDING PERSONAL ASSOCIATION FOR NEARLY THIRTY YEARS.

BY

RICHARD HOBSON, M.D., CANTAB.,

LEEDS.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OBTAINED WITHIN THE GROUNDS AT WALTON HALL, BY SAMUEL SMITH AND THE LATE W. LYNDON SMITH, ESQRS.

"MULTIS ILLE BONIS FLEBILIS OCCIDIT,
NULLI FLEBILIOR QUAM" MIHI.

"He died lamented by many good men,
By none more lamented than" by me.

LONDON: WHITTAKER & COMPANY.
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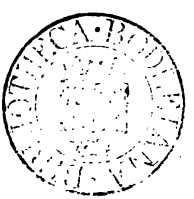

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ANTHONY PICKARD, PRINTER.

Dedication.

To SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart.,

LL.D., F.R.S.L. & E., F.L.S.,

OF APPLEGIRTH, DUMFRIESSHIRE;

Member of the Physical Society of Edinburgh;
Botanical Society of Edinburgh;
Meteorological Society of Scotland;
Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; Microscopical Society of Edinburgh;
Anthropological Society of London;
Berwickshire Naturalists' Club;—
Honorary Member of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne;
Tyneside Naturalists' Club;
Cotswold Club;
South African Institution, Cape of Good Hope;—
Member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia;
Ornithological Society of Germany;
President of the Dumfriesshire Natural History and Antiquarian Society, etc., etc.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

IN HAVING PERMISSION TO DEDICATE THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO ONE SO HIGHLY ESTEEMED BY OUR LATE MUTUAL FRIEND, IS MOST GRATIFYING TO ME, AND, I AM THOROUGHLY CONVINCED, WOULD HAVE BEEN EQUALLY SO, DURING LIFE, TO HIM WHOSE DEATH WE DEEPLY MOURN, AND WHOSE LEISURE HOURS WERE ARDENTLY AND UNCEASINGLY DEVOTED TO THAT PARTICULAR BRANCH OF SCIENCE WHICH YOUR LABOURS HAVE SO COPIOUSLY ENRICHED.

I AM, MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

YOURS FAITHFULLY,

RICHARD HOBSON.

. . . . . "*OMNE VOVEMUS*
HOC TIBI; NE TANTO CAREAT MIHI NOMINE CHARTA."

"All this I dedicate to thee; that this my book may not be deprived of a name so great as thine."

PREFACE.

THE readers of the following pages may, in all probability, enquire why *I* have taken upon myself to issue to the public this little Volume.

In anticipation of such very natural and reasonable interrogatories, in the present instance, I am determined to clear the decks and take time by the forelock, by stating that my replies, which are simple, shall be now expressed, and, I trust, that they will be generally satisfactory.

The late Mr. Waterton's tastes in the science of natural history, and, the more especially, in consequence of his ardent and enthusiastic partiality for ornithological pursuits, were so similar and naturally so closely interwoven with my own,—they so agreeably harmonised, particularly in the ornithological department of this system, and were always worked out in such mutually familiar confidence, for upwards

of a quarter of a century,—that no surviving friend ever possessed similarly favourable opportunities which I so long and so absolutely monopolised, for acquiring an intimate and a positively detailed knowledge of the Squire's every-day habits, of witnessing his marvellous manipulating faculty, and of ascertaining his general and unreserved sentiments, particularly on all subjects associated with any branch of practical natural history.

Another reason, and one which I am delighted and proud to entertain and express, is my absolute love for the Memory of the man who was so warmly, so faithfully attached, and so abiding a friend.

It also gives me infinite pleasure to enumerate a third and very important reason, viz., that the chief part of what I have written had the careful and generous sanction of Mr. Waterton himself, as to its accuracy in dates and in facts.

I can easily conceive, that the purely English reader may complain, and probably not without some apparent reason, that the following pages are loaded with too great a profusion of Latin quotations, but

this was one of the Squire's habitual peculiarities, and, therefore, not to have introduced them, would have been incompatible with the profession, on my part, that I would endeavour to faithfully delineate the true character of the man. .

Mr. Waterton's Latin quotations were so frequently mingled—so naturally and happily interspersed in his ordinary conversations with me, and, apparently, with such an ease and freedom of expression, that I had, very repeatedly, extreme difficulty in remembering even a moiety of them.

I respectfully crave the kind indulgence of those who may peruse the following pages, and who may have calculated upon a more elaborate production, that they would deal gently with their Author, whose limbs were stretched on a bed of severe sickness, and whose life was in imminent danger at the very moment when the melancholy and ever-to-be-lamented accident occurred to his old friend, which so speedily cut short his earthly career,—terminating a life full of years, and distinguished as justly, as it had been profusely adorned to its close, by

the highest esteem and veneration of all who had the good fortune to enjoy his friendship.

Independently of sickness, as an irresistible preventive to the final accomplishment of my anxious wishes, I deeply regret that unavoidable delay in the completion of the Illustrations, and other unforeseen circumstances, have unfortunately occurred to interfere with and materially delay the publication of this sketch of "the Home, Habits, and Handiwork" of the far-famed subject of this Memoir. I can now, however, with some degree of certainty, and with a vast amount of pleasure, truly quote the poet:—

"*Inveni portum, Spes et Fortuna valete;*
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios."

"I 've reach'd the harbour, hope and chance, adieu!
You 've play'd with me, now, play with others too."

RICHARD HOBSON.

Leeds, July, 1866.

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NATURAL HISTORY IN THE MUSEUM.

EVERY Quadruped, Insect, Bird, and Reptile has been prepared and mounted by my own hand. I have collected them at intervals, in Guiana, in Brazil, in the West Indies, in the United States of North America, in Italy, and in England, from the year 1812, to the present time, 1855.

The specimens have all been done upon an entirely novel principle, discovered by myself: so that, their original features have been perfectly restored,—the full brilliancy of their plumage retained,—and every part of them secured from the effect of damp, and from the depredation of the moth.

Reader, you are referred to the "Essays" and the "Wanderings," placed here to assist those who visit this Museum. They contain nothing but the absolute truth, although, on their first appearance before the Public, much disbelief and sarcasm caused me to regret that I had ever sent them to the Press.

Poor Captain Stedman, who in days long gone by, headed the Maroon war in the wilds of Surinam, met with no better a reception, when he gave his Adventures to the world. But later times have done justice to his memory.—I take my leave of you, in the lines which that brave and enterprising Scotchman penned for his own grave-stone:

"This, Stedman leaves to you,
As you would be done by,—do.
The rest,—*memento mori*,
So ends poor Stedman's story."

CHARLES WATERTON.

WALTON HALL, *April 5th*, 1855.

CHARLES WATERTON:

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE materials collected in this little Volume, which are designed to afford a brief Memoir of a highly esteemed and recently departed friend, have been chiefly furnished by a very frequent, an intimate, and a most confiding personal association with the deceased for nearly thirty years.

Recollections, of a man whom we have venerated for his excellence—of kindnesses lavishly bestowed upon us—of frequent and agreeable intercommunion with a spirit having kindred tendencies to our own, are intellectual enjoyments occasionally anticipated but rarely realised. Reality, however, now and then, supersedes the shadow. Under such circumstances, that man, who has been so fortunate as to mingle

with and to enjoy the friendship of the late MR. WATERTON, would be callous indeed if he could not dwell on the remembrance of this privilege with unalloyed satisfaction. A feeling of such a character has long existed within me, and prompted me to put my thoughts, in an occasional leisure hour, on paper, in order that they who have known Mr. Waterton merely by name, or only as a naturalist of widespread fame, may not, in future, be altogether unacquainted with at least a few of the many excellencies of this truly remarkable man, nor entirely ignorant of the peculiarities and very interesting scenery which surround WALTON HALL. "*Ea sub oculis posita negligimus; proximorum incuriosi longinqua sectamur.*" "Those things which are placed under our eyes we overlook; indifferent as to what is near us, we long for that which is distant."

"'T is distance lends enchantment to the view."

It is an acknowledged fact, that the man who travels abroad overlooks the beauties of his own country, and this is a remarkable proof of what I have stated as regards Walton Hall.

Experience convinces us that much mental gratification may be derived from an endless variety of rational and entertaining sources, which are abun-

dantly and legitimately within our reach, and may be indulged in according to individual taste.

> "Tell me, Trebatius, are not all mankind
> To different pleasures, different whims, inclined?
> Milonius dances whilst his head grows light,
> And the dim lamp shines double to his sight;
> The twin-born brothers in their sports divide,—
> Pollux loves boxing, Castor joys to ride."

My good friend, Mr. Waterton, judiciously selected his amusements from, and limited his desires, chiefly, to the more immediately surrounding and interesting objects of natural history for the attainment of happiness,—and in this he was successful.

A love of change seems to have been a primary element in the human heart; and if the variety be well chosen, it has, in all ages, been acknowledged to have afforded the highest gratification. Horace, who was no mean judge of human nature, very truly observes,—

> "*Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.*"

"All men do not admire and love the same things." The angler frames and encourages laws in order to multiply the finny tribe—the fox-hunter cares for the vulpine race—the knight of the trigger revels in the

game battue—the manorial owner of his countless heathery acres, mountainous ranges, and wild ravines, delights to maintain and multiply the cervine herd, whilst the master of the leash preserves and fosters the timid hare.

> "Mutual vouchers for their fame they stand,
> And play the game into each other's hand."

In this land of acknowledged protection of interests — in this age of affirmed civilised humanity and ostentatiously-boasted freedom from barbarism, —where are the benevolent, to attempt to shield the feathered tribe from ruthless destruction? It cannot be denied that very many birds, which in consonance with ordinary established rules, we may fairly claim as indigenous to our soil or to our climate, have, within the last half century, almost entirely disappeared, whilst not a few species have literally become extinct. Wilful and wanton destruction prevails, not only among the lawless multitude, but also, to a disgraceful extent, among others, whose adult years, whose education, and whose position in life, leave them not the plea of youth nor of ignorance to justify, nor even to extenuate their inhumanity. In fact, we are continually meeting with this species of wholesale and indiscriminate cruelty, publicly chronicled as if praiseworthy acts. For instance, it was

recently stated in a provincial newspaper, that Mr. —— was so fortunate as to shoot the male of some very rare bird, but was exceedingly annoyed that he had been so peculiarly unfortunate as to be unable to kill the female, and that this grievous disappointment was the more especially mortifying, he observed, as they were, very probably, the only pair of this species within the United Kingdom. Now we have here an assumed gentleman committing one very flagrant and unpardonable act, and, even after time for reflection, very much regretting that he had not the power, nor the opportunity, to perpetrate a second act, even more inhuman and more reproachful than the first. Fortunately, however, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, there has been at least one solitary and noble exception to this unrestrained barbarity;—and witness the result, nay, I may add, the happy and positively beneficial result, which I shall now endeavour, briefly, to recount.

"*Mors ultima linea rerum*." "Death, the closing limit of human affairs," has very recently numbered (May 27th, 1865,) with the dust of his ancestors, the Squire of Walton Hall. "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.*" "Pale death, with impartial foot, knocks at the cottages of the poor and at the palaces of kings."

This esteemed, talented, and humane but eccentric man, was passionately devoted to natural history pursuits. He was not a closet but a field ornithologist, distinguished as such, in every sense of the word. He would never, excepting in specially necessary instances, permit a gun to be fired within the precincts of his park, which is extensive, its circumferential walls measuring three miles. The ground within these walls has an agreeably undulating surface, is well wooded, and is enlivened by a splendid sheet of water. No boat, under any circumstances, was, during the life of the subject of this Memoir, ever allowed on the lake from September to May, nor were any fishermen permitted to prosecute even their passive vocations for this lengthened period; consequently, all land and water-fowl had a perfectly unmolested and secluded retreat for upwards of six successive months.

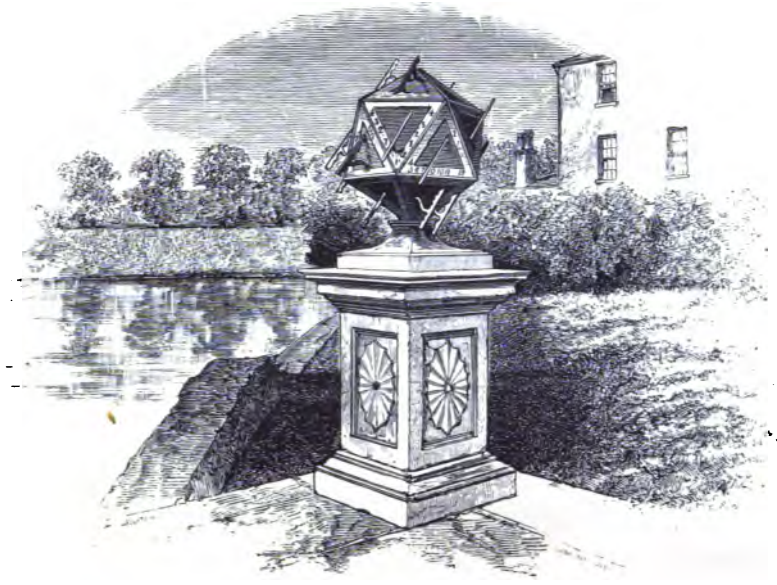
This privilege was extended also, to every animal within the park, with the exception of what Mr. Waterton designated the "Hanoverian" rat. Even the fox, although at enmity with many of the Squire's prime favourites, was always secure, as regards life, within this domain. This, however, is not surprising, as Mr. Waterton was himself a keen sportsman in the heyday of youth, having, for a considerable period, been a daring rider with the late Lord Dar-

lington's fox-hounds. This early association with his equals in the hunting-field, inoculated the Squire with those elements constituting an open, a manly, and a generous warmth of heart, and I may truly add, that this benignity of character was so firmly established, that it increased with his years. Mr. Waterton was always a staunch preserver of foxes, notwithstanding what an arch enemy may have stated to the contrary; and he rigorously maintained the same conservative feeling to the close of a long life.

There were many seductive inducements within the park, which, doubtless, the keen scenting properties of the fox enabled him to discover. The surrounding wall, however, of this domain, is ordinarily an insurmountable obstacle to the wily fox; but, on one occasion, a gate having been carelessly left leaning against the outside of the park wall, sly reynard was able, in using this gate as a ladder, to gratify his curiosity by venturing an intrusion to the interior of the park. The cunning culprit, however, was speedily detected by the Squire himself, who was delighted to have an opportunity to set his uninvited visitor at liberty, so that he might, at some future period, not only gratify his neighbours in scarlet, but be himself equally pleased that reynard should have a fair chance to save his brush "in the open."

To the uninitiated, as to the topography of this district, I may state, as regards the locality of Walton Hall, that the residence of the late Mr. Waterton is about three miles south of Wakefield, and a mile and a half distant from the Oakenshaw Station on the Midland Line of Railway. The mansion is situated on an island, surrounded by a beautiful and extensive sheet of water. The lake is somewhat on the western side of the park, having a circumscribed stone and mortar wall, with an elevation varying from nine to sixteen feet. This property is in the township of Walton, and in the parish of Sandal Magna. The late Mr. Waterton was the lord of the manor. Within the hall there is a neat but plain chapel, which is served by the Roman Catholic priests from St. Anne's in Leeds. The chief part of the estate abounds in iron-stone, coal, terra cotta clay, and an abundance of excellent stone for building purposes. The land is generally good, with a fair proportion of various kinds of timber upon it, of luxuriant growth.

On the southern side of the mansion, on a slightly elevated mound, stands a most complete and very beautiful sun-dial, deserving of careful observation, inasmuch as it reflects great credit on the sculptor, the late George Boulby, who was a common mason at the contiguous and rural village of Crofton, in 1813.



BOULBY'S SUN-DIAL, IN THE GROUNDS AT WALTON HALL.

This dial is composed of twenty equilateral triangles, which are so disposed as to form a similar number of individual dials, ten of which, *whenever* the sun shines out, and *whatever* may be its altitude in the heavens, are always in use, and ever faithful time-keepers. On these separate dials are engraven, severally, the names of cities in all parts of the globe, which are placed in accordance with their different degrees of longitude, by which arrangement, the solar time, at each of the cities recorded on the different dials, can be simultaneously ascertained. Boulby was truly a self-taught sculptor. "*Abnormis sapiens*," "wise without instruction." In early life he saved a little money, with which he purchased some of Plato's works, and was so struck with Plato's observation, that every solid contained twenty equilateral triangles, that he hewed out a globular stone, and reduced that very stone to the dial here described. On one occasion Mr. Waterton, having to pass Boulby's house, on returning home from the hunting-field, accidentally saw this dial, for which Boulby asked a mere trifle. The Squire, delighted with the execution and the ingenuity of this simple minded man, generously presented Boulby with twenty guineas by way of purchase.

Very near the sun-dial, is a subterraneous passage leading to two boat-houses, which are entirely con-

cealed under part of the island on which the house stands. They are capacious, with well-arched roofs lined with zinc plate, thus affording complete protection to the boats in every variety of weather. Within these houses most convenient arrangements are made for slinging the boats to the roof, when required to be kept dry, or to be painted. They are easy of access by a commodious flight of steps leading down to the edge of the lake, where there is a jetty causeway, by the aid of which ladies can enter the boats without difficulty.

Four large sycamores, on the island, effectually screen the mansion from the bitter north-west blast, and have from time immemorial afforded most admirable roosting branches, especially for pea-fowl, (delicacies which I have occasionally enjoyed on the dinner table at Walton Hall,) whilst the decayed trunk of a fifth sycamore, for many previous years tenanted by a pair of saucy jackdaws, always maturing their offspring in perfect safety, has recently paid the last debt of nature.

On the northern side of the island, close to the cast iron bridge entrance and at its southern extremity, is a ruin, covered to a considerable extent with ivy, the northern gable end of which has its foundation on rock in the lake. This ruin was, in times far

distant, the principal, and, indeed, the only pass to the island, by a swivel bridge. In its gable still hang the veritable ancient doors, ornamented by their original antique and huge hinges, bolts, knocker, and other appendages of a former age. These doors, upwards of two hundred years ago, stood the test of Cromwell's fire-arms, and were found sufficiently strong to resist the besieging influence of that daring Puritan.

There is a traditional legend at Walton Hall, stating, that Oliver Cromwell was signally repulsed in attempting to cross a portion of the lake in order to sack the mansion, the present ruin, which is close to the bridge, forming then a part of the entrance approach to the old family residence—that he and his party were in possession of fire-arms which they freely used, but apparently of so small a calibre, and at so great a distance from the house, in consequence of the intervening water, that no serious damage was perpetrated to any part of the building—that Cromwell was vigorously and efficiently opposed by Mrs. Waterton, in the absence of her husband—that the Lady and her whole household acted with great heroism, inasmuch as they gallantly mounted, and as valiantly fired a swivel cannon-ball across the water upon Cromwell's party, and thus breaking, by this shot, the leg of one of his confederates, who was said

to have been standing by a tree at the side of the carriage road, and that, in consequence of this occurrence, together with the fear that the investing party might gain a landing on the island and discover the cannon, Mrs. Waterton directed it to be plunged into the lake for concealment.

This oral communication, handed down from one generation to another, seems, recently, to have been singularly confirmed by circumstantial evidence of a strongly corroborative character. The nature of the evidence is this, that a swivel cannon was actually found in the lake when dredged in 1857, and precisely where it is reasonable to suppose the besieged party would place it; and that a ball, since that date, has been dug up, embedded in the earth, at the very spot where the man's leg was said to have been broken. What renders this supposition still more conclusive is, that the ball which was found in the earth at the exact place where the man was said to have been shot, accurately corresponds with the calibre of the reclaimed swivel cannon.

In the outer surface of the ancient doors, which are fixed in the gable end of the ruin, on the northern side of the island, bullets, which were shot by Cromwell's party across the narrow portion of the lake, still remain, around one of which a brass plate is fixed,

with an inscription engraven upon it, recording this signal event. Cromwell then destroyed the wooden draw-bridge and took away the carriage and draught horses, consequently, Mrs. Waterton, at a fête subsequently given to her for her intrepid conduct, had a yoke of six oxen harnessed to the family carriage.

On the top of the gable, the foundation of which juts into the lake, is erected a stone cross, at the base of which, and at an elevation of twenty-four feet above the level of the lake, a wild duck, on two occasions, nested and hatched her young.

This ruin is enclosed on the south by a freely-grown yew fence, so that the birds, within this barrier, may consider themselves thoroughly concealed, and, in fact, they are always free from disturbance during the period of building, incubation, and nurturing their offspring. For the encouragement and protection of the starling and the jackdaw specially, there is erected, within the yew fence, a thirteen feet high stone and mortar built tower, pierced with about sixty nesting berths. To each berth there is an aperture of about five inches square. A few, near the top of the nesting portion of this tower, are set apart for the jackdaw and the white owl. The remaining number, in the lower portion, are each supplied, at the entrance, with a square loose stone, having one of its inferior angles cut away, so that the starling can enter the

berths, whilst the jackdaw and the owl can not gain admission. But when Mr. Waterton desired to examine the eggs or the young, or to have the interior cleansed, this could always be done by the removal of the loose stone. At the base of the nesting portion of the tower, a projecting stone flange encircles the lower tier of these nesting berths, so that cats and all vermin may be prevented reaching the birds or their offspring.

This decayed edifice has also afforded, for many years, a safe and unmolested retreat, and comfortable roosting-berths, for a beautiful rumpless fowl and his jet-black mate, as rumpless as himself, which were stationed on the island for the purpose of proving and confirming the accuracy of the Squire's opinion, written and publicly expressed on a disputed question, relative to the use of the oil-gland in birds.

To those readers who may not be versed in ornithological anatomy or physiology, I should explain, that the oil-gland in birds is situated at the extreme end of the back, above and anterior to the tail; and has acquired that name because it secretes a semi-unctuous fluid. It had been hitherto universally maintained, with great pertinacity by ornithologists, that this secretion was an essential requisite as an application to be used by the bird itself to its own feathers, in order to beautify it by giving a shining

lustre to its plumage, as well as an oily surface to the feathers, for the purpose of resisting wet weather, to which birds are so frequently exposed. Mr. Waterton always contended, and established the accuracy, by the birds themselves, of his opinion, viz., that the "rumpless fowl," which had neither tail nor oil-gland, had, notwithstanding, plumage as beautiful and as capable of resisting water as those birds which are furnished with both tail and oil-gland; but the Squire never professed to have discovered its *use*. All that he asserted was, that this gland was not originally designed for the purpose hitherto erroneously supposed. Inasmuch, however, as the oil-gland only exists in conjunction with the tail, assuredly it may be reasonably inferred, that it is in some way connected with the maintenance, the support, or the growth of the tail.

The old ruin is fertile in objects of curiosity. Within the fence, and on the ground, there is a poison trap for rats, singularly simple and effective, and one of its cardinal virtues is that it destroys only what you desire should be destroyed. This trap is constructed from a circular and somewhat obtusely-formed conical flag-stone; and its under surface, or base, is hollowed out from the centre of the stone, to within two or three inches of its circumference. At

and from its external conical apex, a hole is drilled in a perpendicular direction, downward, through the stone, large enough for the admission of the poison powder, which act is all that the "setting" of this trap requires. From the outside of the extreme circumferential line, at the base, a hole is drilled horizontally through its parietes, large enough for the admission of a rat to pass to the hollowed-out central portion of the stone, by which the "Hanoverian" has free ingress and egress to and from the poison, which, being in *dry powder*, cannot be dragged away and exposed to the risk of its being taken by any domestic animals, poultry, or game. This stone should be about two feet diameter at the base, and so heavy, as to prevent its being accidentally moved, and thus unintentionally expose the poison beyond the range of the "Hanoverian." The enticing and fatal powder used by the Squire, was a mixture of brown sugar, oatmeal, and arsenic. It is of essential importance that this combination should be well triturated in a mortar, so that not an atom of the arsenic be left uncombined with the other two tempting ingredients, otherwise there will be very little chance of capturing the crafty "Hanoverian."

Within the boundary of this yew fence enclosure, is located the swivel cannon to which I have already

alluded, as well as the identical ball which it is presumed disabled one of Cromwell's party.

Here, also, attached to the wall, and adjoining the ancient doors in the ruin, in a retired corner, the Squire always had a snug little box, comfortably prepared within for his favourite cat, in which to find shelter during winter, or in which to snooze when in idle mood or when desirous of retiring from the scorching heat of summer.

Inasmuch as the house is closely surrounded by a sheet of water, it seems reasonable to suppose that this residence would be damp, but it is not so; the island itself is remarkably dry, and a spacious stone path-way affords an ample and excellent foot-path from the front door to the cast iron bridge.

The surface of the island is rich in verdure, and the mansion is supplied with an abundance of fine water, from a crystal spring at a little distance in the park, by ingenious artificial means, the water being conveyed under the lake to the house.

During the life of the late Mr. Waterton's father, he, for many years, kept a few deer on the island, providing them with such additional food as they needed beyond the scanty supply which they were able to pick up within their limited boundary. One of these, however, became savage, and terrified the

whole household;—consequently, they were one and all discarded.

The front entrance to the hall is a somewhat eccentric one, consisting of folding doors within a plain but well-designed portico, supported by four stone pillars, specimens of the stone obtained from a quarry on the estate. Each door, in its upper panel, has a circular raised wreath in its centre, originally designed to contain Mr. Waterton's crest, but which is yet blank. The family crest is an otter, with a fish in its mouth, the motto being—

"Better kinde fremd than fremd kinde."

On each of the lower panels is the Maltese cross, and a little above the centre of each folding door is a knocker. These two rappers are ludicrously strange-looking appendages. They are cast in the similitude of human faces, from bell metal, so as to yield an agreeably harmonious and powerful tone, when used; one face representing mirth, and the other misery. The former is immoveably fixed to the door, so that when you have wound up your feelings to give a smart rap-tap-tap, according to the fashion of the day, and are suddenly and unexpectedly disappointed by not being able to raise the knocker you have laid hold of, this face seems to grin with intense delight

FRONT VIEW OF WALTON HALL, SURROUNDED BY THE LAKE.

at your failure; and when you then, somewhat confused, resort to the other face, to rap on its forehead, this rapper appears to scowl upon you as if suffering intense agony from the blows you have just given it. This humorous conception, so admirably executed, was modelled by the united ingenuity of Mr. Waterton and the late Captain Jones. "*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*" "Each man is led by his own tastes." Within, and above this door, that is, in the vestibule, is a singularly-conceived, and inimitably-modelled, representation of the nightmare, which is also the production of the same amateur artists. This horrid incubus has a human face, grinning and displaying the frightfully-formidable tusks of the wild boar—the hands of a man—satanic horns—elephant's ears—bat's wings—one cloven foot, the other that of an eagle widely expanding his terrific-looking talons, and the tail of a serpent, with the following very appropriate, and significantly communicative, motto,—

. . . . "*Assidens procordiis*
Pavore somnos auferam."

"Sitting on the region of the heart I take away sleep by fear."

I have just previously alluded to Mr. Waterton's crest and motto, in a casual way, the meaning of

which appears to be somewhat dubious, never, so far as I know, having been literally deciphered. If I am correct in this supposition, it would, perhaps, not be deemed presumption to endeavour to suggest a probable, or, at all events, a possible, signification of this motto, in the hope of stimulating some one, better able, to more correctly unravel the mystery.

"Better kinde fremd than fremd kinde."
"Better friendly strangers than deceitful friends."
or,—
"Better among strangers than estranged kin."

That is, it is better to deal, or associate, with persons between whom and you there is no natural relationship, but who may, notwithstanding, be friendly disposed, than depend upon kindred who have already shown apathy, hostility, or neglect. The Saxon words *cynne* and *fremd* are susceptible of the applications I have here given them. Probably these, and similar words, may have been more familiarly used in Shakespeare's time, and have suggested the smoother, but scarcely more intelligible phrase, put into the mouth of Hamlet,—

"A little more than kin, but less than kind."

Inasmuch as the otter and the fish inhabit the same element, nay, the same stream, there seems to be a

sort of natural expectation of friendship between the two, and on this ground, the fish may well say—

"Better friendly strangers than deceitful friends."

Cicero did not hesitate to affirm, "*Præstat amicitia propinquitati.*" "Friendship is better than relationship."

The island is circumscribed with a supporting and protecting division between the water and the soil, by means of a very strong stone and mortar wall, the passive power of which is still further increased by numerous and substantial abutments,—all this magnificent masonry having been designed and completed by the Squire. This wall is not in the slightest degree offensive to the eye, from the mansion, nor from any part of the island, as a dead or gloomy object, because the grassy surface of the island has an elevation of upwards of six feet above the level of the lake, so that, from the windows, even on the ground-floor, you look down on the lake.

At the northern entrance, there is a spacious hall, on the left of which vestibule, is a large oblong dining-room, having three windows to the north and two to the east, and communicating with which is a door into the hall, another into the drawing-room, and a third into the passage leading to the kitchens.

The drawing-room is large and well proportioned, with three windows to the east and a triple bay plate-glass window to the south, all commanding a fine view of the lake as well as of its surrounding and undulating park. The breakfast-room is small, and has a northern aspect. The remaining part of the ground-floor is occupied by the grand staircase, with its small ante-room at its base, the housekeeper's room, store-rooms, servants' hall, and lofty and well-ventilated kitchens. The walls of the staircase are largely supplied with paintings, whilst the staircase itself is filled with a vast variety of subjects in natural history. It is very spacious and well lighted, and also beautifully arranged for the display of its contents. It ascends to the third story, terminating in a room of considerable extent, with a northern aspect. The first and second tiers are lighted by an immensely long window, on the southern side of the house. In this staircase objects of deep interest crowd on the eye at every step, and can be well seen in every part of it.

The original approach, by the old swivel bridge, to the island, from the park, has been superseded by Mr. Waterton having thrown a fixed and substantial, yet light-looking, cast iron bridge over a narrow portion of the lake, which is probably about thirty

THE CAST-IRON BRIDGE APPROACH TO WALTON HALL.

yards in length, and affords a most convenient communication from the park to the mansion, whilst it forms an ornamental object in the scenery.

About a hundred yards from the bridge, and on the banks of the lake, stands a Lombardy poplar of considerable notoriety, inasmuch as it has been twice struck by lightning, and in connection with which, a singularly providential circumstance occurred. On the evening of the 10th of August, in the year 1842, on the Squire's return home from my house, during an awful thunder-storm, he observed, on his arrival, seven fishermen taking shelter under this poplar. His presence of mind, which rarely forsook him, "*omnium horarum homo*," "a man ready at all hours," prompted him, at once, to direct these poor fellows to instantly leave so dangerous a position.

"*Intonuere poli et crebris micat ignibus æther.*"

"The heavens thunder, and the sky flashes with vivid lightnings." No sooner had the fishermen obeyed Mr. Waterton's call, than the tree itself was nearly rent in twain by a flash of lightning. Its lacerated condition, however, under the constant and skilful care of the naturalist, has been wonderfully restored, although still exhibiting the extreme severity of the electric visitation it had sustained.

This tree was planted in 1756, by the late Mr. Waterton's father, being a gift to him by a friend at Burgh-Wallis, and, when a mere twig, was brought thence, by him, in his pocket; which circumstance, in addition to its being associated with the providential occurrence to which I have already alluded, always furnished a powerful and attractive interest for special protection to this eventful poplar, which was nursed by the Squire with the tenderest care for many years; indeed, it may be said to have been long held in a sort of reverential esteem. In addition, as this individual tree has twice suffered in a similar way, from the same cause, the idea very naturally suggests itself, that its peculiar position, as regards locality, or its pointed and spire-like apex, may have attracted the electric fluid, and thus have acted favourably as a conductor, and, consequently, proved a fortunate means of hitherto rendering the house scathless.

Within a few yards of this poplar, the lake has its artificial under-ground waste-sluice, by which, simple but efficient means are arranged to adjust the precise quantity of water required to flow from the lake, so as to preserve its surface always at a certain previously determined height. This sluice, at a little distance from the lake, issues out a visible stream, affording all

that could be desired for Mr. Waterton's observations in natural history, and especially so in one particular department, as it furnished an admirable opportunity to cultivate a more minute and really practical knowledge of the mysterious habits of our little beaver, the water-rat. The stream then passes forward to some more distant pleasure-grounds, through one of the loveliest grottos, probably, in England, and, at length, after being crossed by two or three naturally-formed stone bridges, and having its banks gracefully fringed by groups as well as by isolated rare and beautiful ferns, it flows through a large and well-secured trap reservoir, formed, in order to intercept, and safely retain, any fish that might escape from the lake during a flood, beyond which reservoir, the stream makes the best of its way into the Calder.

Here, close to the fish-trap reservoir, is built a substantial hovel, in which the keeper may shelter, during the night, whilst attending to the protection of his pheasants and other game, or whilst watching the fish reservoir during a flood, when the water occasionally rushes from the lake in a torrent, bringing numbers of fish in the stream to be caught in this trap.

As a lasting proof of the considerate kindness and care manifested for the poor, who were permitted to

fish in the lake for their own pannier, and often, poor creatures, for their own immediate dinners, the Squire erected a circular and substantial hovel, in which they could eat their "bit of bread," or obtain shelter from the occasional pitiless storm. This fisherman's hut is encircled, excepting a small space on the south, by a finely-grown yew fence; and its roof is formed of an immense flag-stone, supported by three stone pillars, whilst, upon the roof, stands the ancient "frumenty stone," the letters and figures, "T. K. W., 1679," being engraven on its anterior surface, these initials indicating Thomas and Katherine Waterton. Within the cavity of this stone, at the date described, many a load of wheat has, doubtless, been triturated by hand, in order to furnish "frumenty," which at that period, as now, was so much prized, and so generally used, at the season of Christmas.

Ever mindful of the comfort of others, the Squire, many years before his death, permanently fixed an easy and refreshing arm chair in this hut, in which the exhausted and half-starved fisherman might rest his wearied limbs; or, in which the naturalist visitor to the mansion might, whilst surveying the lake and the land scenery at his leisure, watch, unobserved, the wild and unrestrained habits of the various land and water-fowl, and thus, without any trouble and without

THE STABLE DEPARTMENT, AT WALTON HALL, COVERED WITH MAGNIFICENT VINES.

the least physical exertion, pick up a variety of that character of information which would be both pleasing and instructive to him.

At a trifling distance from the fisherman's hut, in a south-easterly direction, there is a small pheasantry, its central portion being a clump of yew trees, which have their lateral and inferior branches lopped off, whilst the whole mass is surrounded by an impenetrable holly fence.

About a hundred yards from this little snuggery, there is another and much larger pheasantry, but of a similar description, its central portion also consisting of yew trees, which form a complete and very extensive awning, and, consequently, an admirable protection and a perfectly shaded and concealed retreat for the pheasants, as well as a secure hiding-place for their food, which has to be supplied to them, during the severe winter months, not only for supporting life, but as an inducement to permanently remain within the park and not expose themselves to be secured by poachers.

On returning from the larger pheasantry, towards the well-built and well-arranged stable department, the front of which is ornamented by two splendid vines, yielding excellent fruit during a fine season,

—also, close to a small oblong sheet of water, filled with all sorts of fish, and gracefully decorated on its surface by the widely-expanded leaves of the water-lily, through which pond a nice under-ground current flows into the woods and pleasure-grounds below, you pass "John Bull and the National Debt," a singularly unique combination, and well worthy of a very minute examination.

"*Dicam insigne recens adhuc*
Indictum ore alio."

"I shall record a remarkable event, which is new, as yet, and untold by the lips of another."

This "*lusus naturæ*," or, what I may describe as a very extraordinary phenomenon, is interesting, not merely because there is not, in all human probability, a known similar instance, but because it is itself a marvellous example of nature's power in accommodating herself to circumstances, notwithstanding their extreme deviation from her ordinary course.

CHAPTER II.

MANY years ago, this property, like many other private residences, had, at that time, its own corn-mill; but when this inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the then unserviceable building, with all its useless appliances, doubtless shared the common fate of such cumbersome structures.

It would appear, that in disposing of these worthless materials, at that period, a mill-stone had been removed, with a view of putting it out of the way, into what had evidently been an old orchard. The diameter of this circular mill-stone measures five and a half feet, whilst its depth averages seven inches throughout, and its central hole has a diameter of eleven inches. Apparently, by mere accident, some bird, or probably a squirrel, had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through this hole on to the earth, as, in the year 1812, the seedling of a future filbert tree was seen rising up through the hole. In subsequent years, as its trunk gradually ascended through this central opening, annually increasing its diameter, its power to raise, at some future period,

this ponderous mass of stone from the earth, was speculated upon by many parties, totally disinterested, excepting by a laudable curiosity. The contemplated future power of this sapling was frequently expatiated upon by *the* naturalist himself, whilst examining it with his friends, when three knotty questions, involving the future, were usually discussed with great earnestness; and not unfrequently, nay, generally, the friendly disputants ultimately arrived at as many varying conclusions.

The *first* question was, Would this filbert tree continue at all to eke out its existence, when so tightly encircled by the unyielding stone? The *second* was, Would the tree, if it did survive, ever be able to raise so enormous a weight, in any appreciable degree, from the earth? The *third*, and probably the most doubtful one, was, Would the mill-stone be able to resist the continual expansion of the trunk of the tree, without itself being rent asunder?

Two of these questions, so natural to ask yet so difficult of solution, have been unequivocally set at rest. The tree not only continued to live for many years, but it soon became evident that its upward growth gradually and perpendicularly elevated the monstrous mill-stone along with it. This had been an anxious and an eventful period for the Squire, but the result was exceedingly gratifying, by his pre-

"JOHN BULL AND THE NATIONAL DEBT," A LUSUS NATURÆ IN THE GROUNDS AT WALTON HALL.

viously expressed anticipations being progressively realised during his life.

In 1863, the aerial position of the mill-stone, assuming a somewhat crinoline form, was found, by careful measurement, to be nearly a foot from the ground, and appeared, evidently, a very unwieldy incumbrance to hang round the trunk of the filbert tree. This fortuitous occurrence, and destructive position of the mill-stone, as well as the singularly unique altitude for a mill-stone to occupy, coupled with what *must* eventually be the result of the fatal grasp of this ponderous, hard, and inelastic mass of dead matter, induced Mr. Waterton to name this extraordinary combination, "John Bull and the National Debt." We can not, for a moment, doubt, that this accidental and unnatural union was, for a long period, a great discouragement to the healthy growth of vegetation, simply from its grasping embrace. Nor can we doubt that the weight of the stone has been a most disastrous drag round the neck of the filbert tree, whatever eight hundred millions sterling may have been around the neck of our nation.

In November, 1864, Mr. Waterton writes,—"The mill-stone tree has undergone an odd transmutation. The parent stem has died; but, perceiving a radical shoot trying hard to work its way outside of the stone, I cut away the parent stem, and bended the

shoot back again to the centre. It grows well, and will inherit its father's situation shortly, and become John Bull the 2nd."

On your way to the grotto, you pass another union at variance with the harmonious laws of nature, viz., two trees, the spruce fir and the elm, which were, originally, planted side by side, but which, by the Squire's own hand, had been annually twisted round each other, and have, consequently, in some parts, grown one into the other. Horace had warned future ages in reference to an attempt to reconcile things which are adverse to the established course of events.

. . . . "*Pergis pugnantia secum*
Frontibus adversis componere."

"You are trying to reconcile things which are opposite in their nature."

The process of training, in this instance, in order to endeavour to force, by artificial means, an unnatural union, has resulted, as must have been anticipated, in a miserably stunted growth of both trees, and, therefore, this manifest failure of a beneficial conjunction of interests was, by Mr. Waterton, always facetiously pointed out as an apt illustration of what he deemed the absurdity of the union of "church and state;" hence, this sobriquet was given to the union

of these trees. "*Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.*" "As though serpents should couple with birds, lambs with tigers."

Passing along an avenue in the wood, where, in trunks of trees, artificial nesting-boxes were prepared in hidden recesses, for the brown and the barn-owl; and where the relics of wooden imitation pheasants are perched here and there on the surrounding trees, so as to delude and mislead the poachers in days gone by, you come rather suddenly to a termination of this avenue, where the road bifurcates. "*Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas.*" "This is the spot where the road divides into two parts;" one path slightly diverging to the left, towards the fish-trap reservoir, whilst the other, turning at right angles, leads to the lovely and charming grotto.

Here, at this junction of the roads, you come to an ancient stone cross, meriting observation. This curious remnant of Saxon art was, some time ago, accidentally discovered in the neighbouring town of Wakefield, where it had, from time immemorial, been in constant use, having formed an humble door step, in one of the ancient houses in that town once called "merry Wakefield." No one appeared to be able to afford any information how this cross came to be put to such ignoble use. After many applications,

when nesting or maturing their offspring, or when temporarily sojourning here.

The grotto is embosomed in wood, to the extent, and at the precise distance from its centre, to enhance, in the greatest possible degree, its many charms. It is a flower garden excavation hewn out of solid rock. In its base, it is graced by a small temple, having an obtusely-formed conical roof, supported on stone pillars, and covered with ivy. In its centre, is a table, which is surrounded by benches for the accommodation of visitors to these grounds. On the rocky summit of the grotto, and on its brink, stands a large and circular temple, its roof being lofty and spherical, and supported by eight stone pillars. When pic-nic parties assembled here, which they did from a distance of many many miles, they usually availed themselves, if the weather should be unfavourable, of the larger temple for dinner, and for dancing. In these pleasure-grounds, such gatherings of friends, forming large parties, were numerous and frequent in the spring, summer, and autumnal months.

During the life of the late Mr. Waterton, any party, having a card of admission for a special day, always had the park reserved for themselves during that day, which afforded an agreeable privacy and a greater scope for positive enjoyment. Occasionally,

these pic-nic parties numbered several hundreds, and were accompanied by very excellent bands of music, when, frequently, dancing was the order of the day, either on the turf,—under the canopy of the spruce fir grove,—in the base of the grotto,—or in the larger temple, which is about one-third of a mile from the hall. On such occasions, if the late Mr. Waterton appeared, even at a distance, during these happy, rural, and festive gaieties, the Squire was always greeted by the bands playing, and the whole multitude joining in chorus, "The fine Old English Gentleman." There was ever a manifest warmth of feeling, and a genuine energy of voice displayed, which afforded an abundant proof of gratitude for the generous reception they had met with. Although these gatherings were sometimes apparently unwieldy in number, yet, seldom or ever was the slightest damage sustained in any part of the park, or any impropriety of conduct indulged in. On taking their final departure, they usually congregated at the cast iron bridge, in front of the hall, and played and sang "God save the Queen," as their last grateful offering, with a heartiness and enthusiasm, that would have animated the heart of a stoic.

More private, and more aristocratic symposia, now and then met in the park at Walton Hall, to have a day of thorough and unrestrained enjoyment, who

rarely bade adieu without showering down numberless blessings on the venerable octogenarian, for his own sake, associated with ardently-expressed wishes, that the good old man might live many years, enjoy life, and generously afford them future pleasures. Ovid has truly, beautifully, and most appropriately, embodied all their wishes, in two lines:—

> *"Dî tibi dent annos! a te nam cætera sumes,*
> *Sint modo virtuti tempora longa tuæ."*

"May the Gods grant thee length of years! all other blessings from thyself thou wilt derive, let only time be granted for thy virtues."

On the brink of the precipice forming the posterior portion of the grotto, in front of the larger temple, and in a southern aspect, sat the Squire on sunny days, ever minutely perfecting his knowledge in natural history. *The naturalist* would be here seated for a lengthened period, even without his hat, under a scorching sun, looking down upon the smaller temple —on a shaded site—upon the stream, which glides silently along from the lake, to the fish-trap reservoir —upon an artificial nesting-tower, for the starling and jackdaw specially,—and upon the splendid grove of the spruce fir, tenanted by a vast variety of the feathered songsters, all pursuing their own instinctively-

individual vocations and habits, peculiarly allotted to them by nature's unerring laws. This scenery has really a soothing influence, which must be experienced in order to be thoroughly appreciated.

Even the hundred lunatics, from the Wakefield Asylum, who were wont to be kindly permitted by Mr. Waterton to have their harmless and frolicsome merriment—their dancing, and their dinner, within the grotto—were always greatly delighted, and even tranquillised, so as to temporarily forget their pitiable condition, and one and all to declare the grotto to be an elysium.

Above, and behind the larger temple, in the wood, is an artificially-prepared trunk of an ash tree, set apart for owls, a very favourite bird with the Squire; and, in a portion of this trunk, which was decayed, there was a cavity, in which an ox-eye titmouse yearly nested, hatched, and matured her young, for a long period. Mr. Waterton attached a door, hung on hinges, to exactly fit the opening in the trunk, having a hole in its inferior portion, for the admission and escape of the titmouse, when the door itself was closed. The Squire seldom omitted visiting his little favourite daily, and was in the habit of opening the door, and gently and delicately drawing his hand over the back of the bird, to give her a convincing

proof that he was her friend,—a little confidential intercourse between the two, which I have, with great pleasure, frequently witnessed. On one occasion, after the titmouse had raised her offspring to maturity, and for that season had deserted her habitation, a squirrel, unfortunately, selected this tempting excavation for its nest; and although, early the following spring, every relic of the lining of the squirrel's nest was carefully removed, yet, from that period, no bird ever ventured within the cavity, in order to restore it to its original use.

Near the smaller and lower temple, and on the brink of a precipice above it, there stands, in a prominent position, a cross, said by the Squire to be the first that was erected and exposed to public view in England after the Reformation.

Ever anxious to gratify all, and more especially the juveniles, Mr. Waterton kindly erected, on the border of the spruce fir grove, a chair-swing, of truly noble dimensions and of extensive sweep, in which many a buxom country girl has joyously received the swinging attentions of her devoted swain, in this secluded little valley.

Passing from the grotto to the northern side of the lake, you find here and there, en route, in the

wood, several trunks of trees, about fifteen feet high, fixed in an upright position. These trunks, being decayed, are hollow, and, for that very reason, were selected for the purpose for which Mr. Waterton intended them. The decay having rendered the cavities within the stems pervious to rain, they were protected on their summit by an artificial roof, so that the hollow portions might be kept perfectly dry. Holes were purposely pierced in the stems, in order to afford a free entrance for birds to occupy them for the purpose of nesting and hatching, and to provide for them a secure retreat from vermin.

In the month of May, 1862, the Squire pointed out to me three birds' nests within one cavity, viz., the nest of a jackdaw, with five eggs—that of a barn-owl, with three young ones, very near to which, (the owl's nest,) were several dead mice and a half-grown rat,—and, eighteen inches above the nest of the owl, in a little recess, was a redstart's nest, containing six eggs. The barn-owl and the jackdaw must have passed in and out at the same hole, and therefore, in all probability, were on neighbourly terms. The redstart might have entered and returned by a small hole a little higher up, and then have descended to its nest; but, at all events, it inhabited the same cavity, all three birds dwelling under the same roof, and, in fact, in one room; we must also

remember that this was a voluntary act on the part of each of these birds.

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;
'T is clear that they were always able
To hold discourse—at least in fable."

In an unreclaimed state, birds, although of different species, are not generally disposed to quarrel with each other; neither do the savage race of animals, of the same species, object to associate with one another. Juvenal tells us that "the ferocious tiger agrees with his fellow, and that the bear consorts with the bear."

. . . . "*Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem*
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis."

On the same day, in a tuft of rushes, just within the water, and on the edge of the lake, we carefully examined a water-hen's nest, into which, when the old bird had left it, we could see very distinctly. It contained nine eggs and four very recently-hatched young ones, a larger number of eggs, by four, than Mr. Waterton had ever before known. Water-hens were great pets with the Squire, daily, during winter, coming upon the lawn, in front of the mansion, to

be fed by him from the windows. They are singular birds, as regards their apparent pertness, and the very extraordinary rapidity of their physical movements, especially as to the precipitant or jerking motion of the tail; and are not less remarkable for their pertinacious and adherent constancy of attachment to their nest and its contents, when once they have fairly commenced incubation.

I will narrate one out of many instances, which have occurred at Walton Hall. In the year 1825, when a willow was being stubbed by the workmen, on the "little island," in the centre of the lake, they found, during their labour, the nest of a water-hen, containing seven eggs. They moved the naked nest, with its eggs, a distance of three yards, and there left it on the bare earth. Notwithstanding this rude interference, the old bird, so soon as the workmen had gone away, gathered together the dried and dead grass, which had been previously used as a foundation for her original nest, and at once instinctively commenced her new labours, by tidily arranging, and propping up with this debris, the shattered remains of her former domicile; she then again took possession of her nest, and hatched her seven chicks in due time.

We then discovered, in an artificially-prepared trunk of an old ash tree, the nest of a brown owl, in which

was one addled egg, the young owls having flown. Mr. Waterton remarked, that it was singular, but in all the brown owls' nests that he had examined, he had never found more than three eggs, and that, in every instance, one out of this number was addled.

Whilst stating Mr. Waterton's observations about the *eggs* of the brown owl, I am reminded of his opinion as to the carrion crow sucking the eggs of other birds. He did not deny that the carrion crow would suck eggs, and also devour the young of birds recently hatched, but he much doubted their being so frequently destructive as they were represented to be, otherwise, he thought he should have seen signs of such instances, occasionally, in the park, considering the many opportunities afforded him, and he had not seen a single case sufficient to convict the carrion crow, whilst he had repeatedly seen instances where the carrion crow had not availed itself of opportunities which had occurred.

For instance, in 1852, a pair of water-hens built their scanty nest at the head of the lake, by merely placing, in various directions, one twig upon another, on the surface of the water, but only to such an amount, and extent, that it would float sufficiently to sustain the female and her eggs, without there being any solid foundation whatever under the nest. Its watery site was in a very secluded spot, being in a

sort of little bay, and scarcely under the influence of even a more than ordinary breeze, whilst it was made still less so, from its immediate proximity to an abundance of luxuriant rushes at the edge of the lake. In this openly-exposed nest, without the least attempt at concealment by its builders, and directly under the nest of a pair of carrion crows, in an alder tree, the water-hens hatched their eggs, and reared their young, without any apparent molestation from the carrion crows. Now, during the lengthened period of incubation, when the water-hen would, of course, frequently leave her nest in quest of food, the carrion crows must have had many opportunities afforded them to slily pilfer an egg from the water-hen's nest, or, subsequently, to lay hold of so delicate a morsel as a newly-hatched chick, yet no such cruelty was perpetrated, clearly proving that the destruction of eggs or chicks is not an every day criminal occurrence with this "bird of prey."

On the southern side of the lake, and in front of the drawing-room windows of the hall, is an extensive and carefully protected heronry; a rare and valuable acquisition to the grounds of a naturalist in the present destructive age. This heronry afforded the Squire an ample opportunity of becoming familiar with the habits of a bird, about which, it is now next to an

impossibility to gain reliable information. An open swamp is preserved, in its native boggy condition, between the heronry and the house, in order to tempt the herons to spend a portion of their time in it, so that they, themselves, should constitute, not merely additionally ornamental scenery, but highly interesting objects, in a scientific point of view. In this favourite swamp, the herons can be seen, in perfection, through the telescope, from the drawing-room windows, by which means the Squire became intimately acquainted with all their little peculiarities, an immensely instructive, and a most interesting advantage, and one which few, if, indeed, any other naturalist, possesses. Their habits were not merely seen, and narrowly watched, collectively, but individually, and not only when engaged in the marshy ground, to which they appeared to give a preference, but also when they retired to the dry banks to rest and to plume themselves,—which cleansing and embellishing operation was minutely attended to every day.

It is worthy of remark that, some years ago, the heronry was in the wood, on the northern side of the lake. It, however, became desirable to cut down a few trees, in order to benefit the growth of the remaining ones in this part of the wood, which was quietly and carefully accomplished, and, of course, not in the nesting season; yet, from this time, the herons com-

menced to change their quarters, and all, apparently, agreed to occupy the southern, the opposite side of the lake, where every possible care was bestowed upon them, so long as they remained within the walls of the park; but, unfortunately, herons take long, I believe, extraordinarily long flights, generally during the evening, in search of variety of food, and in the morning on their return home, and are, consequently, much exposed to the merciless public, who spare no pains to destroy these interesting and harmless birds. It is not, however, in their long flights, that they are shot, as they fly too high to be killed *by shot*. They usually suffer by being surprised in their fishing streams, where they are suddenly pounced upon whilst fishing little shaded rivulets. Their commencing ascent, from the stream into the air, when disturbed, is so slow, that they seldom escape, even, an indifferent shot. They are, in general, shot, not because they are required for the purpose of being "set up" as specimens in the science of ornithology, nor because they are wanted for the table, nor because the bird is suspected of doing injury in any way, but, simply, that he who kills may boast that he has shot a heron.

This heronry, at one time, in consequence of its position, and also of its trifling distance from a most destructive influence, (soap and vitriol works),

barely escaped annihilation. If it had been where it formerly was, viz., on the opposite side of the park, the trees forming the heronry must have succumbed to the abominable effluvia arising from these works, unless an injunction had been obtained:—the odour from which, (the soap and vitriol works), was disagreeably offensive, as well as very detrimental to both animal and vegetable life. Some of the Squire's finest trees were literally destroyed, and many hundreds very seriously injured. Mr. Waterton, being anxious, if possible, to avoid law, took Terence for his guide, who contends that "it becomes a wise man to try every thing that can be done by words, before he has recourse to arms." "*Omnia priùs verbis experiri, quam armis, sapientem decet.*" Reasoning and persuasive measures were, therefore, adopted on the part of the late Mr. Waterton, to induce the owner of the soap and vitriol works to abate the nuisance; but these friendly warnings failing to produce the desired effect, the Squire was most reluctantly compelled, in self-defence, to resort to a court of justice for the protection of his property, when he was awarded eleven hundred pounds for the injury sustained, as well as an injunction to prohibit the continuance of the works. But no victory is to be obtained without some inconvenience. "*Patitur qui vincit.*" "He suffers who conquers."

For a considerable period, many of the spruce and silver firs, in the neighbourhood of the grotto, had the greatest difficulty to struggle through the shattered condition to which they were reduced, whilst a few of those highly ornamental trees fairly yielded to the baneful influence of this deadly poison. "*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*" "The fatal shaft remains fixed in her side."

Soon after the termination of this law-suit, "a hue and cry" was universally raised and most perseveringly indulged in, relative to the supposed destruction of a number of splendid trees by the Scolytus in some of the southern counties, when owners of well-wooded parks and pleasure-grounds, all over the country, were in fear and trembling, lest their ornamental scenery should be subjected to similar depredations by this beetle. Mr. Waterton, who, unfortunately for himself, had already had woeful experience, by the destruction of his trees, in consequence of the miserable plight to which many of his own were reduced, from the poisonous emanations arising from the neighbouring vitriol works, could authoritatively assert,—"*Ærumnabilis experientia me docuit.*" "Sorrowful experience has taught me." Fortified by a practical knowledge, the Squire "took the bull by the horns," and at once boldly disputed the opinion which was then

promulgated, insisting that the scolytus was not the destroying agent of a single *healthy* tree, but that this beetle, in his boring propensities, merely took advantage of the morbid, or, I might safely say, the moribund condition already existing in trees, in which he was erroneously declared to have committed such *primary* ravages. Of course, closet naturalists, having once fairly committed themselves, by publicly arraigning the scolytus as the destroying agent, maintained their assertion with great earnestness, and warmly vindicated their opinion with apparently great confidence, although devoid of an atom of practical information on which to fight their battle; and for a time, but for a brief period only, the more the accuracy of their judgment was questioned, ("happy in their error," "*felices errore suo*," or, as Gray has it, "where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise,") the more staunchly, nay, the more pertinaciously did they adhere to and vainly endeavour to support their previous pompously-proclaimed edict.

In addition to information gleaned from careful observations, antecedently made in his own park, Mr. Waterton perfected his knowledge, on this subject, by a series of practical experiments, so as to unravel, with certainty, the mysteries enveloped in the wholesale accusation against this poor beetle, by immediately subjecting some of his supernumerary trees to circular

"barking," or, what I should call, debarking the trunks near their roots, so as to reduce these *then* healthy trees to a moribund condition, in order to prove that a perfectly *healthy* tree was not the material in which the scolytus would bore and deposit its eggs for a future change. So soon as the Squire succeeded in reducing healthy trees to a morbid and moribund state, then, and not until then, were the trees seductive, nay, even acceptable boring-ground for the scolytus. I was witness to numerous experiments in the course of this interesting investigation, and still possess specimens corroborating the opinion which Mr. Waterton had previously entertained, and which he as energetically and successfully vindicated in a newspaper discussion. There was always something on the very face of this ungenerous accusation against the scolytus, when first promulgated, that appeared to really carry its own condemnation along with it, as we rarely, in the lower grades of animal life, see any living creature *destroy*, unless some future beneficial result should be obtained in order to counterbalance in some way or other, this destruction. If it were otherwise, it would appear to be flagrantly inconsistent with the harmonious order of nature in creation.

At one time, Mr. Waterton might, without much exaggeration, have fairly enough quoted Cicero:—

"*Arbores serit diligens agricola, quarum aspiciet nunquam ipse baccam.*" "The industrious husbandman plants trees, of which he himself will never see a berry." The Squire, from an early age, took an infinity of pains with his trees, whether isolated or in groups, all of which have been planted with so much good taste and sound judgment, that they really are very decorative to the hall, which, itself, can boast of little or no stone ornamentation in an architectural point of view.

The mansion is, without doubt, a truly substantial structure, and a really good and convenient family residence. The Squire might have justly said with Cicero, "that by many appliances and elegancies, he had rendered his house more commodious and convenient." "*Multis commoditatibus et elegantiis, suas ædes commodiores aptioresque fecit.*"

The mansion has three entrances, viz., a northern, a southern, and a western one. The first is the receiving one—the second is a more private one—whilst the third, the western entrance, is for the domestics. The front windows command a view of the four sycamores, and the flagged path-way from the entrance door to the cast iron bridge; on the east of which is the ruin, encompassed by a beautiful yew fence. The gable of this ruin, covered with ivy, has its

foundation in the lake, and upon it is a stone cross, recently substituted for a wooden one. This gable, with its ancient door, forms the northern portion of the ruin.

Within the lofty yew fence stands the nesting tower for the starling, jackdaw, and white owl, which I have already described, on the top of which is an ornamental finish, in the form of a globular stone.

Between the cast iron bridge, which is a pleasing object from the windows, and the ruin, is an entrance to the latter, which is not visible from the house. The clump of trees immediately beyond the bridge, and in a northerly direction, consists of a large number of splendid hollies, which afford a protecting and secluded retreat for our smaller British birds during an inclement winter.

At a little distance beyond, and on the left of the ruin, is seen from the house, across the narrower portion of the lake, the very dense and compact yew-tree grove, which forms the larger pheasantry.

On the right of the ruin, and on the opposite side of the lake, is the fisherman's hut, the noted Lombardy poplar, and the smaller pheasantry. Between the bridge and the carriage road leading to the stables, and surrounding the magnificent clump of hollies, there are a few ornamental and isolated fruit trees.

LOFTY YEW FENCE, THE BRIDGE, AND FISHERMAN'S HUT, AT WALTON HALL.

On the left of the bridge is the rookery; and in the distance is seen a considerable extent of grass-land, with here and there detached oaks. The grass-land gradually ascends from the lake, is bounded by wood on both sides, and in its further prospect in front, by the horizon. This view of variety is mellowed down by including an interesting portion of the lake, and much enhanced in beauty when seen from one of the two windows in the extension staircase, inasmuch as many of the smaller objects then become conspicuous, and the visible extent of water is also very materially increased.

In the spring of the year, this scenery is made yet more interesting and attractive to all, as well as specially instructive to the ornithologist. He is then able to accurately ascertain the mode of feeding, and the character of food provided by the old birds for their offspring, and now and then, he is favoured with a sight of the parent owl silently and softly gliding into the ruin, firmly clutching a mouse, or a half-naked young rat, as a dainty delicacy for her little favourites.

The southern, and more private entrance to the house, is graced, at a distance of about twenty yards, by Boulby's beautiful sun-dial on the island—a lasting trophy to the unlettered man:—beyond which,

you have an expansive and beautiful view of the lower and western portion of the lake, its extreme boundary being clothed with rushes, the favourite resort of the water-hens and coots. From the edge of the water, the eye is delighted by an extensive tract of undulating pasture-land, rising to a considerable elevation above the lake, and studded with a profusion of plain and ornamental forest trees, with the heronry and its neighbouring swamp in the fore-ground.

Close to the lake, and on its southern side, nearly opposite the heronry, the voice, when loudly spoken, resounds. "*Reparabilis adsonat echo.*" "Repeating echo resounds." This is the only relic left by Echo, the daughter of Aer and Tellus.

I cannot here refrain from introducing Ovid's beautiful description of Echo, who, he observes, has neither learned to hold her tongue after another has spoken, nor to speak first herself.

. . . . "*Quæ nec reticere loquenti,*
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit." . . .

"She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech, for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close."

The dining and drawing-room windows, numbering five and four, occupy the northern, southern, and eastern sides of the mansion, from all of which you have an excellent view of the greater portion of the lake, in the centre of which is the "little island." The lake extends, longitudinally, a considerable distance in an easterly direction from the mansion; its proximate portion having pasture-land banks, whilst its more remote one is, on both sides, densely wooded to its very brink, terminating in pools and swamps, which are admirably adapted for the encouragement of herons and all kinds of water-fowl.

In the year 1861, or 1862, an application to Mr. Waterton was made to permit the celebrated Blondin to exhibit his marvellously daring powers, on a rope extended across a portion of the lake in the park, but, of course, pecuniary temptation had no influence, in such a quarter, for the purpose proposed. On the other hand, if the proposition had been, that the profits arising from such a display should be given to the poor, I am not at all sure that the Squire would have been able to resist so very seductive an inducement, notwithstanding the almost irreparable injury that would have been perpetrated, by numerous, motley, probably mischievous, and certainly ungovernable, sight-seers. Undoubtedly the lake is admirably

calculated for such an exhibition, the chief part of the surrounding grounds being of so amphitheatrical a configuration, that many thousand spectators, without any inconvenience, could have easily witnessed such a display, whilst the island and the mansion would certainly have commanded as complete a view of the lake as could have been desired.

Exhibitions of every description were always at variance with the natural taste and feelings of the Squire, otherwise, the adaptation of the park for such displays is unrivalled in every point of view. In addition to the very high wall surrounding these grounds, a portion of their boundary is moated by the Leeds and Barnsley canal. Indeed, the park is entered by a narrow bridge crossing this canal, which entrance is guarded by two lodges, having a central door gate-way common to both.

On passing over this viaduct, and entering within the gates, you are very forcibly struck with the calm serenity and seclusion that instantaneously meet the eye in every direction.

Four lines from Virgil admirably describe this very entrance:—

> "*Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,*
> *Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,*
> *Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,*
> *Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*"

"Here is quiet free from care, and life ignorant of guile, rich in varied opulence; here are peaceful retreats in ample fields, grottos, and refreshing lakes; here are cool valleys, and the lowing kine, and soft slumbers beneath the tree."

Beautifully-formed forest trees attract your attention, and few within this domain, however lofty or difficult to swarm, but have, at some period or other, been scaled by the Squire, in his bird-nesting propensities, whose remarkable suppleness of limb, and elasticity of muscle, I have often seen marvellously and most amazingly displayed, in his eighty-first year, by a variety of physical contortions. When Mr. Waterton was seventy-seven years of age, I was witness to his scratching the back part of his head with the big toe of his right foot. He knew no fear; and in daring enterprise, or in what is vulgarly termed "pluck," my friend signally excelled by comparison with the amount usually allotted to man.

When the "South American Wanderings" made its appearance, his mounting the cayman, as stated in that volume, was disbelieved by many; but this denial of belief arose from two mistaken causes, which are, I think, easy of explanation. The former misconception proceeded from a want of knowledge of the man, whose powers, activity, courage, and determination, were not sufficiently known, and had not,

even by his intimate friends, been duly appreciated; the latter mistake arose from a want of coolly reflecting on the utterly powerless condition of the cayman, when mounted. When I say utterly powerless, I must explain, that an immense hook, baited with raw flesh, and securely affixed to the end of a strong rope, had been swallowed by the cayman, and that the peculiarly barbed construction of this hook prevented the possibility of its being returned through the mouth—that several natives, along with Mr. Waterton's own black sérvant, had command of the rope, by which they had drawn this saurian reptile from his natural element on to dry ground, where, of course, he was neither at home nor at ease. Now if a man perform the more difficult, and the more dangerous, of two feats, we should give him credit for being able to accomplish the less difficult, and the one attended with less danger. Let this, then, be the basis on which to form an opinion, and be the ground-work of our decision, as to the credibility of a feat so much questioned at the time of its publication.

I will now describe a far more daring exploit, performed by the Squire at my house, than his mounting the *then* powerless and terrified cayman. The heroic act to which I allude was witnessed by many of my professional brethren, as well as by myself.

A few years ago, a Yankee appeared in Leeds, with eight and twenty rattle-snakes, in a very large flat case, divided into four equal-sized and separate compartments, with a hinged plate-glass lid to fit each division, so that they could be opened and closed singly, and at pleasure, in a moment. Having been previously supplied by Mr. Waterton with the Woorali poison, which he had personally obtained in the year 1812 from the Macoushi Indians who prepared it, and having for some time desired to experiment with it as to its efficacy by comparison with the poison of the rattle-snake, an excellent opportunity was now afforded. I therefore engaged the American to bring his venomous treasures to my house, and invited about forty medical men to be present, whilst carefully testing, on animal life, the effect of the bite of the rattle-snake, comparatively with the effect of the insertion of the Woorali poison, by an incised puncture for its introduction within the cuticle. A rare opportunity then presented itself, and a great number of the faculty assembled to witness and bear testimony to the result of those extremely interesting experiments on rabbits, pigeons, and Guinea pigs.

The room, in which to conduct our operative experiments, was large and extremely well lighted from the roof, a character and position of light admirably adapted for the purpose specially required. Of course

the South American Wanderer was present, as the hero of the day, and in his genial element every inch of him. The Yankee, the owner of the rattle-snakes, also formed one of our number, but he turned out to be a perfectly useless member of our party, openly declaring that he would have nothing whatever to do, "personally," with his venomous friends, and I will do him the justice to say, that he strictly adhered to the honest declaration he had made. Indeed, several days previously, he had, at Wakefield, entreated Mr. Waterton to make some change for him in the arrangement of his rattle-snakes, into different compartments, which the Squire, greatly to Jonathan's horror and amazement, but much to his gratification, speedily and safely effected; but no amount of persuasion, nor of pecuniary bribe nor reward, could induce the Yankee to render the least assistance to the Squire in removing the rattle-snakes to other compartments.

At the meeting at my house, we soon discovered that, in supposing we should have no difficulty in carrying out our experiments, we had "reckoned without our host," as, at the very outset, we found we had to encounter danger never previously dreamt of, and that it would require infinitely more than an ordinary amount of nerve and of a knowledge of snakes than any of us medical men possessed, to overcome the then *apparently* insurmountable

stumbling-block. In truth, no man dared to hold the rabbit nor the pigeon, within the case, to be bitten by a rattle-snake, much less dare any one venture to touch the snakes. We vainly looked at each other for some solution of our hitherto unforeseen perplexity, that is, to bring the biter and the to-be-bitten into close proximity. Silence prevailed, and we were in a "stand still" position, when Mr. Waterton observed, —"Gentlemen, if you, who surround the case, will be quite silent and absolutely motionless, I have no doubt about easily accomplishing all that you require." Instantaneously there was breathless silence, when the Squire, on my raising the lid of one of the compartments, in the coolest manner possible, fearlessly but gently introduced, ***within the case, his naked hand***, keeping his eye intently fixed on the snake he intended to secure, and, in this unprotected state, and with the utmost composure, he gently, and yet firmly, grasped the venomous monster by the neck, immediately behind the head, and deliberately removed him from his neighbours, which were loudly hissing and springing the rattle all around his hand. The lid being again closed, Mr. Waterton held the rattle snake in his hand, whilst it bit the pigeon, the rabbit, or the Guinea pig, and then, on the lid being gently re-opened, he dexterously replaced the snake among his congeners. This dangerous game was repeatedly

played in the various compartments, but with scrupulous circumspection, on the part of Mr. Waterton and myself, and without any mishap, until, on one occasion, whilst the Squire was withdrawing his hand from the case, after having replaced the snake, which had just bitten a rabbit—most unexpectedly, and to the dismay and extreme terror of not a few, a large and fierce-looking rattle-snake angrily raised himself into nearly an erect position, and, as quick as lightning, suddenly and rapidly darted forward, projecting the upper half of his body over the edge of the case, before the lid could, by any possibility, be closed. So instantaneous was this hasty rush, that a moment's earlier closing of the lid, would have caught and retained the Squire's hand within the case, among the snakes. I, having the guardianship of the lid, prevented the complete escape of the snake, by instantly, and rapidly, but gently closing the lid, upon the half protruding body of the snake, pressing upon it just sufficiently to prevent its escape, or, indeed, its further progress, until Mr. Waterton, who was as composed as if nothing particular had occurred, promptly laid hold of this enraged reptile, by deliberately grasping him round the neck, and quietly replacing him in his former quarters.

. . . . "*Fortissimus ille est*
Qui promptus metuenda pati, si cominus instent."

EXPERIMENTS WITH RATTLE-SNAKES, AT LEEDS.

"He is the bravest who is prepared to encounter danger on the instant."

I may add, that this last scene did not diffuse any genial influence over our scientific party, as the tumult among the faculty, in apprehension of a venomous assault, was so extreme, that in the sudden determination to beat a hasty retreat, at every hazard, nearly all fled from their supposed perilous position, and several, not only rushed down stairs, but even into the street without their hats. During the whole of these dangerously operative experiments, when the unprotected hand was within the case, in the midst of the deadly poisonous reptiles, the Squire was as much at home as if he had been leisurely selecting the sweetest bon-bon, instead of the most vigorous rattle-snake.

Mr. Waterton insisted that all snakes attack only when provoked, and that, in this instance, there was no provocation given by him, until the rattle-snake was positively within his grasp, and completely within his power, having a firm hold round its neck, and so close to the head, that it was utterly impossible for it to turn or twist its head in any direction whatever, and that it consequently was totally unable to inflict any wound on him, however anxious to do so, or however enraged it might be. He added, that so long as his fortitude did not desert him, and he was

still able to maintain an unwavering determination to keep up his grasp, he was safe. But, on the contrary, if his courage had failed him, or if any unforeseen accident had occurred to liberate the snake, every man present must have taken care of himself, and, even in that case, he saw no reason to be very uneasy, as self-preservation appeared to be a prevailing, and, indeed, a predominant feeling, among the majority of the faculty who were present.

Now the man, who dared to put his unprotected hand amongst a host of the most venomous snakes in existence, would not be likely to have refused a mount on a defenceless cayman, dragged by nine men by means of a rope, with a barbed hook at its extremity, and firmly fixed within the stomach of the animal. This mechanically restrained condition of the alligator, it must be admitted, rendered it totally incapable, in a physical point of view, to give battle to any creature on earth.

I may, whilst defending the Squire's fortitude, and vindicating his veracity, mention another *marvellous* instance of cool courage. I allude to an occurrence in the Zoological Gardens, in London, in the year 1861, when, after much entreaty, on the part of Mr. Waterton, he was permitted, by the then curator, Mr. Mitchell, now deceased, to pay his per-

sonal respects to a large orang-outang, from Borneo, which was reputed to be very savage. Indeed, the keepers, one and all, declared that "he would worry the Squire, and make short work of it," if he should enter his den, especially as he was just then in a horrid temper, having been recently teased by some mischievous boys. The late Mr. Mitchell, even at last, yielded to Mr. Waterton's urgent request, with great reluctance. Nothing daunted by all this badinage of the keepers, the Squire, to the very great horror of the numerous spectators, entered the palisaded enclosure with a light heart. The meeting of these two celebrities was clearly a case of "love at first sight," as the strangers embraced each other most affectionately; nay, they positively hugged each other, and in their apparently uncontrollable joy, they kissed one another many times, to the great amusement of the numerous spectators.

Mr. Waterton, who has written specially on the monkey tribe, had long been anxious to minutely inspect the palm of its hand during life, and was then also wishful to examine the teeth of his newly-acquired friend, both of which investigations were graciously conceded to the Squire, without a murmur, his fingers being freely admitted within its jaws. These little ceremonies having been accomplished on the part of Mr. Waterton, his apeship claimed a similar privilege,

which was as courteously granted. The animal at once set to work in good earnest, after his own instinctive order, and having most carefully scrutinised every portion of Mr. Waterton's face, by pawing, as well as by the closest ocular inspection, he coolly commenced, to the infinite entertainment of the surrounding spectators, a careful and even critical examination of, or, probably, I ought to say, an elaborate *search*, on the Squire's head.

These hazardous snake- and monkey adventures, just related, when put in competition with the feat of mounting the cayman, must convince every reasonable person, that the latter act, (although we admit it to have been a somewhat bold achievement,) really sinks into insignificance, when compared with Mr. Waterton's daring and intrepid exploits with the rattlesnakes and the orang-outang.

CHAPTER III.

On resuming the further description of the grounds at Walton Hall, together with its attached objects of interest, the rookery claims special attention; and more especially so, because it engaged much of the Squire's very careful observation, in endeavouring to minutely ascertain the habits of the rook. These birds abound here, for the whole year, at some period of every successive twenty-four hours. They *roost* at the rookery at Walton Hall only during the period of building, of incubation, and of maturing their young. So soon as the young ones are ready to leave the trees which contain their nests, they, together with the old birds, enjoy their nocturnal repose in the surrounding woods until the second week in October, when both young and old finally leave the woods for Nostel Priory, the residence of Mr. Winn, situated between Wakefield and Pontefract.

At this ancient, beautiful, and extensive place, there is an avenue, surpassing all others in this part of the country, its length being upwards of a mile, and formed of magnificent trees. In this avenue, the

rooks henceforward roost in congregated thousands upon thousands, there passing their nights until the 12th of March, at which time they, that is, the Walton Hall portion return, and again assemble there, for the sole purpose of incubation, after a *roosting* absence of about nine months. During their roosting period at Nostel Priory, they invariably call at Walton Hall, every evening, on their return to the priory. Punctuality is a marked feature in all their movements, and, consequently, their evening call may be calculated upon, to a very few minutes, each successive day; in proof of which, I have frequently seen Mr. Waterton standing, with watch in hand, and heard him say, "the rooks will be here in two or three minutes, or, at all events, in not more than five minutes;" and it was a rare occurrence that the Squire had to complain of a want of punctuality on the part of the rook.

The poor rook has few friends, but many foes. Now, this bird is either injurious or he is beneficial to the interests of man, as there is no third party willing to sanction his neutrality. If he be injurious, it would appear that he is so to the farmer only, as no other interest complains. Let us endeavour, if we possibly can, without prejudice, to carefully examine into the murmuring and discontented representations,

or, probably, misrepresentations of the farmer, ascertaining how far his multitudinous accusations against the poor rook are correct, and, as far as we are able, with our present knowledge of the rook and its habits, determine how the debtor and creditor account really stands between the farmer and the rook, and how it might appear by a little forethought, a little care, and the expenditure of a very little money.

A portion of the seed, which the farmer sows, is doubtless pilfered by the wily rook—the farmer stoutly contends that his young turnips are occasionally destroyed—that his potatoes are, now and then, in a trifling degree, fraudulently secured, by means of the rook boring into the ridges with his pointed and powerful bill; and, in addition, the farmer declares that large patches of his grass-land are destroyed and laid waste, by the rook pulling up tuft after tuft of his grass, and leaving them on the surface of the ground, a manifest evidence, he asserts, of their mischievous propensities, and of the serious amount of damage sustained by these mortifying depredations. Here we have four distinct, plausible, and specious accusations, ostentatiously paraded against the poor rook. I at once freely admit, that whatever amount of grain the rooks steal from the recently-sown land, is abstractedly, a positive loss to the farmer; and if this robbery, during seed-time, be of such extent as

to lessen, in any appreciable degree, the amount of yield on reaping the crop, which is at all times very questionable, I also admit that this must be deemed an absolute loss.

If these losses complained of, as being sustained by the farmer, are serious in themselves, and do actually exist, without there being an easily obtainable remedy within reasonable reach, the farmer is fully justified in his accusation against the rook; but if preventive means are easily available, and are not resorted to by the farmer, the aspect of his complaint is changed, and, I contend, that if by a little forethought, and at a trifling cost, he has an attainable remedy, he is himself culpable if he do not put it into execution—that he deserves no commiseration, but, on the contrary, that he merits a severe censure, which is not generally awarded to him. Two or three boys, at a very trifling cost, during "seed-time," in order to what is termed "tent" the recently-sown ground, would most unequivocally prevent any loss of seed, and, *consequently*, diminution of yield in the crop; hence, two of the farmer's assumed losses might easily be avoided.

The next accusation brought against the rook is its wholesale destruction of the young turnip crop. This would be a grievous one, if correct, but it is not so. And even if correct, the same remedy would

protect the turnip, which would effectually preserve the cereal crops during "seed-time," viz., "tenting." But I contend that the rook never pulls up a single healthy turnip plant, unless by accident, or unless it be so closely adhering to a dead or a dying one, that the living and the dead are inseparable. The turnip plant is no food for the rook. He has no relish for plants of any kind. It is the worm at the root of the plant which the rook is in quest of. That he pulls up sickly and decayed plants I readily admit; and that he can detect a morbid condition of any plant, at whose root the wire-worm rests, long before the farmer can, I am thoroughly convinced. The rook, in this instance, seeks not to destroy the farmer's property, but to gratify his own appetite, in doing which, he in reality destroys the farmer's enemy. Then, as to the miserable imputation of "cribbing" a few potatoes, the theft is generally so trifling in amount, and so rare in occurrence, that it would be really a waste of time to further allude to it.

Lastly, the prevailing opinion among ignorant farmers, that rooks destroy grass, is a totally unfounded charge. "*Audi alteram partem.*" "Hear the other side." The rook never wilfully destroys a single blade of grass, as he readily distinguishes the sickly tufts, and hesitates not a moment to draw them, in

order that he may obtain his delicate and favourite morsel, the wire-worm at their roots.

It is evident that the farmer has but a trifling bill against the rook for damages sustained, and it is equally manifest that if a balance should be struck, John Bull would have a far larger sum to pay to the rook for its sedulous labours in the destruction of the wire-worm, than any trifling amount he might be entitled to for cost of "tenting," for the protection of his crops against the rook.

It is surprisingly strange that the farmers of the present far-seeing age, should be so callously insensible as regards the benefit they derive from this bird. They are lynx-eyed to its supposed destructive properties, but perversely, nay, spitefully blind to its meritorious ones. If the rook deprive the farmers of pence, I am thoroughly satisfied that he rewards them with pounds, but it seems next to an impossibility to convince the agriculturists of this as a reality. If they could, however, be persuaded to fairly take both sides of this question into their cool and deliberate consideration, laying aside all prejudice and preconceived impressions, and would be determined to ascertain the truth, and nothing but the truth, and honestly keep a debtor and creditor account of the estimated damage and profit, their countenances would be brighter, their crops would be heavier, and their

pockets would be fuller. The farmers, along with the extensive woodland proprietors, would be speedily and thoroughly convinced, that where the wire-worm and the caterpillar abound, there will be the rooks. "*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*" "Where the honey is, there will the bees be."

Were it not, indeed, for these birds, which daily scour the country by their thousands upon thousands, the devouring coleopterous insects, to which I have alluded, would injure the oaks, at all ages, to a much greater extent than they do at present. Would that I could prevail upon the farmer and the woodman, before coming to any positive decision, not to blindly yield their judgment to an opinion without due examination of the facts necessary to be known. The result of such an examination, would be the happy means of defending the poor rook, by exposing the ignorance of those who so erroneously advocate its extermination.

On the south side of the rookery, and close to, or within a little circular clump of trees, where stone for building purposes has been, at some former period, excavated, and about fifty or sixty yards from the lake, was interred the great grandfather of the "South American Wanderer." This was stated to me as a fact by the Squire himself, but whether it has been

recorded in writing, or it has simply passed, by oral tradition, from father to son, I know not.

On the western side of the rookery, and at a short distance from the well-arranged dog-kennel, stands a Scotch fir, closely embraced by a quantity of ivy, which in 1860 contained, in a cleft branch, the nest of a pea-hen, at an elevation of twenty-four feet from the ground. This was an unnatural position for a pea-fowl to occupy, and it seldom happens that any thing ultimately thrives, when diverted from nature's usual course. At any rate, the poor bird, notwithstanding her lofty pretensions, cut a sorry figure in this instance, hatching only two young ones, and even these were prematurely cut off, by their unlucky descent from the nest. Whether, on reflection, she imagined that her efforts were rendered abortive, in consequence of this foolish and fanciful freak, I know not,—she, however, acted more humbly and wisely afterwards, and was more successful in her future incubations. In a letter from Mr. Waterton, at the time the pea-hen was entertaining her aspiring notions, he observes,—"In a jackdaw's nest, half way up a Scotch fir, well clothed with ivy, the pea-hen is sitting on three eggs, and the male bird often ascends to her nest, and sits by her for company."

Within fifty yards of this tree, is a large and excellently-arranged farm-yard, in the centre of which is erected a noble dove-cote, very lofty, and having a cross on its summit. This cote is capacious within, admirably ventilated, and agreeably aired by a stove in a room underneath it. It is so fitted up, that any particular pigeon-hole can be examined without difficulty, and, what is most important to the owner, this cote is really now thief-proof, which cannot be said of any other in the neighbourhood.

Within a short distance of the western extremity of the lake, in a position concealed from the hall, in consequence of a sudden and angular turn of the water, there is a creek, leading into the wood, on the eastern side of this portion of the lake. A boat can easily ply up this narrow channel, under a small obtusely-arched bridge.

At the extreme end of this creek, a fine old willow was cut down in 1812, and from its stump have sprung twelve separate stems, each of which has now grown to a considerable height and circumference. One of these has been, for a long period, in a disabled condition, being very detrimentally influenced by a severe storm, but is now, to a considerable extent, ingeniously repaired by hoops and iron bolts. These twelve willows were designated by

Mr. Waterton, the "Twelve Apostles," the disabled one being always called Judas; which, although so restored as to live, yet, nevertheless, has, when under the influence of a boisterous day, a mournful and groaning creak, as if in misery, because of its previously mutilated state.

In their ancient stateliness, and within a few yards of the creek, stand two veteran oaks, on the very brink of the lake; in a cleft branch of one of which, twelve feet from the ground, a wild duck nested and hatched her young, in the year 1832. She was peculiarly fortunate in landing her whole brood safely on the grassy surface. So capricious a freak of humour, on her part, was the more singular, because, as if in very defiance of nature's more prudent suggestions, there was a vast abundance of the choicest nesting-ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the very tree she selected. At this spot has recently been erected a Mausoleum for the remains of the late Mr. Waterton, which were there interred on Saturday, June 3rd, 1865, the very day on which he completed his eighty-third year.

This part of the lake, being narrow, is conveniently under the influence of the net, when immense draughts of pike, carp, tench, perch, roach, dace, and

THE SEPULCHRAL RESTING-PLACE OF THE LATE MR. WATERTON, AT WALTON HALL.

gudgeon, are brought to land. The pike taken here, have the reputation of being very superior in flavour. Eels, which are caught, without difficulty, by bait, are certainly excellent, and are now and then large. Securing a pike by his bow and arrow, was, at one time, a favourite amusement with the Squire on "a fish day," when, frequently, at the last moment, the lake had to yield a portion of its finny contents, as a scanty provision for the approaching dinner. Latterly, however, since the principal part of the weeds has been dragged out, the water is seldom sufficiently transparent for this really amusive mode of warfare.

Recently, the absence of any material quantity of weed in the water has, most unquestionably, had its detrimental influence, as regards natural history pursuits, inasmuch as the coots, being in a great measure deprived of their choicest food, do not now assemble and breed in such numbers as they formerly did. As the time of nesting, incubation, and maturing their young, is the most interesting, as well as the most instructive to the ornithologist, it is desirable to render these periods as agreeable and as tempting as possible to the birds themselves, in order to incite and to induce them to select the park as their breeding ground, where they would be in a position to delight all, and furnish genuine

and practical information, to those who would take the *trouble* to diligently look out for it, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of natural history, as, "without perspiration and labour, no work is perfected."

"*Absque sudore et labore nullum opus perfectum est.*"

In the year 1860, a pair of coots built their nest on the extreme end of a branch of a large willow, closely overhanging the water, on the northern side of the lake. This branch, extending three or four yards on to the lake, and being of considerable magnitude, had the appearance of being entirely independent of the neighbouring bank. Notwithstanding its inherent power, yet, from its great length, and the pliant nature of the willow, its apicial extremity was easily under the influence of the wind, or of the rising and falling waves underneath it; or even of the additional weight of the male bird, when the nest was completed, and when he now and then called to pay his respects to his mate whilst discharging her solitary duty. During the original formation of their temporary domicile, as the birds added weight to the branch by furnishing more and more materials upon its very extremity in order to perfect the nest, the branch of course gradually descended, until its

exterior base actually rested on the surface of the water, so that when there was a tolerably perceptible ripple on the lake, the supernatant nest and its contents were continually rising and falling.

This pleasing object, for such it really was to the naturalist, was within a very trifling distance of the mansion, so that the powerful telescope in the drawing-room, when put in requisition, at all times revealed any peculiarities or interesting habits, of this species of bird. You were enabled, through this trustworthy medium, to judge of the absolute amount of labour performed by each bird, whilst constructing their simple and temporary fabrication. You could be convinced by ocular and unmistakeable evidence, that the male, as a general rule, sought for, and procured the building materials that were required, and that he managed this portion of the labour allotted to him, with great energy, and with unceasing industry; and that the female, with equal anxiety and ability, attended as diligently to her special department, viz., the *construction* of the edifice. The male bird would frequently show his expertness, in obtaining materials for building purposes, by diving to the bottom of the lake for twigs which had fallen from the over-hanging willow in which the nest was built, and also to select from the same source, the smaller, the more pliable, and the more fibrous roots, as a softer and less per-

vious finish, with which to line the interior of the nest; and, having brought them up to the surface of the water, evidently delighted with the possession of his booty, he lost not a moment in conveying them to his lady-love. You could frequently see quick and repeated declinations of the head, which appeared to be consultations between the two, relative to the mode of construction of their nest, or which might be congratulations, as the work progressed, in having accomplished certain portions, when great harmony and satisfaction invariably appeared to prevail. If the lady had finally fixed within the nest the last twig furnished by the male, previously to his return with another, she, apparently spurning an idle life, instantly set off, herself, in search of additional building stores. You could witness the affectionate gallantry, and sedulous attentions of the male bird, in rendering to his better half the services of temporary incubation; a domestic, and usually a feminine duty, but one which he evidently did not consider derogatory nor humiliating to perform, whilst his dearly-beloved washed, fed, and plumed herself. Indeed, you could always, from the drawing-room windows at Walton Hall, minutely examine, and quite at your leisure, all the land and water-fowl within view. You could carefully scrutinise their form, their colour, their plumage, the colour of their legs, the accurate form

and precise colour of their mandibles, and not unfrequently, even the colour of the iris of the eye; also, their mode of walking, of swimming, and of resting. You could distinctly ascertain the various kinds of food on which they lived and fed their young, and thus become thoroughly acquainted with the habits of each species. It was truly delightful to see the peaceful harmony that prevailed, notwithstanding the numerous varieties now and then congregated in so small a space. You could see the herons, the water-hens, the coots, the Egyptian and the Canada geese, the carrion crows, the magpies, the ring-doves, (occasionally on their nests,) the wild duck, teal, and widgeon, You could, with infinite satisfaction, be convinced of the care they bestowed on their eggs, and also of their parental kindness and persevering attention, as regarded the management and anxious protection of their young.

Very frequently you could be gratified by seeing, in all their beauty and extreme richness of plumage, an assemblage of from twenty to thirty herons at the same moment, and in the limited space of a few yards, on the banks of the lake, all quietly and confidentially enjoying their calm and undisturbed repose, after a laborious night's fishing, and, probably, a wind opposing their flight, on returning to their usual quarters. An assemblage of from twenty

to thirty herons, whether regarded as a group, or as isolated objects, form a rare, as well as a most interesting and instructive picture to the ornithologist, when leisurely and carefully examined through the medium of the telescope.

The figure of the heron, in outline, is very peculiar. His walk is slow, graceful, and stately, whilst his physical position and attitude, when free from fear, and entirely at rest, is extremely singular and even fantastic. Each heron, "standing on one leg," "*stans pede in uno*," under his accurately-balanced centre of gravity, remains, sometimes, for hours in succession, as motionless as death, on his long, erect, and jointless-looking leg; its fellow, together with its foot, being concealed within his abdominal feathers, whilst his head is gracefully buried under one of his wings. Occasionally, instead of one leg and foot being hidden by the abdominal feathers, the bird stretches the entire limb in a direct line backward and horizontally.

The telescope in use at Walton Hall, is a large and a very excellent one. This admirable acquisition to the drawing-room, is mounted on a light and moveable table, or stand, which smoothly glides on castors. You can, with perfect ease, even whilst in conversation with a friend, and enjoying your arm-chair,

change its direction in a single moment, in order to examine objects on any part of the lake, or landscape, within view.

In possession of such very rare and advantageous privileges as were in existence at Walton Hall, it is not surprising that Mr. Waterton, with his inherent, and we might almost add, congenital taste for natural history—that he, who had laboured hard and unceasingly, during a long and harassing life, to attempt to unravel the interesting and secret mysteries in the various branches of this science—that he, who with lengthened and extensive experience in various climes, from infancy to the hale man at eighty—that he, who with the knowledge acquired by travel, and by unequalled opportunities, to gain the practical information of *field* ornithology, absolutely at his own fireside—I say it is not surprising, that such a man should have stood unrivalled in this engaging and seductive science.

"*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*"

"It is not the lot of every man to visit Corinth."

With such a host of substantial and unequivocally admitted foundations, on which to build a knowledge of natural history, we may fairly claim Charles Waterton to have been a beacon to guide us through many

of the diversified labyrinths and hidden intricacies of nature, and may conclude, without fear of reasonable contradiction from the unprejudiced, that, with all these united aids, which were supported by vigorous health—by an active and powerful physical frame—by great mental energy and resolute determination, coupled with sound and extensive learning—Mr. Waterton has stood prominently out for many years as a giant in natural history.

"*Tu mihi magnus Apollo.*"

"Thou shalt be my great Apollo."

CHAPTER IV.

In the park, at Walton Hall, has been finally determined the vexed question of the doubted gregariousness of the carrion crow. In the winter, and in the early spring months, it has not been unusual to see from forty to fifty, and, occasionally, upwards of eighty of these birds in a single flock,—a sufficiently valid testimony of nature's laws, where the agency of non-intervention has been effectually carried out, and a convincing proof that the wily carrion crow, not only knows where he is cared for, but that he is sagacious enough, and also ready, to take advantage of the laws of protection. Many ornithologists of celebrity have pooh-poohed the idea of the carrion crow being gregarious; but how do they get rid of the awkward evidence of large flocks of the carrion crow *congregating for months in succession*, where, and when, they have an opportunity to do so? The Squire and I have, repeatedly, counted upwards of eighty of these birds, in both December and January, in one distinct flock, and a few remained to nest and mature their young yearly within the park walls.

At one period, there was, in this park, another instance of rare occurrence, indeed, probably, the only similar one on record. You could daily see a purely white common goose having become a monogamist, being paired with a Canada male bird, taking her lofty aerial flights in company with her foreign mate, forgetting her former, and her naturally domestic habits, appearing now as an espoused partner, and assuming in all her nuptial felicity, the varied habits of her wild paramour.

Here, the nightingale pays its annual and cordially welcome visit, and is listened to at the hall, evening after evening, with infinite pleasure, melodiously warbling its charming song, in its silent and secure retreat.

"Whence is it, that amaz'd I hear
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May?

"But thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make e'en January charm,
And every season Spring."

The "packing" of carrion crows, in this park, is a remarkable and a convincing proof of the validity of protection among the feathered tribes, when effi-

ciently used, in order to secure the ends desired to be obtained by the naturalist. It is, however, scarcely possible to conceive a place better adapted for this object, and for the study and elucidation of the mysteries in nature, than the park at Walton Hall; especially for that section which may be deemed minute ornithology, and which, in later years, has been so marvellously revealed by the extraordinary powers of the telescope.

In this park, it seemed as if all nature had been formed to meet the wishes of the Squire. There is an abundance of wood, underwood, water, and undulating ground, whilst the extent of the park is sufficiently large, to allow of portions being devoted entirely to absolute seclusion, for those birds which are naturally disposed to avoid the haunts of man.

The upper two-thirds of the lake, with its adjacent wood and pasture land, are kept altogether free from any intrusion whatever, for six successive months every year. Even visitors at the house, of whatever rank they might be, were always "warned off" those portions specially set apart for natural history purposes. There was never any favour shown to either rank or sex, if it happened to clash with any part of natural history, which taught to distinguish, to better comprehend, or to more accurately ascertain and describe the objects of nature. Even during the whole

breeding-season, the heronry district was strictly forbidden ground, unless in case of accident to a young heron by falling from its nest—in which case, aid would be immediately afforded.

Mr. Waterton was in the habit of registering memoranda as to dates and names of birds, as *occasional* visitors in the park for upwards of thirty years, with which information he kindly furnished me, in order that all my statements should be of unquestionable accuracy.

From the following list, carefully examined, and from his own recollection, it appeared that all the birds of which record is made in the annexed catalogue, had, at one time or another, sojourned, or, at all events, been seen within the park at Walton Hall. I may add, that I have myself very frequently seen a great majority of those here named, on the lake, or in the grounds; and many of them to the greatest possible advantage by means of the telescope, which I seldom omitted using on my oft-repeated visits to the Squire.

Birds seen in the Grounds of Walton Hall.

Osprey.	Merlin.	Woodcock owl.
Peregrine.	Wood owl.	Raven.
Kestrel.	Barn owl.	Carrion crow.
Sparrow-hawk.	Long-eared owl.	Hooded crow.
Hobby.	Little earless owl.	Rook.

Jackdaw.
Magpie.
Jay.
Missel thrush.
Song thrush.
Fieldfare.
Redwing.
Blackbird.
Skylark.
Titlark.
Starling.
Cuckoo.
Green woodpecker.
Spotted woodpecker.
Lesser woodpecker.
Creeper.
Crossbill.
Grosbeak.
Bullfinch.
Goldfinch.
Yellowhammer.
Common bunting.
Black-headed ditto.
House sparrow.
Mountain sparrow.
Chaffinch.
Brambling.
Siskin.
Brown linnet.
Green linnet.
Lesser redpole.
Pied flycatcher.
Common flycatcher.
Nightingale.
Robin.

Redstart.
Hedge sparrow.
Reed sparrow.
Blackcap.
Willow wren.
Golden crested wren.
Common wren.
Wheatear.
Whinchat.
Stonechat.
Oxeye titmouse.
Blue ditto.
Cole ditto.
Long-tailed ditto.
Bearded ditto.
Nuthatch.
Yellow wagtail.
Pied wagtail.
Grey wagtail.
Chimney swallow.
Sand martin.
House martin.
Swift.
Kingfisher.
Nightjar.
Ringdove.
Stockdove.
Turtledove.
Pheasant.
Partridge.
Snipe.
Quail.
Land-rail.
Water-rail.
Lesser rail.

Little land-rail.
Thick-kneed plover.
Lapwing.
Golden plover.

Wild swan.
Common swan.
Mallard.
Shoveller.
Widgeon.
Teal.
Tufted duck.
Pochard.
Golden eye.
Chesnut duck.
Common scoter.
Velvet scoter.
Dabchick.
Dusky grebe.
Eared grebe.
Canada goose.
Egyptian goose.
Barnacle goose.
Cape goose.
Goosander.
Smew.
Garganey.
Cormorant.
Coot.
Water-hen.
Heron.
Common sandpiper.
Four of the gull tribe.
Common tern.
Black tern.

Apart from the breeding season, coots are very numerous at Walton Hall. They are continually feeding and sporting on the lake, within a short distance from the windows of the house, together with countless thousands of a great variety of water-fowl. During the severe winter months, when the whole lake is one sheet of ice, its appearance would, now and then, astound an old, and even travelled ornithologist, as it not unfrequently occurs, that you may see nearly the whole frozen lake literally covered by a startling variety of water-fowl. This multitude of visitors on the lake, in winter, consists (and frequently at the same time,) of cormorants, teal, tufted ducks, pochards, widgeons, the garganey, the smew, the shoveller, and now and then of the velvet and the common scoters, together with most extraordinary numbers of the wild duck. Thousands, especially of the latter, rest in such close proximity to each other, as, sometimes, to conceal even any appearance of ice. They will thus silently congregate for hours in succession, in a perfectly quiescent state, when sitting on the ice. You will see the Egyptian and the Canada geese, which are permanent residents in these grounds, wandering here and there in vain and anxious search for water, whilst the apparently indolent and listless herons, then stand out on the banks of the frozen lake, isolated and prominently interesting objects,

perfecting and gracefully beautifying this enchanting scene of natural history. The stillness and complete quietude, on the icy surface of the lake and its immediate environs, evidently inspire the birds with a relying confidence and an assurance of safety, which you do not meet with elsewhere. All living nature, as if grateful for the Squire's protection, appears to have formed a positive attachment to this special locality. That birds, however, should prefer this, to other land and water resorts, is not surprising, when we know that in other places they are generally surrounded by enemies, and, consequently, in perpetual fear; whereas here they are fostered and protected on every side, and live in peace and happiness.

> "Those Christians best deserve the name,
> Who studiously make peace their aim;
> Peace, both the duty and the prize
> Of him that creeps, and him that flies."

In speaking of the attachments of birds to particular objects, or to peculiar localities, it may not be out of place to allude to a singular instance bearing on this question, which occurred in the lake at Walton Hall, in the year 1858. A pair of coots formed their nest on some material, which they doubtless believed to be an immoveable foundation; but the wind came,

and the storm arose, and mercilessly detached the rushy turf on which the nest rested, leaving the entire fabric with the female and her fondly cherished eggs in its centre, a floating mass, and drifting at the tender mercy of the uncontrollable tempest. As the fickle breeze veered to the different points of the compass, so the patiently-submissive, and powerless coot, with her floating edifice, altered her direction, and unwittingly changed her locality. Notwithstanding her uncertain tenure of ubiety, and, possibly, even of house and home for the next moment, she patiently yielded to her lot. Here to-day, elsewhere to-morrow, but wherever her destiny cast her, whether buffeted on the open water, or driven amid the reeds and the rushes, there was she always faithfully supported, cheered, and comforted, by the partner of her weals and her woes. Ovid has beautifully expressed the feeling that must have animated this constancy in the male bird,

> "*Hanc cupit, hanc optat; sola suspirat in illâ;*
> *Signaque dat nutu, solicitatque notis.*"
>
> "Her he desires, for her he longs, for her alone he sighs;
> He makes signs to her by nods, and courts her by gestures."

His warm and abiding affection knew no change in their hitherto wretched uncertainty. Throughout this long and anxious trial of attachment, he never once

forsook her, nor was this noble-hearted bird freed from his painful state of solicitude, until that period had at length arrived when they could mutually congratulate each other on that abiding and unbroken constancy prompted by nature, which rewarded these two immutably-attached coots with a progeny, to amply repay the anxiety and care they had never failed to bestow on each other, and upon the contents of their previously fragile and floating capital.

Independent of the rigid protection of the feathered tribes within these walls, every part of the park seems to be, somehow, endowed with a congeniality favourable to the existence and propagation of birds, and, therefore, singularly conducive to all ornithological pursuits. Unless the white owl felt herself perfectly at home, and entirely free from any thing like danger, she would not be seen, frequently, during the day in the month of June, fearlessly pursuing her mousing avocations. Her attachment to this protected place, where she is exempt from every molestation, renders her so happy and confident, that she generally contrives to hatch two broods, yearly; and, as there is nothing to incommode nor disturb her offspring, nor to prevent their reaching maturity, this park must largely contribute towards the prevention of the entire extinction of the white owl.

The ivy-covered ruin, on the island, has long been a favourite nesting resort for the owl; but the recently severe winters have destroyed much of its luxuriant growth and foliage, which, previously, whilst adorning the ruin, afforded to the owl a tempting retirement for incubation. Indeed, if these saving retreats had not here existed for the propagation of this very useful bird to the farmer, in which to mature its offspring for future years, the neighbouring district would have been deprived altogether of a bird, which, probably, destroys more rats and mice for the farmer, than all his cats do which he so much prizes. And yet the farmers seldom care for the preservation of a friend who is always on the watch for their interests.

I may add, that two or three pairs of the brown owl were always fortunate enough to yearly hatch and mature their young in the wood adjoining the grotto.

On the lake there have been Canada geese for very many years, a few of which are always kept pinioned, so as to induce those that are not pinioned to remain along with them on the water, and also to secure, at all times, a certain number on the lake, or on its surrounding banks, in order to enrich the natural history scenery, and add beauty to the landscape. The process of pinioning should be had recourse to

when they are goslings, and, consequently, unable to fly; but should this opportunity be accidentally omitted, the keeper always managed this trifling operation, upon the old birds, between the 12th and 24th of July, as, a little after the summer solstice, they invariably shed their wing feathers, and are, therefore, totally unable to fly for a few days; consequently, by a little manœuvring at that time, they are easily laid hold of, provided the capturing parties thoroughly understand how to go about their business. During this period, however, the Canadians seem to be quite conscious of their inability to escape by flight, and are, therefore, extremely cautious not to trust themselves at such a distance from the lake as to endanger any difficulty, on their part, in again reaching the water, before you could intercept them on land. Indeed, you have to slily watch for a feasible chance to accomplish your object, and, even then, it sometimes requires very considerable physical activity to secure your intended captives. I may here state, that if the cunning Canadians once escape your capturing them, by incautiously permitting them to reach the lake before you are able to intercept them, they will never, so long as they are unable to fly, give you another chance on land.

These birds breed here, but seldom prolifically. If their eggs were entrusted to the common domestic

hen, I believe that the fecundity of the Canada as well as of the Egyptian geese, would be materially increased. We all know that the barn-yard hen will hatch, will diligently attend to, and mature the web-footed duck, but it must be remembered that we, and not the hen, supply the young broods with *suitable* food; and, of course, the young of the Canada and Egyptian geese, would need to be supplied with that peculiar character of food, specially applicable to their *natural* requirements.

Instinct inspires the cuckoo, with an unerring knowledge, to discriminate into what bird's nest to deposit her egg, so that the character of the food of its future foster-parent may be *naturally* adapted to the young cuckoo, which she will have to feed and protect; but instinct ceases to inspire when different species clash with each other.

The Squire, on one occasion, to a certain but to a limited extent disregarding instinct, placed the eggs of the magpie under the jackdaw, and those of the jackdaw under the magpie; and he placed the carrion crow's eggs under the rook, and those of the rook under the carrion crow. So far as this trifling deviation from nature extended, the result was, as it was anticipated it would be. They each incubated, and hatched their spurious offspring, but, in all human probability, if Mr. Waterton had diversified the dis-

tinction of species a little more widely, he would have met with a reverse of his former success.

I have previously observed that Mr. Waterton always entertained an antipathy to the rat, and that it was the only animal at Walton Hall to which he gave no quarter. His hostile feeling against the "Hanoverian," and his ingenuity how to quit him, were, several years ago, productive of means so unique and so instantaneously effective, that they certainly merit a passing notice. On the Squire's return home, after a somewhat lengthened period in the desert forests in South America, he found Walton Hall so infested with rats, that the whole house was overrun with them. He, therefore, immediately set his wits to work, in order to devise some plan that would speedily free him from the "Hanoverians;" and, at once, designed his mode of action, which proved, on execution, as successful as it was unprecedented. He caught a fine old rat in a "harmless trap," which, of course, was not, in the slightest degree, injured, and, when all the household had retired to rest for the night, he carefully smeared this rat all over with tar, and then set him at liberty, in one of his principal runs. Doubtless, this recently liberated prisoner, highly scented and well "tarred," but not "feathered," would, on his unexpected escape, lose no time in

reconnoitring every available avenue within his reach. In fact, he would, simply from fear of himself, now that he was so highly perfumed, scour the ins and the outs of what might be fairly termed, his own country, in double quick time, by which means he would impregnate every underground burrow with an odour, of all others, that is said to be the most offensive to the rat. Even his own fraternity seem to have been so terrified by the unequivocally disagreeable odour of this scented "Hanoverian," that they fled by wholesale, during the night, across the narrow portion of the lake; and the Squire, at day-break, on the following morning, found the whole house entirely freed from his hitherto unwelcome visitors. When Mr. Waterton named this laughable circumstance to me, he, at the same time, told me that he had repeatedly "scared away" rats by mixing tar with finely chopped garlick, and leaving a small portion here and there in their "runs."

On the outside of the Cromwell doors, in the old ruin, there is a broad stone step, nearly on a level with the threshold, but overhanging the water. It is always perfectly dry on its upper surface, and furnishes a good and accessible foundation for the visitors to stand upon, whilst examining the antique doors, which are really objects of deep interest, from

their peculiar style of architecture, and from their attached rude and heavy appendages, then thought necessary for the protection of the mansion, together with portions pierced by Cromwell's bullets. If these ancient doors are closed, whilst you are standing on this step, you are then placed between them and a very deep part of the lake, with no means of escape;—even if you jump into the lake, you have no means of reaching a place of safety, except by swimming at least one hundred and fifty yards,—in fact, you are immured in a most perfect "lock-up." Now, it accidentally occurred, that a poacher, who had long been very notorious in his way, and who had, for a lengthened period, been what is termed "wanted," having committed sundry depredations on Mr. Waterton's manor, by stealing pheasants' eggs, &c., &c., was, by a manœuvre, when in front of the house, tempted on to the island where the Squire happened to be at the moment.

The poacher, who was a well-known character for his evil ways, had been, for some time, in jest, nicknamed "*fur;*" Mr. Waterton, when in a jocular mood, having previously given him that opprobrious appellation, in consequence of his being a well-known thief. The keepers, and indeed the whole household, somehow or other, soon got to know that "fur" was the Latin word for thief, and, therefore, more fre-

quently honoured the poacher by his Latin than by his real and English name. Now this "man of three letters," "*homo trium literarum*," was disposed to be facetiously impertinent; the Squire, therefore, was determined, before liberating the poacher, to accommodate him with "a Rowland for an Oliver," and, whilst quietly remonstrating with him in great apparent simplicity and kindness, as if his insolence had been forgotten or forgiven, he was, at the same time, ingeniously contriving ample punishment for him, by cajoling him, unsuspectingly, on to the fatal stone step in the "lock-up."

No sooner was the poacher "placed," than the Squire, at once, adroitly closed the doors, leaving his saucy captive in the solitary "lock-up," to deliberate on his past conduct. On this fellow, in a whimpering strain, threatening to drown himself, unless immediately released, the keepers cordially encored the sentiment of their lachrymose prisoner. He then became an apparent penitent, and, on that ground, was freed from "durance vile." From that time forward, he was never known to poach on the Squire's manor, and was always ready to do him a "good turn," at least, so said the poacher himself, and the Squire believed him; but the wilful destruction of eggs, which was the primary offence in this case, always annoyed Mr. Waterton more than the slaughter of

THE POACHER ENTRAPPED INTO THE LOCK-UP, BY MR. WATERTON.

the birds themselves. In this instance the Squire did not recognise the old proverb, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

In years gone by, the Squire was a strict and determined preserver of game on his own estate. He then, like his neighbours, had a great abundance of hares, partridges, and pheasants, and hesitated not to go to a considerable expense for their preservation; but that reckless character of population, which, in the present age, almost bids defiance to the protection of property in some districts, has, latterly, increased so rapidly, and so extensively in some of the neighbouring villages, that an enormous amount of money is required to effectually carry out the spirit of protection, as regards the rigorous preservation of game; hence, it is literally beyond the means of many country gentlemen, unless by a ruinous expense, or, at all events, by inconveniently infringing on their income —a folly which they are not generally prone to commit. "If gentleman do," observed Mr. Waterton, "indiscreetly yield to this alluring extravagance, other miseries, beyond pecuniary loss, frequently await them, as, now and then, a melancholy loss of life is also entailed by this rigid, yet lawful protection of game." The natural feelings and disposition of the Squire were always so humane, and so utterly antagonistic to every

thing which could, in the slightest degree, expose any party to the chance of sustaining injury, or of jeopardising the life of a fellow creature, that, I am sure, he would have infinitely preferred the entire deprivation of game, rather than have hazarded the possibility of injuring any human being, and the more especially a poor man.

These remarks will sufficiently explain why there has been no superabundance of game at Walton Hall for many years. Recently, indeed, the encouragement for its preservation has been so little observed, that the temptation held out to poachers has not been at all adequate to the expense, the toil, and the risk they would have had to run.

Latterly, there have been no poachers, with the solitary exception of one of the Squire's own household, viz., a very beautiful and an enormously large cat, which, in 1863, weighed upwards of sixteen pounds. "Whitty," for such was the name of the cat, now and then took a marauding freak, and, occasionally, on the sly, picked up a stray leveret; but he was so special a favourite with the whole household, that the sternest rebuke he ever received from his master, was a smile of forgiveness. "Whitty" numbered several years at the hall, during which period, he acquired a vast amount of cunning, and indulged in a considerable degree of familiarity with

the domestics generally. He would jump on to and familiarly sit upon Mr. Waterton's shoulder during dinner, if his own "allowance" had been forgotten, or, if the butler had not precisely suited his palate.

Notwithstanding "Whitty's" love of game, there were always pheasants, in the neighbourhood of the grotto, to please and amuse the naturalist by their crowing, and also to prove and instruct the inexperienced how the crowing of the cock pheasant differs from that of the game cock, not merely in tone and in character, but otherwise. The game cock claps his wings and crows, whereas the pheasant crows and claps his wings. These birds never make a mistake in reversing the order of these acts. They strictly adhere to nature's instinct.

I have previously hinted at a suspicion existing as to the destruction of foxes by the late Mr. Waterton. Now that is a subject which the Squire and I have freely discussed, and he has solemnly assured me that it was a most unjust accusation, and entirely devoid of truth, adding, "In my youth, no one rejoiced more in hounds than I did, and no keen sportsman had greater enjoyment in, or was more delighted with, "an across country run" than I was. And I can feelingly and with great truth yet say, an old sportsman likes the crack of the whip. The very

party, who originated that foul falsehood, did it out of spite, and I had it in my power to have crushed him when busily propagating so base a fabrication. I could have traced the lie to the originator, but I abominably detest all squabbles, and would have had to sacrifice a quiet and worthy neighbour in order to bring it home and expose the prime mover of the scandal.

"Those gentlemen who really know me will not give credence to such a report, and if any there be who do, I may say with the old proverb, '*Latrantem curatne alta Diana canem?*' 'Does Diana on high care for the dog that bays her?'

"If the Badsworth hunt expect that I should encourage sly reynard to take up his quarters within my park walls, and, by way of his securing a bon-bouch and lunch on a wild duck, a pheasant, or a Canada goose, and enjoy a late and hearty dinner from my poultry roost, they must labour under a strange misconception; but I have no faith in that improbable scandal on the hunt. If I ever find a fox in the park, he shall assuredly be secularly excommunicated, but shall take his brush along with him *alamode*."

Several years ago, a party of officers from some neighbouring barracks, who were disposed to have a lark, rode over to Walton Hall, and sent in their

cards, with a request to see the interior of the mansion. Mr. Waterton received them very graciously. Young, and indiscreet, and professing to have a scientific knowledge of painting, which they did not in the slightest degree possess, they soon betrayed their entire ignorance of the art, by foolishly pointing out supposed imperfections where none existed, and by absurdly praising those very portions of paintings which were really defective. Mr. Waterton, consequently, soon ceased to have any pleasing interest in explaining the pictures under examination.

At this juncture, the Squire felt disposed to treat them simply with pity; but when his quick eye caught the whole party actually quizzing him, and indulging in rude and personal remarks, notwithstanding his extreme kindness to them, he became somewhat irate, but silently so, excepting that he took an opportunity to state that there were some very splendid paintings at a house in the neighbourhood, with which they would be delighted. The gentleman himself, the Squire observed, was from home, but that an odd and eccentric old fellow, who lived in the house, was a man of remarkable ability, and always showed the paintings, and that he was the best judge, and had the most knowledge, on these subjects, of any man in the county. The bait was greedily swallowed by the officers. They would "go at once, if it was

only to have a glance at this extraordinary bit of mortality."

The Squire whispered to his butler, to instantly forward to the gentleman's house, where the paintings were, a disguise suit for himself, which he had recently had prepared for another purpose, but this was too tempting a chance to let it slip without trying the fictitious apparel. The carriage-road was rather distant for the officers, but a short foot-path, across the fields, allowed Mr. Waterton to himself anticipate their arrival, and to give him sufficient time to put on his disguise suit, in order that he might be ready to receive the military critics. Mr. Waterton's counterfeited appearance succeeded admirably. His disguise consisted of a faded red wig—an old green shade over one eye—an eye-glass over the other—a thread-bare coat so stuffed as to give to his figure the appearance of a hunch-back—drab-coloured smalls, with white stockings—and a crutch used to *apparently* relieve a crippled limb.

In this anomalous looking costume, he supported the singularity of character which he himself had previously drawn and represented to the officers at Walton Hall, receiving them at his friend's residence in the already stated absence of the master of the house. In describing and descanting upon the paintings, the Squire, now and then, indulged in what

he termed a venial blunder, such as substituting a modern for an ancient master, and vice versâ. He also highly eulogised portions which were obviously defective, without a single objection being made by the military sceptics.

During the whole of this time, the officers amused themselves by unmercifully and ungratefully abusing "that old devil Waterton," insisting upon it, "that he had not a painting worth a rush in his whole house, and that he was thoroughly ignorant of this branch of the fine arts." These warriors had not the remotest idea that it was Mr. Waterton who was lionising them, and had no conception that they had been so thoroughly duped and had really made such simpletons of themselves.

When the Squire thought that he had sufficiently gulled the would-be proficients, and reduced them to the lowest grade of ignorance, he quietly, yet in a moment, dismantled himself of his counterfeit habiliments, in their presence, making a respectful bow, in his own peculiar way, to the censuring critics, and adding, "your humble servant, Charles Waterton." Their apologies, to their credit, were abject, and the verbal castigation they received from the Squire was as severe as it was merited, inducing those brave warriors to hang out the white flag, and humbly sue for peace. These gentlemen ever after-

wards preserved a solemn, and, probably, a sulky silence, as regarded the Squire; never, of course, acknowledging his acquaintance.

Mr. Waterton was one of the most hospitable and kind-hearted men in existence. The hearty welcome I invariably received at Walton Hall prompted me to face many a stormy day, and, on my return, many a bitterly cold night.

On one occasion, on meeting me on my arrival at the cast iron bridge, he observed, "we have killed the fatted calf for you, which induces me to do a little on the tiptoe," adding,

. . . . "*Recepto,*
Dulce mihi furere est, amico."

"It is delightful to launch out on receiving my friend." His launching out, I discovered, was in reference to there being a roasted pea-fowl for dinner on that day; and a dainty dish it was, when it came to be discussed. There is nothing, however, very striking in the flavour of a pea-fowl; for instance, if blindfold, it would require an extraordinarily nice distinguishing palate to discriminate a roasted pea-fowl from a young roasted turkey. The pea-fowl's gay plumage, I admit, takes the shine out of the plain turkey, when on the table as well as in the farm-yard.

A few extracts, from some of Mr. Waterton's Letters, will convince the reader of his hospitality more effectually than any simple assertions of mine. He writes,

"My dear Sir,—Last Saturday night I sang

'Cease, rude boreas, blustering railer,'

and called most lustily upon that frigid God to relax his terrors, and thus afford to our dear Doctor Hobson a safe highway from Leeds to Walton Hall. I have just been saying, that I was in possession of a bait to coax you over here. We have two fine cormorants, which daily swim on the lake, within a stone's throw of the drawing-room windows; and I know that you would rather gaze on a cormorant, in such a position, than come to enjoy all the good things we can offer you for dinner; hence, I offer my tempting bait. We have also, just now, great numbers of widgeon, and some grebe and teal. '*Hoc scripsi non otii abundantiâ, sed amoris erga te.*' 'I have written this not from having an abundance of leisure, but of love for you.'

"Ever sincerely,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

Again Mr. Waterton writes,

"My dear Sir,—We have just been speculating on your putting in appearance here to-morrow. The

Doctor is always welcome and always puts us in good humour, and makes us enjoy our dinner. I am not yet free from the padlock on my grinders. You ask how we got on at Aix la Chapelle, and if I spent my time happily? Well, we got on charmingly. We are never perfectly happy, but *I* can say, '*Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus.*' 'Except that you were not with me, I was, in other respects, happy.'

"I am fettered, and disabled from driving over to Park-Place myself. I hope most fervently to see you here to-morrow. If the fish are in the mud, now that the lake is being emptied, it is somewhat singular, as we cannot find one. Possibly, your quick-sighted D. D., at Leeds, might be able to draw some out. Yet, when I call to mind the professional engagements of that celebrated divine, I am inclined to conclude that he is more in the *shearing* than in the fishing line. Now, I think I hear you say,—What a fellow that Waterton is; he can never write nor talk about our most excellent parliamentary pastors, without giving them a slap.

"Bishop ———, the Catholic prelate at ———, is here now, and will say mass for us to-morrow. Now would be your time to gain orthodox information as to extreme unction, about which we had conversation the other day. When I tell you that there

are now even more wild ducks on the water than last week; that the six strangers are not yet made out; and that we want your ornithological eye to determine what they are, you will surely come.

"Adieu, ever sincerely,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

The grotto was the luring place for a naturalist, and where the Squire and I had our unreserved intercourse and confidential conversation. It was always a favourite resort with us. This artificial and ornamental excavation in the rock was beautiful in scenery; it was charming in aspect; it was all that could be desired in privacy; and, finally, it was what the ladies call a sweet and fascinating spot.

In this pleasing and temporary seclusion, some years ago, Mr. Waterton frequently alluded to our earthly separation, and now and then to a future state, adding, in a grave and serious tone, "when I die, I hope that my bones will be laid at the foot of this cross," adverting to the one that was, as he had previously stated, first publicly erected in England after the Reformation. On my replying, No, no, Mr. Waterton, let your bones be deposited in your own parish, and at Sandal Church, in consecrated ground, along with those of your ancestors; his rejoinder was invariably to this effect,—"It is, in reality, of trifling

importance, having finished my earthly career, where my bones may be laid, but, notwithstanding, I intend them to rest in peace at the foot of this cross, with this inscription to mark the spot:—

Orate
Pro anima Caroli Waterton,
Viatoris;
Cujus jam fessa,
Juxta hanc crucem
Hic sepeliuntur ossa."

"Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, the Wanderer, whose wearied bones are now buried here, near to this cross."

The Squire's bones had precious little rest, during a long and an eventful life. "Waterton's Wanderings," alone, display a labour which establishes the fact. Its earlier portion must have been both mentally and physically a very anxious, and an extremely harassing and hazardous one. And if we take a calm and retrospective view of his middle life, and are open to conviction, we must admit that his series of Essays evince one of vast and diligent observation, and laborious practical research, up to a comparatively recent period. Indeed, even in his eightieth year, his mind was as active, as disposed for investigation, and as clear on the subject of natural history —as much alive in doing good to his fellow creatures

—and as anxious, and as persevering, as regards improving and ornamenting his estate, as most men's minds are at five and twenty.

The vast and judiciously arranged and substantially executed improvements at Walton Hall, during Mr. Waterton's life, were such, that he might, with equal truth, have said of Walton Hall as Augustus said of Rome;—"*Urbem lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.*" "He found a city of bricks, he left a city of marble." And I may with equal justice to the memory of my old friend add, "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*" "He attempted nothing that he did not embellish."

As to physical capability, his activity and power, at his period of life, were extraordinary, and, probably, unequalled by any other man of the same years. For instance, in the summer of 1861, when in his seventy-ninth year, Mr. Waterton, in one of his jocose moods, by a run of fifteen yards, bounded over a stout wire fence, without touching it with either hand or foot, and which I very carefully measured to three feet six inches in height,—a calisthenic feat which, probably, not one person in ten thousand could accomplish at so advanced an age.

I have frequently, in painful suspense, and much against my own inclination, seen the Squire, when beyond seventy years of age, hop on one leg along

the brink of a rock forming the highest terrace in the grotto, whilst the other leg was dangling over the chasm below; and, when thus hopping, at a rapid rate, he would whirl himself entirely round in the air, and, dropping on the other foot, would return again by hopping back on the contrary leg. On cautioning him, he would reply,—"*Non de ponte cadit, qui cum sapientia vadit.*" "He falls not from the bridge who walks with prudence." I have said to him, when painfully affected by his uncalled-for freaks and thus exposing himself to danger, "Some of these follies will be the death of you; pray do not commit suicide in my presence;" when he replied, "Dont be alarmed, there is no fear that you would be accused of being my murderer; our friendship is too notorious for a supposition of that sort, even in the present corrupt and destructive age."

I have seen the Squire repeatedly sitting on the grass or on the carpet, cross-legged, as tailors sit on their work-board, when he would, to the astonishment and great delight of any surrounding friends, rise up into an erect position, without touching the ground with either hand. His power and consequent agility in the lower limbs were marvellous, having the best formed leg, and the finest muscular development I ever saw, whilst the transverse capacity of the chest was somewhat defective; at all events, it was not pro-

portionate with the lower extremities, which were enormous, but beautifully formed.

Mr. Waterton was at ease and in his element when on the lake; he was thoroughly skilled in the art of rowing, scudding through the water with perfect ease to himself, and delighting his friends by his graceful handling of the oars,—ever anxious to do the work. He prided himself, and I believe with great justice, on being an adept, and, indeed, on being thoroughly conversant in the scientific management of the sailing boat. He appeared to be perfectly at home in tacking, and in so changing the position of the sails as to always accomplish what he desired, without difficulty.

I continually observed, that the Squire was anxiously caring not merely for the personal comfort of his freight, but that he was also endeavouring to engage their attention by pointing out objects of interest, in order to rivet the eye on land rather than on water, and thus free them from the fear of a watery upset. But I believe that, notwithstanding the thousands of times that he must have wielded the oars on the lake, no mishap, nor, indeed, any thing approaching one, ever occurred under the able and careful guidance of Mr. Waterton.

CHAPTER V.

FROM infancy to death, Mr. Waterton's habits were ever scrupulously abstemious. Even to nearly the close of his life, when our age is described as one of labour and sorrow, he knew no indulgence whatever. He had no additional "hour of rest" during the day. Up to a late period in life, he would walk to Wakefield, in preference to going in the carriage; occasionally, but with difficulty, he might be persuaded to get into the carriage on his return home. Neither the arm chair nor the sofa had any charms for the Squire. On the contrary, he would absolutely work when there was no occasion for labour, saying, "*labor ipse voluptas,*" "even labour itself is a pleasure," and insisted on a personally strict observance of that rigid discipline which his Church required only from the middle-aged and the hale adult.

Mr. Waterton, in early life, being predisposed to pulmonary disease, was encouraged, under medical advice, about the year 1800, to largely deplete by venesection, in order to subdue a recurring tendency

to pulmonary mischief. This was at a period when pneumonia, unless vigorously and fearlessly met by depletion in its incipient stage, quickly cut short the thread of life. Thoroughly satisfied, by experience, of the relief instantaneously obtained, and convinced of the salvation of life from the effect of large depletion by the lancet, and being, at that time, a wanderer, or, as the Squire would have himself said, in vagabondage in the wild forests, in South America, for eleven months in succession, where no consultation could be had—where no operating aid could be secured—and when, and where, it might be death to wait until the morrow, Mr. Waterton determined to be, as far as possible, prepared for the worst, and independent of ordinary surgical aid; and, therefore, was himself taught venesection, "*secundum artem*," "according to the rules of art," by a professional proficient, (the late Dr. Marshall), which operation, if at any time it should be required, he could perform upon his own arm and with his own lancet, in the desert where he loved to roam.

> "*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre*
> *Flumina gaudebat, studio minuente laborem.*"

"He loved to wander over unknown spots, and to see unknown rivers, his curiosity lessening the fatigue."

I have repeatedly witnessed the Squire operate on himself with the lancet, using either the right or the left hand as dexterously as if he were a practised expert; and I believe that the wisdom of this precautionary measure, as regarded depletion, was amply verified, on several occasions, in the forest as well as after his return. In bleeding himself, he was seldom satisfied, or obtained sufficient relief, until he had drawn from sixteen to twenty ounces of blood. He would never permit any one to render the least assistance in tying up the arm on such occasions; and would receive no help of any description whatever from any one, excepting his servant, whom he designated his "cup-bearer," allowing him, as a sort of favour, now and then, to hold the basin into which the blood flowed; but, usually, he insisted on supporting the basin himself.

In the most delicate manipulations of any kind he notoriously excelled, having fingers as nimble, as pliable, and as sensitive as those of a well-bred lady. With one hand and his teeth he tidily bound up his own arm, preparatory to his wielding the lancet, which was not always in the best order. With either right or left hand he opened a vein without the least difficulty, when furnished with mechanism in good condition, and was equally skilful in applying his compress and fillet. The amount of blood taken,

entirely depended on the relief obtained in respiration, and in general feeling. He was not at all influenced by any particular number of ounces of blood. The Squire's rule was, not to close the vein until he could freely expand the chest, and allow this expansion to be made without suffering the least pain.

I may add, that on one occasion, when sent for to see Mr. Waterton late in the evening, I found him suffering very acute pain, and vainly trying to bleed himself. He repeatedly punctured the arm, but always ineffectually, as regarded getting a flow of blood. On an examination of his lancet, I found the edge, if it could be said to have one, was so blunt that it shirked the vein every time he punctured the arm. I therefore set it for him, on a common slate-stone. He then used his lancet with the utmost precision, and succeeded at once. The Squire greatly astonished me by never, in the least degree, flinching, when he so repeatedly pierced his arm with so blunt an instrument. On explaining to him the danger of such bungling operative practice, he replied, after his humorous fashion, "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." "How could any mortal readily open a vein with an instrument that had been from under his care for the three previous months, and, during that period, had been the common corn-cutting hack for the servant girls of the establishment? And you

may rely upon it, that it has had some tough structures to encounter, by way of extraction, and, probably, not very artistically handled by our female chiropodists."

In his special case, habit must have had something to do with enabling Mr. Waterton to endure depletion so frequently, and to such a liberal extent, with impunity. The marked mitigation of painful oppression obtained by venesection was, invariably, so immediate, and complete, and the freedom from all distress so permanent, that it was literally next to impossible to prevent the use of the lancet by the Squire's own hand.

I have, over and over, again and again, entreated the Squire to deal less extravagantly in what he termed "tapping the claret;" and, although I sometimes prevailed upon him to restrain his hand for a short period, yet, in my absence, his resolution generally failed him, and he reluctantly, I believe, yielded to a feeling which he really did endeavour vigorously to combat, but was seldom able to conquer.

Even in his eightieth year, he did not hesitate to take away from twenty to twenty-four ounces of blood, with not merely temporary freedom from all suffering, but with all the permanent benefit that could be desired. It is very surprising that the largest bleeding never appeared in the least degree to

enfeeble him. If, previously to venesection, he had been so ill, so oppressed, and so prostrate, as not to be able to leave the house, he invariably, after his arm was tied up, became sprightly and in his usually cheerful and merry mood. He would express himself as relieved from a painfully overpowering and oppressive load—he would go out to superintend his workmen, or to trim his beautiful and lofty yew fences, using the very arm he had recently bled without reserve, or, he would attend to any other of his ordinary occupations, whether mere amusements or absolute labours, or, he would gladly receive his friends, —and, from that moment, you would certainly not hear a murmur as regarded indisposition. In order to support this artificial, and, occasionally, I venture to suppose, unnecessary waste, there was no extraordinary supply in any form, nor at any time; and when I ventured to admonish him, he would reply, "*Multo plures satietas quam fames perdidit viros.*" "Surfeit has killed many more than hunger." To this I answered, "As a general rule I assent to your assertion, but that is no reason why you should voluntarily sacrifice your own life with your eyes open to such a termination." "Ah, my dear Doctor Hobson, you are out at the elbows this time, at all events; even a black fast always does me good when it is all over, and when my stomach has regained its usual

mechanical power to tear asunder portions of animal food which my grinders hesitate to tackle."

The Squire was not in the habit of allowing himself any increased amount of sleep, nor any indulgence from his rigorously religious discipline,—nor, indeed, any diminution of his positively laborious occupations, which he often, very unceasingly courted, even to the injury of his health, and, I thought, frequently to the destruction of all comfort. I often counselled him from the authority of Seneca, that "rest and repose should sometimes be granted to the weary," "*detur aliquando otium quieseque fessis*," but it seldom availed much, although he would occasionally promise me that he would "pull up and be an idle and jolly fellow, for a few days, at all events."

Mr. Waterton, during his long life, never partook of either wine, spirit, or malt liquor. In addition to simple water, a cup of excessively weak black tea was his favourite, indeed his only beverage, on all occasions, into which he put a large quantity of sugar, but no cream. He ever most rigidly cultivated the "early to rest, and early to rise" plan, to the letter, having himself, for many years, uniformly retired to rest soon after nine o'clock in the evening, and, as invariably, he arose at half-past three o'clock in the

morning, when he lighted his own fire, which had been the previous evening prepared for that purpose, and forthwith set to work, in good earnest, in some natural history pursuit. The Squire seldom materially exceeded the mediæval aphorism, viz., that "seven hours of sleep is enough for old or young." "*Septem horas dormisse sat est juvenique senique.*"

By this never-failing early rising measure, an immense amount of the preliminary labour of taxidermy, in arrangement, and in preserving the skins of birds and of animals, so as to represent life itself, was frequently accomplished before an eight o'clock breakfast. Morpheus had no seductive charms for the Squire. For more than thirty years he never, day nor night, stretched his "wearied limbs" on a bed. Neither pliant springs, nor the softest feathers, nor the eider down pillow, were temptations to Mr. Waterton —luxuries of such a nature had no decoying influence over the naturalist—they comforted not the bones of him during life, who yet cared that these "wearied bones" should rest in peace at the foot of the cross after death. His only covering, during the night, when resting on the hard boards, was a far-worn cloak, with a napless blanket if required, whilst his pillow was a slightly hollowed out beech-wood block, in which to place his cheek, but without any covering upon it. It is difficult to conceive that such rigorous

measures and health could be co-existent. Milton evidently entertained an opinion contrary to the practice put in force by my late friend, when he said—

"Secret refreshings that repair his strength;"

whilst Ovid has not less beautifully described the beneficial effects of sleep in the following lines:—

"*Somne quies rerum, placidissime, somne, Deorum,*
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
Fessa ministeriis mulces, reparasque labori."

"Sleep, thou repose of all things; sleep, thou gentlest of the deities; thou peace of the mind, from whom care flies; who dost soothe the hearts of men wearied with the toils of the day, and dost recruit them for labour."

Such were the gratifications—such the voluptuous indulgences of the man who was ever most anxiously and unceasingly devising various means to lessen the distress, the difficulties, and the miseries of others—whose private charities scarcely knew a limit, and certainly no distinction of creed—who hesitated not to relieve, with a generous heart and open hand, that man who had even been his avowed and open enemy. Two instances of such a character were personally known to myself.

Thrice, from serious disease, did death, with all its terrors of speedy dissolution, stare this good man in the face, during my intimacy with him; and as often, I am delighted to add, to the heartfelt satisfaction of an extensive neighbouring district, and to the extreme gratification of a host of warmly-attached friends, was the Squire mercifully spared. It was my melancholy pleasure to attend Mr. Waterton, professionally, on all these occasions; and on one of them, when for a lengthened and intensely anxious period he lay in an utterly helpless, hopeless, and totally unconscious condition, and for many, many hours, appeared to be hovering between life and death. Never shall I forget the very moment when returning intellectual expression first beamed on that countenance, on which an entire blank had for so long a period, and so recently, existed—when even the preceding hour had chilled, nay, had totally destroyed the last ray of hope—and when and where the really disconsolate friends of the apparently dying man were muttering, in mournful accents, "we shall never see his like again." "*Nulla ferent talem sæcla futura virum.*" And now, time having afforded an opportunity for reflection since that period, I can still, from my own feelings, confirm their then sorrowfully expressed sentiments.

In politics, the Squire was a staunch Conservative; although, to the deep regret of many of his sincere friends, he condemned the union of Church and State. His faith, though, in either party, or in any one of the three, if there be a third, was not extreme. Taxation of every kind, and the National Debt, were the odious and virulent sores with Mr. Waterton.

The Squire was passionately fond of the medical profession in both its branches, indiscriminately distributing what the neighbouring poor called "Squire Watterton's Pills," with, what he persuaded himself, wonderfully beneficial effect. He was also warmly and immutably attached to the priesthood of his Church, and especially so to the Jesuits, being their firm and abiding friend on all occasions. He was ever ready to have his joke with me, by extolling the tenets of the Romish Church over what he termed our sectarian dogmas, observing, "You have no unity of principle, and are, in fact, acephalous monsters,"—and would waggishly pledge the Romish caput mundi, against the Protestant caput mortuum.

In a Letter to me, he writes, in his merry mood,

"My dear Sir,—Father ———, of Stonyhurst, is staying with us. You will remember that you once over-hauled and prescribed for him. He will join us to dine with you on Tuesday. He is a professed

Jesuit; one of that very confraternity held up to modern gulls by Eugene Sue, the French infidel, as full of machinations, malice, and mischief. But I will take care that our Father ——— has no gunpowder in his pocket on Tuesday next, and I am certain that he cannot get at any of my poisoned arrows, and I believe that his pen-knife has no point to it: so you see he will be quite unarmed. And, moreover, I deem him incapable of doing harm by any kind of mesmerism or occult science or diabolical agency, as he has never frequented Doctor E——'s school, in London, and he consults no wise man; nor can I perceive the least smell of sulphur about him, nor is there any appearance of a cloven foot. There is, therefore, nothing about him that can cause the least alarm to our bodies. As for our souls, I must frankly own to you, that he does not handle them in the way that your Dr. H—k does. Still, this is allowable in England, the supposed land of liberty, where we are all allowed to go on board either St. Peter's Bark, or Charon's Punt, without much molestation from the bystanders. . . . . .

"Very sincerely,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

I have already remarked, that when any religious observance was in question, the Squire, in spite of

the priest and the doctor, would, now and then, act imprudently as well as disobediently, as regarded doing that which might endanger his health. In fact, however indiscreet or absolutely improper it might be, under certain circumstances, to fast when health was at stake, and when, at his time of life, fasting was not required by his own Church, yet, fast he would, and most rigorously would he carry out its sacred observance. I do not doubt but this scrupulously exact adherence to fasting absolutely enfeebled the body, and thus permanently impaired his health. Age seemed, in the opinion of Mr. Waterton, to exempt no one from fasting, at least, if he was by his own acts to form the example.

In reply to all written professional advice on this subject, although it was always most courteously received, and as gratefully acknowledged, yet, an ingeniously equivocating reply would be invariably transmitted by return of post. I occasionally jeered him as to his disobedience to the priest and the doctor, observing, that he was acting in direct violation of his faith, and especially so at his age. No one, however, had any influence over him, unless he was dangerously ill. In such a dilemma, I must admit that he was scrupulously obedient to every prescribed rule, with one exception;— no one could induce the patient to go to bed. Reclining on a sofa was the

utmost indulgence that could be obtained, and that was secured with by no means a good grace. When I advised rest, he would reply, "*Corpori tantum indulgeas quantum bonæ valetudini satis est:*" "Indulge the body only so far as is necessary for good health."

On one occasion, during Lent, in reply to a Letter from me, advising him as regarded the extent of fasting, he playfully returned the following answer:—

"My dear Sir,—When I call to mind that you have three times saved me from the dreary tomb, and when I reflect on your valuable letter of advice, as regards my health, I feel how utterly impossible it is for me to make an adequate return. I shall ever be in your debt, were I to live the length of the days of old Louis Cornaro. Doing, then, all that I can do at present, which is to thank you for what your skill and your friendship have conferred upon me, I will briefly tell you how I am going on, and will explain to you what kind of ground I intend to pasture upon, and stray through, until Easter Sunday morning shall put me on the high road, which leads straight forward, to the happy regions of roast beef and plum-pudding. St. Francis, of Assissium, (your spiritual director will tell you about this glorious saint,) very aptly gave the name of *ass* to that part of our human composition which is generally known under the denomination of

our earthly frame. This comes so home to myself in particular, that I often make use of the word, when I know that those to whom I address myself are above putting it down to the score of an ill-timed attempt at wit, or of an unbecoming levity. I have, then, great pleasure to inform you that my ass is, at present, very vigorous and sleek in his appearance, and even becomes frisky when the radiant sun of March shines warm upon it; and if it were not that certain parties thwart it, now and then, by trying to pull the dried thistles from its mouth as it trots along, I should say, that nothing has intervened, since Ash Wednesday, to cause it to deviate from the path which it is pursuing. You are aware that this is a penitential time; dried thistles, therefore, are very appropriate food for asses, in order that they may, in some degree, make satisfaction for past unruly behaviour, and also to prevent similar occurrences in future.

"Fearful of subsequent mischievous pranks, I have considered it necessary to stint my ass to this hardy kind of food; and, if I may judge by internal feeling, and external appearance, we may safely jog on for a few short weeks longer, without being reduced to the necessity of regaling ourselves with a quartern or two of good old oats, should Peel's income tax allow us to indulge in that sumptuous fare. In the mean time, your good and valuable instruction shall be continu-

ally in view; and if I find that my ass begins to droop his ears lower, and more frequently than it has been wont to do—if I see that its eye is heavy, its pace slackened, its skin hard to the touch, and that its mouth is dry, and that it appears to loathe its food, which, in my opinion, under existing circumstances, is quite good enough for it, I will not fail to meet your wish, as regards an increase of food.

"Very faithfully and sincerely,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

On personally remonstrating with Mr. Waterton, and contending, in a somewhat admonishing tone, that his advanced age necessitated a more liberal diet, less physical exertion, and a diminution of mental labour, he would, with the utmost apparent gravity, observe, "Age? well, my dear fellow, I am scarcely yet in the prime of life, this question can be mooted many years hence." Or, he would take an opposite tack, remarking, that I was in error in supposing that increased years required more liberal diet; on the contrary, he would say, and on more than one occasion has quoted Cicero, as his authority, for disputing the soundness of my advice,—"*Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit.*" "I owe many thanks to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation, and has diminished my hunger and thirst."

The Letters I have quoted are specimens of the humorous evasions frequently received in reply to my prescribing a more generous and nutritious diet. Their character is tolerably convincing, that the necessity for an increase of nutriment, at least in the Squire's opinion, never arrived, and, therefore, I really believe that fasting was the order of the day until the close of life. Some time ago, in reply to an invitation to dine with me, he observed, in his facetious humour, "You will have learned from the pastoral lips of your D.D., that we have not quite yet arrived at mid-Lent, therefore, you may be sure that the Pope's padlock is still on my grinders."

Mr. Waterton's personal apparel was of so peculiar a character — of such a primitive style, and, occasionally, so far worn, and his hat, generally, in so dilapidated a condition, that he was, now and then, addressed by strangers as a person very much below his own grade in society. He usually rejoiced in a blunder of this kind, and was greatly delighted to carry on the misconception, in apparent earnestness, by cleverly personating the man of poverty.

On one occasion, when calling on a neighbouring colonel, the butler showed him into the servants' hall, to the Squire's great amusement. The colonel, on its being intimated to him that a person of the name of

Waterton wished to see him, shrewdly suspected the blunder that had been made, and hastened, himself, to welcome his friend, and to express great regret in consequence of the mistake, whilst the Squire was chuckling in his sleeve at the lucky incident.

On another occasion, the Squire was loitering leisurely on the road near to the neighbouring village of Walton, when a countryman accosted him, by "Good morning, my man, can you direct me the road to the Hall belonging to Squire Watterton? I want to try to buy some wood of him, but they tell me he is a queer old chap if he happens to be the wrong side out; do you happen to know aught of him?" "Yes," replied the Squire, "I know him well. Indeed no one in all the neighbourhood knows him so well, or is so much in his company as I am. He is as queer as Dick's hatband; you will have to get up early in the morning if you mean to get to the blind side of the old Squire." "Well," rejoined the countryman, "this is a lucky hit; you are the very man for me; come into "the public," close by, and I will stand a pint of beer, and bread and cheese also, if you will make it worth my while." Mr. Waterton civilly declined the proffered bribe, saying, "that he had already breakfasted," and advised the countryman to have nothing to do with "the old chap," but to go direct to the woodman, "who," he observed, "was

a very decent fellow." The woodman was found; the purchase was made; and, on the countryman's return, along with the woodman, through the park, they accidentally came in contact with the Squire. The countryman was so highly satisfied with his purchase, that he could not refrain from tipping a sly and grateful wink to Mr. Waterton, in having recommended him "to have nothing to do with the old chap," when, to the countryman's horror, the woodman doffed his hat, after the rustic fashion, with a profoundly obedient bow to his master. The cat was instantly out of the bag. The countryman realised the mess he had got into, and stammeringly attempted an apology, but was instantly cut short, by an order from the Squire to the woodman, that the purchaser should be taken to the Hall and well regaled,—a finale which speedily set the countryman at ease.

The Squire always displayed a happy taste, for picking up any thing curious, unique, or interesting in the science of natural history; and, having a peculiarly skilful tact of preserving these specimens in all their natural form and attitude, and with the striking similitude of life itself, his labours in natural history produced a result as valuable as it is marvellous. The moment you enter the mansion, you are immediately and forcibly struck with the peculiarity,

the variety, and the rarity of objects which never fail to delight and deeply interest not merely the eye, but the thoughtful and enquiring mind.

Within the mansion there is one very extraordinary and most interesting freak of nature, at the foot of the grand staircase, which Mr. Waterton obtained from Roberts, the taxidermist, at Scarbro'. This "*lusus naturæ*," is the head of a sheep, having a horn growing from one of its ears. The ear itself is normal. The horn is natural in appearance, and is as firm and as hard as horns usually are. It is semi-transparent, and, in fact, presents nothing in its structure, nor in its form, nor in its length, different from ordinary horns on a similar breed of sheep. There is no appearance whatever, of any fellow horn on the other ear, nor on any part of the head. This single and dangling appendage has its origin on the outer surface of the ear, about two inches from its root, and about one inch from its tip. Its primary source is, therefore, entirely free from the slightest union, or even connection, with the skull; neither is it attached to the periosteal membrane immediately investing the bone.

Horns are usually given to animals as weapons of defence, but, in this particular instance, this horn would be not merely useless, but would be detrimental for such purpose, as it would seriously interfere with

the natural mode of defence, and, consequently, this poor sheep, if ever in a difficulty during its life, could never have verified the accuracy of Cicero's assertion; "*Hic est mucro defensionis meæ.*" "This is my weapon of defence."

Inasmuch as horns naturally arise at an equal distance from the centre of the skull, there is generally no great inequality of weight to interfere with the balancing power of the head, whereas, in this case, the weight of the loose horn continually hanging on one side of the head, without any counterbalancing property on the opposite side, the muscles, on the horned side, became so elongated, that the head had actually rotated one-fourth of a circle, and, of course, was so far out of its natural equilibrium. It is also well authenticated that such was the position of the head for a considerable period before the animal was slaughtered. This head is much examined by visitors, and very deservedly so, as it is an unusual, if not unique, deviation from nature.

In alluding to natural curiosities, I am ignorant whether the occurrence of the sponge, in fresh water lakes, is so great a rarity as to be deemed one; and I am not aware whether the production of the sponge depends on the character of the water, or on any peculiarity of soil over which it passes, or through

which it may permeate, or on which it may rest, or, indeed, from what it does primarily originate. Nor do I know whether it is more frequent in some than in other localities, but, at all events, I have several times found it in the lake at Walton Hall; and Mr. Waterton himself also, on two or three occasions, discovered some tolerably large specimens of the sponge in the lake. The specimens which I met with, were generally attached to dead twigs of trees, or to portions of dried wood.

Until within the last few years, the water in this lake was allowed to pass away at its surface-level, consequently, all the soil and decayed vegetable matter remained in the lake; but, in 1857, Mr. Waterton so arranged the waste-sluice as to permit the superfluous quantity of water to escape at the base of the lake, which important alteration necessarily lessened the amount of mud, and, consequently, increased the depth of the lake. Its deepest part, however, does not exceed eighteen feet. Its form is somewhat singular, resembling a comma with its extreme and curved point reversed, its caudated portion terminating in a narrow strip of water, which is literally secluded by wood on both sides; and, therefore, so thoroughly screened and retired, that it is admirably calculated to tempt every species of water-fowl to assemble here, where they find food, privacy, and protection. To

this portion of the lake we were often indulged by a pleasant trip in the *sailing* boat, from the mansion, which, by expert tacking, could generally be accomplished, to and fro, without the aid of oars.

When the day is serene and there is scarcely a perceptible breeze on the lake, it is very delightful, and highly interesting to the naturalist, to linger on the still water, close to its banks, and gaze on the numerous and happy water-fowl, rejoicing in their simple, their exposed, and their unadorned nesting retreats. They seem to be devoted in admiration of the treasures they so carefully conceal and protect, and, with their wide-spread wings, and extended abdominal feathers, manifest an anxiously instinctive solicitude to impart a genial warmth to their eggs, as if fully aware that this extension of feathers would absolutely tend to develope the embryo contained within them. It was also, now and then, extremely interesting and instructive to watch the bird which had just become a painfully anxious mother of a numerous and scattered brood, displaying her self-reliant and ingenious schemes of protection for her offspring, which, under fear, are suddenly and unpremeditatedly determined by natural and instinctive impulse, and which, it cannot be denied, closely assimilate, nay, in many instances, absolutely resemble, reason itself. From their courage in defence of their young, and

their assiduity and perseverance in incubation, the coward may learn to be brave, and the rash to be patient.

> "Reasoning at every step he treads,
> Man yet mistakes his way;
> While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
> Are rarely known to stray."

When this lake was dredged in 1857, a quantity of broken portions of glass—of glass bottles, and a variety of broken ordinary crockery, were found embedded in the mud, which medley of revealed accidents had evidently been thrown into the lake in past ages, in order to get rid of them, probably to get them out of sight, and, possibly, out of mind. The surface of many of these fragments, when found, was so smoothly and so firmly encrusted by a thin film of some deposit, during the time they had laid in the mud, that it appeared to be a portion of the glass itself, and not simply incrustation. The varied and vivid tints of this deposit yielded a brilliancy and lustre to the surfaces of these debris which were beautiful in the extreme. Specimens of these are still preserved at Walton Hall, which shine as brilliantly as when they were taken out of the water. The mud in which these gems have rested for so many years, when excavated, and spread on the grass, has

enriched the surrounding land; and this fertility, from its application, reminds me of the kitchen garden, which is prolific in an unusual degree.

This acquisition is a very material consideration, as influencing both the comfort and the expenses of the household establishment. The garden is large, and, from its having a southern inclination, as regards position, ripens its produce early, and, consequently, its fruit has always a richness of flavour. Its fecundity is not surprising, when it is known that its situation is sheltered from all the destructive winds—that it has a most genial aspect—and that the whole of the garden is "made ground," composed of thousands of cart loads of the best and richest soil that could be procured. In it, an embankment, or elevated portion of ground, is supported and faced by a substantial wall, having the form of a segment of a circle. Here, in this sunny aspect, numerous bee-hives were placed, being sheltered on all sides, excepting on the south.

When this wall was built, Mr. Waterton had a vast number of nesting-holes prepared in it for sand-martins, in which to safely deposit their eggs, and hatch their young in security. For many years, martins in great numbers frequented these holes, and brought up swarms of young ones, but, recently, they have entirely deserted the place. This, at the

time, was considered a singular and an unaccountable caprice, as the holes, which had been so judiciously and carefully provided for them, were, in every way, as agreeable as they could be made. They were remarkably favourable for incubation, being perfectly dry, and entirely out of the reach of all vermin. Neither was there any living creature within the walls of this garden, excepting a tortoise, which had its home here for many, many years. This freak of the sand-martins, is a proof of a harmonious understanding among themselves, and that they acted in complete concert.

In attempting to direct attention to objects in the park, on the lake, on the island, and in "the grotto" and its immediate confines, I have, doubtless, omitted to notice many well worthy of being examined, which may strike the eye of an enquiring stranger, —nay, my very familiarity with them may, possibly, plead my best apology for such omission.

"What place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes:
All around,
Enchanted ground,
And soft elysiums rise."

CHAPTER VI.

If I have but sparsely gathered from the really numerous good deeds of the "South American Wanderer," I have, at all events, the satisfaction to believe that sufficient have been rescued from oblivion, to afford ample conviction as to the truly estimable character of Mr. Waterton. If an excuse were needed for such a rescue, I should say with Tacitus,—that "I hold it to be the special office of history that virtuous actions be not buried in oblivion, and that men feel a dread of being deemed infamous by posterity for their evil words and actions." "*Præcipuum munus annalium reor, ne virtutes sileantur, utque pravis dictis factisque, ex posteritate et infamiâ metus sit.*"

The chief part of the natural history specimens within the mansion at Walton Hall, when they were in what may be termed an elementary state, were subjected to a thoroughly immersed maceration, for a considerable period, in a saturated solution of oxy-muriate of mercury, after which careful preparation of the skin of either bird or animal, neither moth

nor any insect whatever will ever attempt to destroy it, or deposit its eggs in any portion of the skin or feathers so prepared and "mounted." But it must be strictly observed, that simple momentary immersion was never relied upon, nor had recourse to, in even the most favourable specimens, by the Squire. The subject for intended preservation, particularly if not in a fresh condition, might require to be thoroughly covered in the solution for a day, or, in some instances, a greater length of time.

Some birds, at Walton Hall, thus preserved by Mr. Waterton, have been purposely exposed, having been experimentally without shade or any protection whatever, for upwards of fifty-five years, and are now as fresh in appearance, and as perfectly free from any trace of the moth, or of any of its pernicious and destructive influences, as they were the day they were "set up."

Notwithstanding Mr. Waterton's repeatedly publishing this in his works, and also now and then in ordinary newspapers, for the benefit of all,—yet you continually hear of parties, professing a knowledge of natural history and taxidermy, even yet enquiring the best mode of preservation from the moth.

All the birds and animals, as well as all other specimens of natural history preserved by the Squire,

are indebted for maintaining their correct anatomical form, their natural life-like attitude, and their permanently well-sustained position, entirely to modelling by internal manipulation. This admirable method is unquestionably far superior to any other yet adopted. Its advantages are numerous and really important, and they are certainly very convincing to all taxidermists who will, with nice accuracy, follow out the method recommended by Mr. Waterton.

This character of manipulation within the skin gives great scope and wonderful facilities to the taxidermist, in enabling him to produce, and bring out at pleasure, not merely local elevation of feathers on any particular portion of a bird, but it gives him the power also of raising perpendicularly, and of sustaining in a permanent position, even any individual feather, that may be required to imitate nature by standing erect. It also enables the taxidermist to elevate any patch, apparently inflated, however small, or any extent of bristling feathers, however large; for instance, in order to represent anger, as in the male turkey, or the assumed dignity and apparent pride and self-conceit of the peacock.

Another great advantage is obtained by this ingenious method, inasmuch as it requires neither stuffing nor wires to sustain and preserve the attitude or position once given. In fact, the skin of either bird or

animal, by being soaked in the saturated oxymuriate of mercury solution, and daily manipulated by modelling *within*, until the required form and attitude are ultimately gained, and until the absorption of all moisture is completed, becomes thoroughly and effectually tanned and durably unalterable in its form and position, needing no artificial support of any description whatever. If, by accident, any bird, so prepared, should be crushed into an unseemly or unnatural form, the skin, from its inherent property of recovering its former figure, will revert to its original form the moment that detrimental pressure is removed and the skin and feathers are simply adjusted. A weasel, and indeed other larger animals, were so ingeniously mounted by the Squire, that you could, instantaneously, detach the head or the limbs, or even one half of the body from the other half, and replace them as quickly;—and, without the slightest appearance of any defect, the different parts could be again united in a moment so as to produce a perfect animal, to the astonishment of any accidental spectator.

Such splendid specimens as the male turkey and peacock, in the extension staircase at Walton Hall, (both being magnificent in plumage,) would each cost the Squire a considerable amount of labour daily, for several weeks, before completion; but it must be remembered, that half a dozen specimens might be

in hand at the same time. In some stages of this mode of preservation, one single bird might probably require an hour's labour, whilst another, in a more forward stage of being preserved, might not need more than five or ten minutes. It is, however, always absolutely necessary that more or less *internal* modelling should be *daily* had recourse to, so as not merely to obtain, but to preserve, the form and attitude which have been secured the previous day.

Simple pieces of hard wood, of arbitrary lengths to suit the modeller, and from three quarters of an inch to an inch in circumference, with smooth and rounded heads of various sizes, were the only mechanical materials Mr. Waterton used for all his modelling purposes.

The objection urged, by taxidermists generally, against this method, is the difficulty of execution and the length of time it is supposed to occupy. If, however, three or four, or half a dozen, birds are in process of being mounted at the same time, this objection ceases. Nothing, it is evident, but an unheard-of perseverance and labour, coupled with lengthened experience, could have accomplished what the Squire has actually perfected in taxidermic execution; but he who has determined to be incomparable, must encounter and submit to an infinite amount of both physical and intellectual exertion, that is, "he who

would eat the kernel must crack the shell." "*Qui e nuce nucleum esse vult, frangat nucem.*"

Mr. Waterton was so ardently attached to every thing connected with natural history, that any labour connected with this department of science, which would weary most men, never appeared to have any fatiguing influence over him; and, the more especially, if his subject was either beautiful or rare, or one somewhat unique or difficult of execution.

The Squire was always singularly liberal in his desire to communicate information, in what he jocularly termed the "bird-stuffing line," to any one who was really anxious to be taught; but if the *should-be learning pupil* ever so far forgot himself as to suppose that, as an expert in taxidermy, he was closely treading on the Squire's heels, this professing pupil would pretty soon be in disgrace.

On the other hand, if any one wanted a hint, and, in a proper spirit, manifestly realised his own inferiority in the art of "setting up" birds, the Squire would speedily recognise his anxiety for improvement, and forthwith display an evident and unmistakeable pleasure in supplying his intellectual wants,—and always in an agreeably instructive manner.

In however humble a position of life a man might be, yet, if he was in distress, in consequence of a

lack of taxidermic skill, the Squire would feelingly say, "Poor fellow! I pity him."

"*Quemcunque miserum videris, hominem scias.*"

"Whenever you behold a fellow creature in distress, remember that he is a man."

This kind feeling and truly generous conduct, on the part of Mr. Waterton, had, doubtless, its origin grounded on a similarity of taste as regarded natural history. The old proverb says, "Birds of a feather flock together," and, I presume, from the somewhat strange associations we sometimes see, they do so, regardless of plumage. Ovid happily elucidated and confirmed these sentiments, when he wrote the following lines:—

"*Scilicet ingeniis aliqua est concordia junctis,*
Et servat studii fœdera quisque sui."

"In truth, there is a certain alliance between kindred minds, and each one cherishes the ties of his own pursuit."

If a man either had, or thought he had, or was supposed to have, any knowledge whatever in the science of natural history, the door at Walton Hall was always open to him, by asking permission at the fountain head!

As a general rule, no unknown party was admitted beyond the threshold of the lodge doors, unless he could give some apparently satisfactory reason for his entrance within the park walls; but, now and then, the feminine janitor was outwitted by some contrivance or other, so specious as to secure a stranger's admission;—under such circumstances, the Squire's patience was occasionally severely tested. On the whole, however, the arrangement of exclusion at the lodge, to all strangers, was gently and reasonably made, and so effectually carried out, as to preserve entire privacy in the whole of this extensive domain, so that there could be no disagreeable nor unexpected intrusion at any time.

If a stranger did get access to the house, the questions that Mr. Waterton put to himself, on one occasion at least, in a half-whispering tone, in my presence, before the final determination, "to be, or not to be," were these, "Has the man come here in quest of gape-seed? Has he come with a profession of a knowledge of which he is really ignorant? Has he come to teach the old Squire how to stuff birds? Or, Has he come, in all humility, to gather a few crumbs of information? If he have come for any of the first three reasons, he may wend his way home again as soon as he likes; if for the last reason, I will admit "the poor fellow."

In reality, it was of very little moment what the man might have come for, as the Squire's kind heart could rarely refuse admission to any one; hence, hundreds of these "poor fellows" still breathe the spirit of the following quotation:—

"*Vita enim mortuorum in memoriâ vivorum est posita.*"

"The life of the dead is retained in the memory of the living."

Although Walton Hall is, in many respects, a very convenient house, yet, it has, in my opinion, one great disadvantage; for instance, as a matter of necessity, every thing weighty or unwieldy has to be received into the house on a tier below the ordinary front ground floor, and, in order to gain such admission, all these things have to be conveyed across a portion of the lake, on the south-west side of the mansion, by a large flat-bottomed boat, to a place, I admit, well adapted for their being easily and safely landed.

The Squire, from long-continued habit and usage, I presume, considered this little or no inconvenience, although by this transit was conveyed all the fuel consumed in the house, in the form of coal and wood; also, all stone and bricks and mortar for reparation or alteration as regarded building purposes, hogsheads,

SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF WALTON HALL, AND OF THE SAILING BOAT ON THE LAKE

furniture, &c., &c. A considerable quantity of fuel must have been always required, as Mr. Waterton could never get on satisfactorily, or with any comfort, without large fires.

If the Squire came to my house, unexpectedly, and during my absence, even in July or August, when a fire was, generally, not merely unnecessary, but disagreeable to most people, he would, immediately on his arrival, rush into the kitchen until a fire could be made for him in its proper place; and, on my return, he would say, "How I have enjoyed myself at a roaring fire in your kitchen."

I apprehend that this morbid sensibility as to cold arose from excessive fasting, a too frequent repetition of "tapping the claret," and a prejudicial habit of abstracting an inordinate amount of blood at one time, or probably from both causes; and, I feel confident, that these combined acts, which I always unreservedly disapproved and endeavoured to dissuade him from resorting to, materially cut short his life.

To describe the interior of the mansion at Walton Hall, and do justice to it, would require a varied extent of knowledge which few men possess, and would be a labour of so Herculean a character that few men would care to undertake the task, whilst a still less number would be able to creditably accomplish the laborious and difficult imposition.

Rare, exquisitely beautiful, and truly gorgeous birds from all countries, uninterruptedly, and with unbounded satisfaction, meet your eye at every step in the magnificent grand staircase, and its extension. You can scarcely conceive it possible that even *living* nature could surpass, nay, could equal, the simple dead representations here displayed, to such a state of perfection has art attained. But the "great object of art is to conceal art." "*Ars est celare artem.*" In taxidermy, you have here unrivalled execution. In attitude, you have life itself in all its varied phases. In plumage, you have lustrous beauty unsurpassed even in life. In anatomy, you have every local prominence, every local depression, every curve, nay, even the slightest elevation or depression of each separate feather, to accurately represent nature in all her imposing grandeur and apparent animation. You are delighted with each bird, with each animal, with each reptile, with each insect. You are charmed with each group, whilst you are literally fascinated and amazed with the "tout ensemble."

On the top of the staircase is the veritable cayman mentioned in "Waterton's Wanderings," and on which the Squire was mounted in Essequebo, after being caught by a shoulder of mutton bait, and when under the control of the natives and his own servant. Here you see the actual line and hook

MR. WATERTON MOUNTED ON THE CAYMAN, WHEN LIVING.

which captured and safely secured this alligator in the river, and by which he was dragged on to "terra firma," evidently, much against his own inclination, now that he was favoured with a barbed hook in his stomach, by which his man-eating propensities were doubtless thoroughly subdued. You also see, in this enchanting staircase, the huge snake with which the Squire contended in single conflict, and which, by his never-failing courage, presence of mind, and power, he bravely conquered, even when it had coiled its vast and powerful length around his body, with so tight and oppressive a grasp, as to have nearly suffocated him.

It is utterly impossible, either by any written or verbal description, to convey even a faint idea of the reality in this extraordinary collection. Surprising as it may appear, yet the preservation of every bird, of every animal, of every insect, and of every curiosity, (and their name is legion,) in the whole of this unparalleled assemblage, abounding in rarity, beauty, and eccentricity, is the work solely of the Squire's own hands. We may well exclaim, in admiration, "When shall we find his like again?" "*Quando ullum inveniemus parem?*"

Although I dare not attempt to describe, even generally, the numberless objects of curiosity within

the house, yet I will venture to draw attention to two or three, because of their extreme peculiarity, and the marked attention bestowed upon them by strangers.

In the first place, allusion may be made to an enormous crab, really a monster in size, beautiful in colour, natural in attitude, and splendidly preserved and "set up."

Mr. Waterton, when in one of his merry moods, and such jocular humours were by no means either unfrequent or unwelcome, waggishly represented this crab, which he called his "crustaceous favourite," in Latin verse, as one of the twelve signs of the summer solstice, thus playing on the word Cancer, and placed the verses within the case containing the crab. "He anticipated," he observed, "a bit of criticism from the cognoscenti, a hearty laugh from those who had a smattering of the dead tongue, but not learned enough to understand it, and great gravity from those who had never thumbed a Latin grammar," and he was not disappointed, he observed, "in the long run."

"CANCER.

SOLSTITIUM ÆSTIVUM.

Jussu fatorum, non audet, limina cancri,
Unquam curriculo, Sol superare suo.
Juxta autem portam, cursum repressit equorum,
Unde dies longa, et nox brevis esse solet.

CAROLUS WATERTON."

The Latin verse may be thus translated:—

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

Sol dare not drive—such the decree of fate—
Past Cancer's bounds, but when he nears the gate,
Pulls up his coursers in their fury-flight,
Hence, come the longest day and shortest night.

When Mr. Waterton saw any one who modestly and unaffectedly acknowledged his ignorance of the Latin language, he politely and very kindly afforded every possible explanation relative to his verses, and to the habits of the crab; but when his quick eye caught any one professing that of which he was evidently ignorant, the Squire invariably "passed by on the other side." The Scholar had an utter detestation of pretended assumption of a knowledge by any party not possessing it; and he never failed, by his manner alone, to convey an unmistakeable and unenviable impression on the erring individual. The crab which incited Mr. Waterton to represent it, in Latin verse, as the fourth constellation in the Zodiac, is really a magnificent one in nature as a crab, and the Squire's skilful manipulation in "mounting" it, has rendered it, as a specimen of art, an object of equal admiration.

I have already described "John Bull and the National Debt," in the representation of the filbert tree and the mill-stone in a state of nature; but

Mr. Waterton, from his extreme horror of all taxation, was induced to illustrate this subject of nature by a very singular work of *art*, placed within the extension staircase.

These two subjects of nature and art are synonymous in appellation, "John Bull and the National Debt" being used by the Squire as applicable to both; in appearance, however, they are very dissimilar, yet their dissimilarity to the eye will not allow us to draw any other conclusion than that the ultimate result will be the same in both cases. The Squire always stoutly maintained, that although the death of the filbert tree might be of a somewhat distant and of a lingering character, yet that its fatal termination would not be the less sure, simply from the effect of strangulation; whilst in the case of art, although John may boast of his coat of mail with which he is clothed as a protecting armour; and of his character of construction, as indicating strength and endurance,—yet, it is evident, that the immense weight he has to sustain must ultimately bring him to the ground.

This most singular and ludicrous subject of art represents John Bull as standing on four legs, to denote power and capability to support a heavy weight. His back is formed of that of the tortoise, with a sturdy looking face, modelled from the face of

the hedge-hog, peeping out from under the shell of the anterior extremity of the back of the tortoise. His legs are short, and representing double the number allotted to man, as I have already stated, in order to indicate power and stability, whilst a well-filled sack is slung across his back; on one side of which is written, transversely, in legible characters, "John Bull and the National Debt," and on the other, "eight hundred million pounds sterling." This is a most extraordinary, and, indeed, what may be termed, a most unearthly looking object; it is one that excites intense curiosity as to its composition, and invariably tickles the risible faculties of all strangers.

Mr. Waterton had considerable inventive genius, especially in the actual formation of supposed extinct animals, and, generally, of the most horrid form and appearance, by a skilful union of separate portions of reptiles. By the way, his inventive powers, though more than forty years ago, had nearly carried his experimental ingenuity to a fatal issue. He had, for a considerable period, conceived some crude and ill-digested idea, that the act of flying was within his grasp, and that, in a short time, he would become a second Pegasus in execution.

Under this surprisingly delusive impression, Mr. Waterton invented, and manufactured duplicates of

a peculiar character of mechanism, as substitutes for natural wings, to be fixed on each arm, and to be united by their then surrounding the thoracic and dorsal portions of the trunk.

How the Squire proposed to dispose of his lower extremities he did not explain to me, but I remember he stated that, a man's legs, however symmetrically formed, were inconveniently long and heavy for an "atmospheric trip," except they could have something less yielding than air on which to rest, or to sustain the lever they represent, and, consequently, were too unwieldy and unmanageable to be of any service to the aeronaut in navigating the atmosphere; adding, that the only time, during his life, he had found his legs in the way, was, when he attempted to fly.

At all events, Mr. Waterton not only manufactured these fictitious wings which I have named, but he actually attached them to his arms and trunk, and also formed and fixed the remaining mechanism which he conceived was necessary to be attached to the other parts of the body, so as to complete, and, as he imagined, perfect this really chimerical project; and in order to carry out his scheme into practical execution, he arranged to make his first essay from the eaves of a roof of a building in the farm yard, being an elevation of several yards, from whence his flight, it is true, would be of limited extent longi-

tudinally, and where an abundance of litter would break the severity of a possibly uncontrollable and rapid descent.

Fortunately, however, when the Squire was "clipped and heeled" for his first attempt to become an aerologist, "an intimate friend," "*Alicui toto pectore deditus,*" accidentally walked into the farm yard, and, happily, had sufficient influence over the would-be aeronaut to persuade him to take his first aerial flight from a much less elevated position.

Of course, it is needless to minutely detail the practical freaks which actually occurred in attempting to carry out this delusive conception, as the Squire afterwards unhesitatingly admitted to me that, unlike Pegasus, he could neither fly to the "top of Mount Helicon," nor further imitate him "by then flying up to heaven." Also, that his affinity for the earth, to his great surprise, woefully outbalanced his attraction to the clouds, and that, on coming in contact with "mother earth," he received, as he was wont to say, when jocosely using the Walton dialect, such a "foul shak," as to be satisfactorily convinced that soaring in the atmosphere was not his forte, having, in his unwilling, unintentional, and disagreeably hasty descent, like Phaeton (who lost command of his horses) thoroughly lost all command of *his* wings, and thus narrowly escaped a broken neck, by pitching

upon his head in spite of the faith he had entertained in his all-protecting wings.

"Since that egregious and unpardonable blunder of mine," observed, Mr. Waterton, "I have realised the rebuke given by Apelles," 'Let not the cobbler go beyond his last,'—'*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam.*' My legs, which are all that mortal man can desire, so long as they are used as nature intended, have never failed to come to my rescue when in difficulty, so long as I trusted to them, whilst my wings have never been put to the test but once, and they then ingloriously left me in the lurch.

"The knowledge of my rash attempt to confide in wings, together with my failure, which at the time was comparatively in a nut-shell, where I had hoped it would remain, soon, contrary to my wishes, spread abroad, and the rumour, in its route, gathered nothing that was enviable on my behalf, but just the reverse. This was somewhat annoying, but I must admit that the chaffing I fell heir to was ultimately beneficial to me, inasmuch as it convinced me that I had no earthly chance to lay claim to the motto of the Earl of Thanet,—"He flies with his own wings," "*Alis volat propriis;*" an accomplishment which I had fully intended to have acquired. I was, however, satisfied that, in popular language, I had been "out of my element," had laid myself open to the sneers

of professing friends, and that I had, in future, much better tenaciously adhere to my favourite natural history labours, in which I encountered neither danger nor derision. And yet, no man cares less for these two bugbears than I do; in fact, the former, the public say, has now and then been somewhat courted by me, whilst the latter is insidiously patronised by the *professor* of friendship, whom I despise."

I have already pretty broadly hinted that Mr. Waterton did not shine in the management of land, that his knowledge of agriculture was limited, having neither taste nor relish for practical farming. He unfortunately never gave land the credit of being grateful, or of its being a reimbursing recipient, whilst, on the other hand, the really good farmer chiefly depends on a spirited and judicious outlay. Mr. Waterton was not what, in the present high farming age, would be termed an agriculturist. For instance, even the trifling drainage which was accomplished by the Squire, on the land at Walton Hall, was absolutely coaxed out of him by a favourite agricultural friend and neighbour, and even this was not granted without a protest of disapprobation, and, I might add, under a firm conviction that his pasture would suffer considerable depreciation by this "newfangled and expensive mode of farming," which, he

contended, would ruin the crops by laying the land far too dry, "especially if the drains should be insanely cut upwards of three feet in depth."

Mr. Waterton insisted that drains, however judiciously made, would not influence the land to yield either a better quality of grass, or grass of a more nutrient character, and that the land which was left a little swampy would produce a greater abundance of equally good pasturage, and more milk and butter for the dairy.

He contended that animals, and horned cattle especially, required quantity, so that they could speedily fill their stomachs, lie down, chew their cud, and take their rest. He would point out, as an instance of what sort of grass he approved, within a short distance of the mansion, viz:—the swampy ground where the herons were accustomed to feed and pass many of their leisure hours.

Now it had evidently never entered into the Squire's calculations, that the reason why the grass was so long in this spongy ground was, because of its being of so hungry and coarse a nature that the cattle would not eat it.

I suspect that, inasmuch as this spongy ground afforded an agreeable lounge and fertile feeding resort for his special favourites the herons, Mr. Waterton could not divest himsef of a similar feeling, and

that he was, in reality, enamoured of the swamp because the herons were enraptured with it. His excessive love of ornithology led him astray, on this all-important question to the farmer.

Independent of Mr. Waterton's naturally humane feelings influencing him to prevent the destruction of the mole and the owl, he warmly contended they undoubtedly were two of the farmer's best friends. To this assertion, as regards the latter, it would be difficult to find a dissentient voice, but there may be some conflicting testimony as to the farmers deriving benefit sufficient to counteract the damage sustained by the burrowing propensities of the former. The Squire believed, and strenuously urged his opinion, that the runs made by the burrowing of the mole near the surface, were more beneficial as drains to the farmer than those made by man. So far as the mole's labours go in this direction, few farmers would be found to coincide or approve. But when the naturalist stated that moles, in their underground burrows, destroyed an immense number of slugs, &c., &c., his opinion and arguments gained him many disciples among agriculturists; and some good and experienced farmers, although they destroy the mole, because of the unsightly mounds of earth which it raises on the surface, and the ravages it sometimes commits by burrowing up the roots of the young

wheat, yet they hesitate to positively determine for or against it as regards its beneficial or detrimental services to the farmer. They occasionally leave it an open question.

I must not omit to say, that liberality to the neighbouring poor, of every political shade, and of every religious creed, was a marked trait in the character of this good and kind-hearted man. If a suffering creature was too poor to employ the surgeon in the district, Mr. Waterton was always anxious that I should see him; and, if the patient was unable to pay the chemist, the Squire, himself, not only furnished the needful for that purpose, but took special care to supply the particular kind of food required in each case. If the patient was able to walk to the mansion, and dine in the servants' hall, there was the opportunity afforded to enjoy a good dinner;—if not, a liberally-supplied plate was directed to be sent for from the hall. Bread, meat, milk, and eggs, were freely distributed to the sick, and broken meat, &c., &c., to the needy. New shoes to the naked feet were seldom refused, and were, occasionally, given in a very peculiar way.

Mr. Waterton, at one time had, for a considerable period, an understanding with a shoe-maker, in Wakefield, that, if any poor fellow should call upon

him and present him with his knife, which the cobbler knew, he should retain the knife, and furnish the mendicant with a pair of serviceable shoes, calling on Mr. Waterton for payment.

On naming this circumstance to the Squire, and asking if it was a correct version, he replied, "Yes, you have got the right sow by the ear. It is as true as that Pope Pius the IX. is a holy man; and I will tell you the reason why I made the arrangement to which you have alluded, with the man of leather and wax at Wakefield.

"Many years ago, a miserable, half-starved looking wretch, and apparently terribly foot-sore, met me near the village of Walton, and entreated charity in such a piteous tone, and in such apparently genuine humility, that my flinty (scientifically termed silicious,) heart was softened;—and having nothing less than half-a-crown in my pocket, I was speedily minus that amount. In the latter part of the day, on passing through Sandal, on my way to Wakefield, I accidentally came in contact with the scoundrel who had done me out of half-a-crown in the morning. Although very drunk, he recognised me by a most familiar 'How do you do, old boy? I owe you one; come into the public-house, and I will treat you with a pint of heavy wet, out of your own half-crown, as as I have fifteen pence in button park yet.'

"This drunken exhibition so annoyed and so thoroughly disgusted me, that I set my wits to work to discover a better method of affording relief to the poor than by giving them money. It has, so far, answered well, consequently, my old and well-known knife has gone the same errand so frequently, that I think it would find its own way now to the cobbler's shop at Wakefield.

"But even this plan would not have made me perfectly secure in one case, if Jack Ogden, my keeper, had not come to my aid. We were repairing a tree, outside the park walls, which had been severely handled by a violent hurricane, when an apparent object of distress, in the form of man, accosted me in a mournful and tremulous strain, and, at the same time, directing my attention to his bare feet. His case seemed to be one so deserving of relief, that I quickly had my trusty knife in my hand, ready to send on its mission of charity to the Wakefield cobbler, when Jack Ogden came up, and, knowing my Wakefield dodge, and seeing me, knife in hand, whispered to me that he had seen this vagabond take off his shoes, and hide them in a thick fence, before entering the field where we then stood,—that he had taken them from their hiding-place, and then actually had them in his shooting-jacket pocket.

"I immediately said aloud, 'Jack, do you think my shoes would fit this poor fellow, who is barefoot?' 'No, sir,' he replied, 'yours wont fit him, but I have a pair in my pocket that seem to be about his size; try them on to these poor feet of yours,' said the keeper, in an apparently sympathising tone of voice. The culprit, at a single glance, recognised his own property, his countenance fell to below zero, and he, at once, pleaded guilty. Jack pulled his dog whip from this universal pocket of his, and was anxious to inflict summary punishment; however, having nothing "silicious" as the scientific now say, in my composition, I begged the scoundrel off, substituting a threat to imprison him, if he should ever appear in the district of Walton again."

The misletoe, which is commonly suspended in houses to announce Christmas, was a favourite plant with Mr. Waterton; not because it was used as I have stated, nor in consequence of the formerly Druidical custom to usher in the New Year by youths presenting it to their elders, but because, in many country places, it had acquired, and still maintained, in this district, a widely-reputed celebrity as a cure for epilepsy.

The Squire endeavoured, by grafting the mistletoe into various trees, more especially into the apple tree

and the thorn, to cultivate it at Walton Hall, in order that he might gratify the poor who had great faith in its exhibition; but it, somehow, never succeeded to any extent. It did live, it is true, but it never really flourished, and a severe winter generally almost destroyed it.

When I told Mr. Waterton, that, inasmuch as epilepsy arose from such a variety of causes, even if curable, no one agent, therefore, would be a remedy for all cases,—the Squire replied, "Very probably, but it may furnish hope to the sufferer, and, 'hope deferred, maketh the heart sick.'"

CHAPTER VII.

MR. WATERTON was a wonderfully keen and very staunch supporter of the "infallible Church," consequently, now and then, was greatly delighted by a vehement and caustic attack on what he always designated "our Reformed Church as by law established," as he was wont, in sportive criticism, to thus speak of it. In order to carry out his own individual notions more efficiently, and to more thoroughly humiliate us Protestants, in what he termed a "savoury mode," he jocosely and practically represented many individuals, who took an active part in the Church Reformation upwards of three hundred years ago, by means of an actual illustration of the most disgusting creatures that his flight of fancy could conceive, from the animal, nay, from the painfully loathsome reptile creation.

Still more signally to mark the horror he entertained of the ground-work of Protestantism, and to enrich, in contumely, the distasteful and nauseous spectacle so ludicrously got up, the Squire assembled, in solemn conclave, the most prominent Reformers

of the age as special objects of his sarcasm and antipathy by name, attaching such appellation to each reptile as he conceived most suitable for the character he intended to lampoon, conceding the most absurd and disagreeable position and attitude to each representative of this professed "*senatûs-consultum*," "decree of the senate." He also associated with our most prominent and distinguished characters of Church Reformation a sprinkling of his fancifully suggested or supposed inhabitants of the infernal regions, not, of course, forgetting to introduce, in apparent gravity, the "Old Gentleman" under the cognomen of "Old Nick."

This representation is so cleverly "got up" in taxidermic execution, is so ludicrously and so artistically ridiculous and absurd in appearance, in character, and in singularity of attitude, and, of course, was, in the Squire's opinion, so precisely apropos to those most distinguished in the age of Church Reformation, as regarded the individual appellations which he conceived and selected for criticism, that I have strong reasons for believing Mr. Waterton deemed this practical illustration his *chef d'œuvre* in the art of taxidermy.

I have also a well-grounded suspicion, but no absolute certainty, that this Reformation display was gravely intended as a sarcastic and contumelious retort

on the Socinian boast of having brought disasters on the Romish Church.

> "*Tota jacet Babylon; destruxit tecta Lutherus,*
> *Calvinus muros, sed fundamenta Socinus.*"
>
> "All Babylon lies prostrate; Luther destroyed the roof,
> Calvin the walls, but Socinus the foundation."

It must be observed, whenever allusion has been made, in the preceding pages, to either words or acts on the part of Mr. Waterton apparently trenching on profanity, or on what might be considered as expressive of a want of due respect or veneration for the Supreme Being, that I have invariably and truly represented him as jocose.

The Squire's naturally-inherent eccentricity of character, so universally known, from personal intercourse and from his various publications, coupled with the admittedly extreme views held by him in regard to his own Church, invariably allowed him, by sufferance, permission, or, a sort of sanction, to say and do many things which the ordinary usages of society would not tolerate in others.

Mr. Waterton had an inordinate, and, I am sorry to acknowledge, in my opinion, an injudicious amount of credulity in his composition,—a feature, by the way, admitted to be prominently marked and extensively indulged in the Romish Church. In the Squire's

case, however, many, who were strict adherents to the discipline of their own Church, lamented and were greatly surprised with this excess of credulity in so highly-educated a man, and in one who had seen so much of the world and its obliquities.

To show the playful levity of my octogenarian friend, I may name a circumstance which occurred, (at the moment,) of a very unexpected nature.

In the north-east corner of the front entrance hall of the mansion stood a table on which to place the hats, great coats, gloves, &c., of arriving visitors, which was covered by a large cloth, hanging down to the floor. On seeing me drive up to the bridge in front of the house, the Squire has, more than once, secretly crept, on all fours, like a dog, under the table, waiting my arrival in the hall, in order that I might place my great coat, &c., &c., upon this table; and, whilst I was thus unsuspectingly engaged, he has, in his private retreat, commenced to growl like a savage dog behind the cloth, and has seized my legs in such a practically canine manner, that I really had no idea at the time, but that some fierce dog was attacking my lower extremities.

Mr. Waterton's kindness and generosity were unbounded. Almost invariably, on my leaving the hall, when about to return home in the evening, I was

sure to find my great coat pockets well stuffed with apples, pears, filberts, or some other fruit which might be then in season, whilst my carriage box was as repeatedly most liberally stored with cherries, eggs, or other edibles.

In order to manifest his warmth of heart and a welcome reception to his friend, the Squire would, on my arrival, even in the most boisterous weather, or in the depth of winter, nay in a snow storm, come out to meet me at the bridge, without hat or any other covering on the head, although his hair was always cropped as short as the most dexterous expert in the hair-dressing line was able to cut it. He would frequently come out to welcome me, even in his slippers, and prove his pleasure to receive me by actually dancing down the whole length of the broad flagged walk, occasionally throwing one of his loose slippers from his foot high up in the air above his head, and expertly catching it in his hand in its descent. The wetness of the flags underfoot, or a shower overhead, never constituted any impediment to an exploit of this character with Mr. Waterton, when he was even approaching his eightieth year.

Although the Squire rigidly abstained from all stimuli in the form of fluids, yet he was incautious, and by no means even ordinarily discreet, as regards

the consumption of solids. He had naturally a good appetite, and, as he sometimes heedlessly indulged it, the consequence was, that when the Pope, as he facetiously observed, "removed the padlock from his grinders," instead of his eating sparingly for two or three meals, as he ought to have done, he would, at once, unwisely gratify his palate, (until very late in life,) with a hearty relish of rich soup and also solids in the way of animal food. The result was, as others anticipated, yet without the power of a correcting influence, that the stomach, which had occasionally been long subjected to absolute starvation, by severe fasting, was, for a long time, totally unequal to perform its healthy and normal functions, when suddenly loaded, or, rather, over-loaded with that of which it had been so long deprived. Hence succeeded a train of painful feelings, and, *for the moment*, a conviction that Doctor Kitchener was not grievously in error when he stated that "the stomach was every man's master."

At these times, I can bear testimony, as an eye witness, to the acute sufferings of the Squire; and, as a convincing proof that he did then suffer severely, he would silently retire and condescend to betake himself to the sofa, which was a very unusual concession for the rigid Roman Catholic to submit to, and, of course, he was then, by his own admis-

sion, thoroughly determined to be more wise for the future, but

> "*Ægrotat dæmon monachus tunc esse volebat;*
> *Dæmon convaluit, dæmon ut ante fuit.*"
> "The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
> The Devil got well, the Devil a monk was he."

Mr. Waterton's chief and never-failing delight appeared to be in beautifying his park and the scenery immediately surrounding the mansion, and in rendering Walton Hall distinguished, unexampled, and unique in its peculiarities.

The Squire, by his refinement of conception, by his purity of taste, by his singularity, and by his wonderful and unparalleled execution in handiwork, has created a lasting memorial of himself, which can in no way be more faithfully delineated than by the inscription on the monument of the late Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral:—

> "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

"If you seek my monument, look around."

A specially favourite amusement with Mr. Waterton was, the trimming his beautiful fences with a light hedging bill. On one occasion, whilst thus engaged, he accidentally cut his foot very severely with this

sharp hook. On the arrival of his surgeon from Wakefield, he ventured to gravely admonish the Squire as to the inexpediency and danger of his recent occupation, and strictly enjoined absolute rest, with an elevated and horizontal position of the limb, as well as the continued application of folds of linen dipped in cold water on the wound.

On the surgeon's re-appearance the following day, the Squire had, slily and unobserved, escaped from his thraldom, of course, without leaving any message to that effect. A "hue and cry" was raised, and, when discovered, the culprit was found working in the grounds as usual with his favourite hedging bill, and, to the astonishment and great annoyance of the surgeon, was standing in a ditch ankle deep in water. On a respectful and really serious remonstrance being made, Mr. Waterton gravely insisted that he was strictly and perseveringly carrying out the surgeon's injunctions, by having slit open the upper leather of his shoe to allow a free admission of water to the wound on his foot; consequently, it had been continually immersed in cold water for the preceding two hours, and, as he was not walking, he contended that the limb was at rest.

On Mr. Waterton's recovery from the accident to which I have alluded, he wrote me the following Letter:—

WALTON HALL,

"My Dear Sir,—A letter from Park-House always acts on me as balm on the way-worn traveller's wounds. The less we say about wounds the better, recollecting recent occurrences. We want no inviting to your table. We are forcibly urged into Leeds as the loadstone drags iron to itself. I have been vagabondising. The old proverb says, "*Qui multum peregrinantur raro sanctificantur.*"*

"I wanted a vampire, and have succeeded. This morning I am off to our dear Jesuits at Stonyhurst. There will be no need for me to enter into any kind of plot with these good fathers for the destruction of our government. Lord John Mummery has done the needful. (Considering the very great interest you always show to our family, when things go bodily wrong, I should deem myself an ungrateful sinner, were I not to drop you a line by this day's post.)

"Yesterday, I eat my breakfast unfeelingly, having spent the previous night coughing. Finding that the pulse was feeble and below the standard mark, I thought it high time to put things peremptorily to rights, so produced the lancet, *longo post tempore visum.*† Father ——— stood looking on. John

* "He who travels much is rarely sanctified."

† "Not seen for a long time."

Warrener, our servant, was my cup-bearer, and, in a pet, I called him a noodles, and he said, 'he might well be one, as he had not never seen nobody bled before.' I let out above five-and-twenty ounces of blood. The pulse returned to its normal beat. The cough no longer pained me. I could make my elbows meet behind me, which I can always do when in good fettle.

> '*Dixero quid si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris*
> *Cum venia dabis.*'*

"A week ago I had well nigh put myself into a state which would have enabled my dexterous friend Sam Smith to pay his assessed taxes with increased facility. Whilst I was cutting off the dead branch of an elm tree, the ladder on which I stood slipped sideways, and down I came in full twelve feet of descent soss upon the earth. I had just presence of mind, in the act of falling, to forcibly restrain my breath, and from fasting, being meagerly supplied within, when I reached the ground, I may say with truth, that I literally bounced upon my feet in an instant, and then continued my occupation. My transit from high to low merely produced a stiffness in my neck and right leg the following day. Had my ass been full

*"If perchance I shall speak a little jocosely, you will kindly allow me that privilege."

THE DISTANT MANSION; THE RUIN; THE LITTLE ISLAND; AND THE LOMBARDY POPLAR.

of beef at the time, I might not have gone further, but assuredly should have fared worse.

"By the way, feeling how much store we rustic inhabitants of Walton Hall set by you, and at the same time knowing how fervently you always obey the ecclesiastical edicts of Queen Victoria, we wish to know how you have managed to bear the discipline in submitting to the humiliation of the tremendous national fast on Wednesday last. We ourselves have not materially suffered, as we are not in the habit of paying attention to any spiritual authority that comes not from the sacred enclosure of the eternal city; so that Wednesday passed off with us as usual.

"Very sincerely,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

Mr. Waterton and I have very frequently together narrowly and perseveringly watched the exciting season of ornithological incubation, and, by the various resources and appliances which we frequently had in our power, have, now and then, settled many knotty points as to *habits* and distinguishing peculiarities, which could be decided only by our absolutely witnessing them. The "little island," in the centre of the lake at Walton Hall, was our favourite ground of observation in the spring months, by means of the telescope, being admirably situated and adapted for

that purpose, when this lake-girt locality yearly contributed much that was valuable, interesting, and instructive to the ornithologist, and much that was amusing to the merely ordinary observer, during the period of the incubation of, at least, three species of water-fowl, viz, the Canada goose, the wild duck, and the bald coot.

These birds nested freely on the "little island," the elder trees, the bramble bushes, and the long and coarse grass, which here abounded, always affording a safe, a shaded, a retired, and a concealed retreat, as well as perfect quietude to numbers of the females whilst silently and instinctively discharging a solitary yet pleasing duty imposed on that sex by nature, being necessarily a whole month virtually separated from the male bird.

It is really quite delightful to see how papa and mamma play into each other's hands, if I may be allowed the allegorical expression. For instance, if the *mallard* should not be in the way when the duck leaves her nest for the purpose of feeding, and for the pleasure of refreshing herself by a wholesome wash in the lake, she invariably, before her departure, so arranges her little temporary abode that the eggs should be entirely concealed from the eye of any human or animal intruder, by a covering of down and feathers previously and instinctively plucked

from her own abdomen and breast by her bill, whilst this simple but efficient covering, being a bad conductor of caloric, materially prevents the escape of heat from the eggs, so that only a trifling decrease of temperature takes place until her return.

This instinctive arrangement for the protection of her eggs having been accomplished, she rapidly glides into the lake for her brief holiday with apparently great delight, repeatedly and forcibly flapping her outstretched wings on its surface, a sportive exertion of powér of all water-fowl when in a merry mood. The noise thus produced is peculiar, and generally soon heard by the male bird, who, having caught a glimpse of his partner, speedily and rejoicingly approaches her by the same flapping progression which the female had previously resorted to on leaving her nest.

These birds having exchanged cordial congratulatory inclinations and declinations of the head, and achieved sundry other evidently pleasurable as well as playfully physical gesticulations on the lake, the mallard, without further ceremony, directs his course from the lake to the island, hurriedly waddling along to the nest so recently occupied by his spouse, round which he repeatedly walks, continually and gracefully bowing his head over it. He then, with his bill, gently removes the feathers covering the eggs in the

centre of the nest, to its circumferential portions. He afterwards, by the same means, disposes the eggs in such positions as to render his entrance to the nest safely and easily accessible, and in situations the least likely to cause damage to the treasures of his faithful consort, which had, for the time, been committed to his charge, a duty which he gravely settles down to, in the necessary absence of his better half.

Occasionally, the kind-hearted mallard would stealthily approach the immediate neighbourhood of the nest, whilst the duck was still performing the dreary office of incubation, when, by his fidgetty and restless movements here and there in immediate proximity with the duck, and by the repeated declinations of his head gracefully inclined towards his spouse, it was evident that he was coaxing and tenderly inviting her to leave her nest in order to feed and have a refreshing dip in the lake. Usually she was neither unwilling nor tardy in yielding to his apparently anxious solicitations to leave her eggs for a short period, but it was invariably observed, when she did so at the mallard's request, and in his presence, that she never, on her departure on these special occasions, attempted to cover them, evidently well aware that the mallard would take careful charge of her treasures until she returned to attend to her duty.

Now and then, these birds would boldly venture to nest on the very brink of the "little island," and closely approximating the edge of the water, being conspicuously exposed to the anxiously scrutinising surveillance of the inmates of the drawing-room by means of the telescope, whose powers agreeably and instructively revealed every habit, however trifling, of the particular species of water-fowl under examination, during the anxious period of incubation.

With every-day opportunities of such a character for Mr. Waterton to gain an unparalleled amount of information, which could be entirely depended upon, it would have been strange indeed, if so observing, so zealous, and so vigorous a mind, could have remained ignorant of a thorough knowledge of that very subject which he had ever, during his whole life, had most at heart. And, "the testimony of nature is of greater weight than the arguments of learning." "*Validius est naturæ testimonium quam doctrinæ argumentum.*"

The Canada geese have occasionally nested on the island on which the house stands, and on more occasions than one within ten yards of the dining room windows, but the very close proximity to man and his daily and hourly movements and accompaniments, necessarily placed the birds in a position subjected to a disagreeable amount of observation and restraint,

and, consequently, in many instances, prevented them from always resorting to their natural and undisguised habits; hence, information gained from birds nesting close to the house was never to be so fully relied upon as knowledge gleaned from the "little island," although at a much greater distance, but which was obtained at a time, and from a position, when the birds had no idea that they were under the inspection of any human eye.

The most interesting points to attract the attention of the naturalist, as regards the habits of these birds, during the period of sitting on their eggs for the purpose of hatching their young, are, on the part of the *female*, her plucking down and feathers from her own breast and abdomen, in order to use them for special purposes,—also, her covering and thus concealing her eggs, when she leaves her nest, by distributing those feathers which she has secured, over the eggs, in accomplishing which another important end is gained.

For instance, inasmuch as feathers are imperfect conductors of heat, the duck, with instinctive design, uses the material, of all others best calculated to prevent the escape of that caloric with which she has previously supplied her eggs. Another interesting point is, her leaving her nest at the special request of her husband, in order to feed, wash, preen, and

refresh herself. A third point, almost amounting to reason, is, her apparent knowledge of there being no necessity to cover her eggs when the mallard is about to take upon himself the office of discharging her special duties, until she is prepared to conveniently attend to them herself.

These acts, which are worthy of notice as regards the *mallard*, are, in the first place, his anxiously hastening to occupy the nest so soon as he is aware that the *duck* has left it, and that it is then unprotected by either of its owners; in the second place, the *mallard's* tender care for his better half, by his affectionately requesting her to feed and refresh herself, should be recorded; and, thirdly, his anxious readiness to supply her wants until she returns,—also, his carefully removing the covering of down and feathers from the eggs by his bill, to the circumferential portions of the nest, before he ventures to put his foot into his lady's abode.

These habits, of both sexes, to which I have now drawn attention, having been for many years repeatedly witnessed, through the medium of the telescope, by Mr. Waterton and myself at Walton Hall, may be received as established facts in natural history.

The "little island" could never boast of entertaining more than the three species of water-fowl to

which I have alluded. It seemed singular, but the herons never condescended to visit it, although daily crossing it in their flights and hovering around its precincts. They would assemble on the banks of the lake immediately opposite it to plume themselves —in the swamp, to dabble in the shallow water and appear actively engaged in quest of frogs—to roost in the heronry, and to remain in it for the purpose of incubation—and to visit the head of the lake, in order to fish during the day, but never in the night, as they then hunted the neighbouring streamlets or the various estuaries at ebb tides within distance.

I may here state, that formerly there was a generally, but an absurdly prevailing opinion, that herons, during incubation, rested on their nest with a leg hanging out on each side, in consequence of the limbs being so long that they could not be conveniently accommodated within the nest. I suspect that such idea has not yet, even in this knowing age, entirely vanished, although a moment's reflection ought at once to dispel such an absurd and illogical impression, when it is explained that the heron's nest is from ten to twelve inches in width, whilst the heron itself is not more than one-half this width, and, I may add, that the Squire and I have several times had very favourable opportunities of watching herons on their nests during incubation, through the

medium of the telescope, by which means, we could clearly ascertain that their legs, like those of other birds, were within the nest, and that such a position did not appear to interfere with the comfort of the heron in the slightest degree. On the other hand, if the heron, occupying a width of not more than five inches transversely as regards the breast and thighs conjointly, when in the act of incubation, should attempt to bestride a space of ten or twelve inches diameter, by suspending its legs over the edges of its nest, it would find it an utter impossibility to accomplish such a feat, even supposing its anxious determination to submit to such an inconvenient position.

When alluding to Mr. Waterton's want of relish for agricultural pursuits, I ought to have stated his very equivocal skilfulness as regarded horses; for, although in his younger days he always lived in the country, and was continually surrounded by a certain class of the equine race, yet, it must be admitted, that they were generally not of that stamp calculated to fascinate a high-mettled and plucky youth, such as the Squire then really was; consequently, at that period of life, when a knowledge of the horse ought to be gained, if ever such skill is to be thoroughly acquired, and which most desirable acquisition all

country gentlemen should possess, Mr. Waterton had no probable chance to become a proficient in that science.

His father, however, thinking that, when grown up to man's estate, he would be materially benefitted by mixing with his equals "in the field," spiritedly and liberally procured for him a couple of accomplished hunters; and, as there was always, even in infancy, an immense amount of naturally inherent courage in the Squire's composition, he did what few men, under similar circumstances, would have dared to do, that is, "he rode to the hounds," and never shirked a five-barred gate when it came in his way, which feat, trifling as it is represented by the closet sportsman, is always more agreeably, and, now and then, more easily discussed over a bottle of Port than accomplished "in the field."

Two or three, who were deemed "fast" young men at that date, and who were regularly to be seen at the cover side, and who invariably gave extravagant prices for their horses, had, from other reasons totally unconnected with hunting or any of its accompaniments, been obliged to succumb to their creditors, "which unfortunate occurrences," the Squire observed, "so scared my father that he said, Charles, I fear this hunting may ultimately lead you into similarly disgraceful difficulties, now that I frequently

hear of your jumping five barred-gates, and being so highly complimented by Lord Darlington for your bold riding.

"Praise from an old and acknowledged thoroughly good sportsman, and more especially from one of the "right sort," and with a sprig of nobility attached to his name, glibly glides into the brains of young men, and, now and then, turns them upside down, and it would greatly distress me if you should slip the cable and come to grief. You obliged me by commencing to hunt,—will you still further oblige me by giving it up?

"I instantaneously replied, Yes, father, I will do whatever you desire me to do, but I am satisfied that hunting has had nothing whatever to do with the failure of the parties to whom you have alluded. On the contrary, I believe that hunting has been of material service to them, in warding off the evil day for a certain period.

"The hunting field substantially invigorated the physical energies of these men, and, whilst in it, they were neither guzzling Champagne, throwing the dice, nor transgressing the bounds of morality, all of which habits extracted infinitely more guineas from their breeches pockets than ever the most extravagant-priced hunters did; and, as to moral comparison, we will let that pass, but from this day, agreeably to

your wishes, I shall never again appear in crimson, nor risk my neck over a five-barred gate. So far I have kept my promise, and a pledge to my father was recognised by him in as sacred a light as if it had been made to the Pope himself."

Whilst this check in the Squire's hunting career, in a great measure accounts for his being below par in the knowledge of that noble animal, the horse, it furnishes additional information of his surprising innate courage and ready aptitude to succeed in almost any thing he chose to attempt. It also displays a singularly fine and exemplary character, as a son, in so promptly acquiescing in the wishes of his parent, as the Squire had become unequivocally attached to this popular, glorious, and invigorating diversion, and felt thoroughly convinced that his father's conclusions were derived from false premises.

About the year 1847 or 1848, a clever and ingenious fellow, living in Leeds, of the name of Green, very adroitly duped some *would-be* scientific proficients, who, it was then said, modestly estimated their own natural history attainments at no inferior rate, but the sequel will better inform us on this delicate point. Green cleverly managed to accomplish his mechanical labour, and to gain his ends, for a time, among those self-esteemed cognoscenti,

with considerable ability and decided success, in the following manner. He destroyed a toad without in any way disfiguring it, and, having procured a large block of coal, he split it into two parts; he then neatly excavated a portion in the lower half, the form and size of this indentation being precisely adapted to correspond with that of the toad, into which cavity he placed the reptile already prepared for its berth, leaving its back slightly projecting. In the upper half of the block of coal a trifling excavation was made, just sufficient to admit the small projection of the back, which I have already named.

When these two halves were placed in close apposition, the toad exactly fitted the excavations, and the two halves of the block precisely fitted each other, so as to convey the impression that the toad had been thus accidentally imbedded in its present position in by-gone ages, when it might be supposed that the surrounding matter was in so fluid and yielding a condition as to form a mould for this batrachian reptile.

Green confidently asserted, that this block of coal was from a colliery at or near Osmondthorpe, and professed to know the precise number of fathoms below the surface whence it was obtained. With great apparent simplicity he detailed the various circumstances of his becoming possessed of this monstro-

sity, by saying, that when walking up Wade Lane, in Leeds, behind a coal cart, a large block of coal accidentally fell from the load, and, by its concussion on the pavement, split into two parts,—that he was thunderstruck to see a living toad in the lower half, —and that he immediately seized both halves, and took them home as a valuable booty. On exposure to the air, however, he observed, "the toad died, without a struggle."

This fellow, whose powers of assumption were largely developed, not only succeeded, I have understood, in persuading three different parties to credit his absurd and false statement, but actually gulled them into being purchasers of what he very truly, but very unintentionally, called unnatural productions.

It is somewhat singular that these three artificial products should have fallen into the hands of three *reputed* naturalists. By the way, Green did not display his wisdom, nor his usual tact, in disposing of so many specimens of his handicraft at no greater distance from each other than York, Leeds, and Holbeck, as, of course, the discovery of one deception would be very likely to lead to and expose the revelation of the other two.

This gross imposition, however strange it may appear, remained undiscovered for so long a period, and the sums received for those fictitious specimens

were so richly remunerative, that Green was emboldened to fly at higher game, and actually hazarded a call at Walton Hall, ambitiously hoping to dispose of his hitherto highly-approved, although misrepresented wares, to the universally-recognised giant in natural history. The foundation on which Green rested for success was spurious, and he made his essay in a quarter highly gifted with the powers of acutely-distinctive discrimination. He dwelt too much upon his previously-experienced powers of deceit, without weighing the ordeal of the keen, the intelligent, the searching, the scientific, and the antagonistic eye he had on this occasion to encounter. This indiscreet step was a woeful mistake, on the part of the hitherto skilful and experienced impostor. The Squire, fortunately, was at home, put in appearance, and received the stranger, without the slightest previous knowledge of the man, and without a suspicion that the toils were to be spread for him, or that dust would be thrown in his eyes by so cleverly manufactured a falsehood.

I will endeavour to state what passed during this interview, as nearly as possible in Mr. Waterton's own words, having repeatedly heard him narrate the conversation with apparently great pleasure, and especially as regarded his immediate discovery of what he always termed the "clumsy fraud."

Whenever the subject was broached, the Squire usually commenced, by saying, "On the occasion of Green's visit to my house, I happened to have a gentleman in the room with me, learned in many things, but not in natural history. When this fellow, Green, exposed his counterfeit and fabricated monstrosity for a professed inspection, but in reality for nefarious sale, I, without any difficulty, instantly discovered the deception, and, anxious to let my learned friend into the secret, without letting Green know what my private opinion was, I said to my visitor, '*Annosa vulpes haud capitur laqueo,*' but did not anglicise it, by adding, 'An old fox is not to be caught with a springe.' As, however, I smiled when addressing my learned friend, who was still in the room, and manifestly enjoying the prospective finale, Green evidently concluded that my scrap of Latin, although unintelligible to him, was laudatory of his exhibition, and, therefore, appeared more and more satisfied with his apparently exalted and self-established but really unenviable position. At length, gathering still more assurance, he coolly looked me in the face, and, with a grinning smile of self-approbation, observed, 'Did you, Mr. Waterton, ever witness so great a curiosity in your life? and you must have seen many curious things in your travels in foreign countries, I suppose.' My reply was expressed with

an intentionally stern countenance. Sir, in all my travels, at home or in 'foreign countries,' I never met with so great and so unpardonable an impostor as you. Get out of my house instantly, you scoundrel, and if I ever hear of your offering this gross imposition for sale again, rest assured that I shall expose you right and left.

"When this vagabond had fairly taken his departure, and finally turned his back of the house, my friend, who vastly enjoyed the concluding stormy scene, and more especially what he jocosely designated my terminating benediction, expressed his great surprise that the flimsy fiction should have escaped a detection which I so instantly discovered, particularly, he observed, as this unparalleled imposition had been previously examined by so many experienced naturalists, when, really without any intention of lacerating the thickened cuticle of these self-styled natural history celebrities, I could not refrain from replying, Very true, sir, and I assure you that I am and ought to be grateful. '*Beati monoculi in regione cæcorum.*' 'Happy are the one-eyed in the country of the blind.'"

When no vaunting superiority of endowment or of talent was vaingloriously professed, Mr. Waterton invariably refrained from any thing bordering on sarcasm, but if undeserved pretensions were indulged

and ostentatiously displayed, and especially if claimed as meritorious, his satire was expressed with a caustic contempt and a silent but an evident disapprobation which made the boasting party wince under his chastening and castigating reproach, causing the magniloquent pretender to repent and bitterly regret having incautiously ventured out of his depth.

A self-opinionated and conceited young coxcomb, who was visiting the staircase, at Walton Hall, and whose dress, exquisite, and in the extreme of the fashion of the day, had, from this very circumstance, already unfavourably attracted the keenly-observant eye of Mr. Waterton. This aspiring youth, having separated himself from his accompanying party, coolly called the Squire's attention to "two or three little errors in the attitude of the peacock," in the extension staircase, terminating his criticism by saying, "On the whole, Mr. Waterton, the execution of this bird does you considerable credit, but I have a strong suspicion that it is not an honest bird, or, in other words, that it is decked with a few borrowed plumes in its tail."

The concluding uncalled-for as well as undeserved and insolent remarks, roused the Squire's ire to the extreme of endurance, and in recounting the fracas to me, he observed, "I looked this man-milliner, so

profusely got up, full in the face, and enunciated what I had to say with an emphasis which would not fail to leave an indelible recollection, that 'the mark of the hatchet was against the wall,' and that I had taken an accurately-estimated measure of his natural history attainments," when I immediately observed, in reply, "Sir, I should degrade myself by holding any cavilling argument with so mere a stripling in natural history as you, and, the more especially, as it is palpably evident, from your remarks, that your ignorance far outshines any ordinary qualifications which you may possess in the bewitching science of ornithology. Go home, Sir, I beseech you, and carefully pore over some elementary A. B. C. work, relative to the anatomy of the peacock, and endeavour to ascertain *where* the tail of a peacock is situated, as, at present, your ignorance may constitute *self-bliss*, but it must give much pain to your friends if they happen to possess any knowledge whatever of natural history.

"After a lapse of several years my friend made his second appearance on the stage, when he was dressed like a Christian, and, on this occasion, conducted himself like a gentleman."

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE already alluded to the hollowed-out beech-wood block for Mr. Waterton's pillow during the night, but the providing an unyielding "*sleeper*" for the cheek to rest upon was not limited to the Squire's bedroom. This very singular caprice was invariably indulged on board ship, as, when the weather would permit, and even when of a very dubious character, he delighted to sleep the whole night on deck, and always to gratify and acquiesce in this peculiar fancy by resting his cheek on what he called his velvet cushion,—the outward soles of his strong shoes, which were furnished with a profusion of strong nails.

When the Squire was in a light-hearted mood, and detailing to me *his* mode of curing an ulcerated leg, which of course involved the exhibition of a host of "Squire Watterton's Pills," I asked him if he gratified his sides alternately, when softly luxuriating all night on the hard boards. His decisive reply was, "No, it cost me too much to prepare one for its endurance to induce me to make a second experiment on the same subject."

Some years ago, (my memory does not furnish me with the date), I had a portrait presented to me, in consequence of my fortunately bearing the same surname as the subject of the painting to which I shall now allude. It was the portrait of the late Mr. Tobias Hobson, on horse-back, who so munificently and generously contributed to the town of Cambridge, by the erection of public edifices. On its arrival at my house Mr. Waterton happened to be dining with me, and was wonderfully delighted with the newly-imported production, probably more so in consequence of Mr. Hobson being a universally-recognised and avowedly good man, coupled with a considerable amount of eccentricity of character. This gentleman, representing an individuality or an acknowledged peculiarity of character, I suspect had a material influence with the Squire. Some verses having been published, in 1734, by that celebrated latinist, Vincent Bourne, relative to the subject of this painting, I, in a casual way, and really without being in earnest, asked the Squire to turn poet and anglicise them, in order to attach them to the painting we were then admiring. The following day, to my great surprise, he returned me a copy, which I now transcribe, after Bourne's original, and which Mr. Waterton told me "he had turned into his doggerel verse whilst in the railway carriage on his return to Walton Hall."

"*HOBSONI LEX.*

"*Complures (ita, Granta, refers) Hobsonus alebat*
In stabulo longo, quos locitaret, equos.
Hac lege, ut foribus staret qui proximus, ille
Susciperet primas, solus et ille, vices.
Aut hunc, aut nullum—sua pars sit cuique laboris;
Aut hunc, aut nullum—sit sua cuique quies.
Conditio obtinuit, nulli violanda togato;
Proximus hic foribus, proximus esto viæ.
Optio tam prudens cur non huc usque retenta est?
Tam bona cur unquam lex abolenda fuit?
Hobsoni veterem normam revocare memento;
Tuque iterum Hobsoni, Granta, videbis equos.

"*VINCENTIO BOURNE.*"

"HOBSON'S LAW.

"In his long stable, Cambridge, you are told
Hobson kept steeds for hire in days of old;
On this condition only—that the horse
Nearest the door, should start the first on course;
Then, next to him or none, so that each beast
Might have its turn of labour and of rest.
This granted, no one yet, in college dress,
Was ever known this compact to transgress.
Next to the door—next to the work—say why
Should such a law, so just, be doomed to die?
Remember, then, this compact to restore,
And let it govern as it did before.
This done—O happy Cambridge, you will see
Your Hobson's stud just as it ought to be.

"CHARLES WATERTON."

Addison, who was born about forty years subsequent to Vincent Bourne, thus describes the subject in a paper in the Spectator.

"I shall conclude this discourse with the explanation of a proverb, which, by vulgar error, is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is, to use it when you would say there is plenty, but you must make such a choice as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

"Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so, who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw when there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it. This ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney horses. He lived in Cambridge, and observing that the scholars rode hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but

was *obliged* to take the first horse which stood next to the stable door: so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be *your* election was forced upon you, to say, 'Hobson's choice.' This memorable man stands drawn in fresco, at an inn, (which he used) in Bishopgate-Street, London, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:—

'The fruitful mother of a hundred more.'

"Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse, to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same success.

"I am, Sir, your loving friend,
"HEZEKIAH THRIFT."

I may add, that an artist was desired by the authorities of the town of Cambridge to furnish a large painting of Mr. Hobson mounted on a powerful horse, and, anxious to prove, and to publicly establish, their deep sense of gratitude by a lasting memorial, and one specially worthy the occasion, they stipulated with the "coming" artist, that he should previously produce a smaller one for approbation.

The artist, on his first essay, succeeded so satisfactorily in pleasing the authorities by the probationary one, that he had not the slightest difficulty in immediately obtaining an order for a very large portrait for the town. By an agreeable and fortunate accident, the lesser and really original painting has fallen into my hands. The horse's tail in this painting flows to the ground. The bridle is a snaffle, having a pink rosette below the ear. The saddle cloth is large, appearing both before and behind the saddle, and is party-coloured. Mr. Hobson himself, to my astonishment, wears a wide-awake hat, and a short cloak tied with ornamental tassels in front. He rides in top boots and spurs, the former being so short as to allow a considerable portion of stockings to be displayed. The costume of both man and horse is materially different from that which is in use in this fanciful age, excepting as regards the present day's similarly Vandalic and unbecoming wide-awake hat, which it seems was then in use.

In speaking of the dress of Mr. Hobson, I am reminded of that of the late Mr. Waterton, which did not precisely accord with the fashionable habiliments now worn. The Squire pertinaciously adhered, until very recently, to the blue coat and metal buttons, that is, on extraordinary occasions. His

usual dress, when at home, and when attending to what he conceived his ordinary and necessary duties, was a brown jacket without skirts—very wide trousers—worsted stockings—and shoes that were always worn so loose on the foot, that he could, by giving his leg a sudden jerk, throw them a considerable distance in any direction he might desire, and which singular exploit he delighted to perform when in happy harmony with all around him.

You could never err far in telling Mr. Waterton that he had "a shocking bad hat"; when he would immediately, with the utmost gravity, reply, that a half detached crown or a few air holes were really desirable, as he was ever anxious to keep his head cool, excepting when ornithologising on the highest terrace in the grotto, when and where he always delighted to bask in the sun's hottest rays without his hat. His shoes were also often in the same dilapidated condition. I must admit, that the Squire had rather a pride in not only dressing peculiarly, but in dressing shabbily, which crotchet, his best and real friends neither admired nor approved.

The supposed and ever-to-be-lamented imaginary proof of independence, by his usually sporting a somewhat eccentric and threadbare attire, pleased and captivated the vulgar, and by this "*aura popularis*," "breeze of popularity," he was himself unfortunately

caught, and permissively wafted on the wings of the multitude, at all events, for the moment. Notwithstanding that I sometimes professedly jeered him, as to the character of his apparantly "cast off" ordinary attire, whilst, at the same time I was, to his knowledge, unambiguously and intentionally in good earnest, yet he would jocosely quote Cicero, whose advice, he said, he always followed, "*Adhibenda est munditia, non odiosa, neque exquisita nimis, tantum quæ fugiat agrestem ac inhumanam negligentiam.*" "We should exhibit a certain degree of neatness, not too exquisite nor affected, and equally remote from rustic and unbecoming carelessness."

The Squire's kindness of heart was, in reality, the origin and the primary motive power in first seducing and in latterly influencing him to somewhat indiscreetly yield to popular approbation. For many years, as the decline of life slowly but surely advanced, he could never muster sufficient resolution to refuse the applications for mob pic-nic parties of *unlimited* numbers, and, occasionally, even of *dubious* cast, who, being beyond all measure gratified and exalted by his condescension, vociferously and fulsomely flattered his open-hearted generosity, consequently, that which was, in earlier life, positively irksome, became, by degrees, and, unfortunately, long before the close of life, a too unlimited pleasure to him.

Whilst disapproving, and, occasionally, unnecessarily harsh censurers, were ready to say, "*Plausu petis clarescere vulgi*," "You seek celebrity through the plaudits of the mob," this single-minded man would, in earlier life, have supplied his reply very probably from Byron,—

> "I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;
> Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud:
> Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
> Their sneers or censures I alike despise."

Mr. Waterton, I am quite sure, persuaded himself that he was entirely free from any influence exercised by the multitude; but the precept, "Know thyself," which was inscribed in letters of gold over the portico of the temple at Delphi, is extremely difficult of accomplishment, the more especially, when adulation is the insidious means used to gain an end:—

> "O popular applause! what heart of man
> Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
> The wisest and the best feel urgent need
> Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales."

Mr. Waterton, notwithstanding all his temerity and absolutely indiscreet recklessness in exposing himself to personal danger with poisonous snakes, in descending by means of ropes dangerously pre-

cipitous cliffs in quest of birds' eggs, and by repeatedly and very unnecessarily jeopardising life in various ways, was, after all, specially watchful in preserving the health of himself and his household generally. For instance, he was a determined advocate for throwing open doors and windows to secure free ventilation, whilst he was at the same time equally anxious to keep up large fires throughout the house. As to supplying fuel, sweeping up the fire-side, and having it always in tidy order, no housemaid could accomplish these little labours more speedily, nor more artistically, nor with more pleasure than Mr. Waterton, who really prided himself on performing a feat of this sort in better style than it was ever done by the footman.

In 1857, the late Mr. Ainley, Surgeon, of Bingley, informed me that there was a very singular hatch of the domestic duck in his neighbourhood, every one of which had some congenital defective formation. I desired my friend to procure the whole hatch for me, in order that I might have them "mounted" as specimens of "sports of nature." Mr. Ainley, intrinsically shrewd, and well skilled in ornithology, and whose heart was immersed in natural history pursuits, returned home immediately, anxiously hoping to lay hold of the whole hatch, but, to his great

disappointment and regret, only just in time to secure a solitary male bird, the remaining number having been destroyed, from a vulgar and superstitious idea being entertained in the neighbourhood that, if any thing assuming an unnatural or a monster-like form should be allowed to live, some bad luck would attach to the owner.

On becoming possessed of this bird, which fortunately arrived at my house when the Squire was spending the day with me, it was forthwith carefully examined by Mr. Waterton and myself, and found to be devoid of a particle of web between its toes. My old friend, who had a keen eye for the discovery of any peculiarity, was in an ecstacy of delight, and instantly, on this discovery, proposed that it should go on to the lake at Walton Hall, until matured and dressed in its most captivating plumage, when he would then show me a specimen of his handiwork in taxidermy, if we could then harden our hearts to return a verdict of execution by chloroform.

Mr. Waterton became much attached to this bird, which was, on its arrival at Walton Hall, named by him, and, consequently, by all in the establishment, "Doctor Hobson," a name which it continued to retain so long as it floated as a living mallard on the lake, and, indeed, singularly enough, for a short period after its death.

In 1860, a somewhat ludicrous circumstance, connected with this water-fowl, occurred. A farm servant, hat in hand, and with elongated visage, approached the Squire, saying, "If you ple-ase Squire, Doctor Hobson is de-ad." My good old friend, who was always much more careful of my life than of his own, instantaneously pictured *my* death and not that of the bird. He urgently interrogated the hind as to the source of his information, and to the trustworthiness of his authority for the assertion he had made; when the reply was, "I seed him mysen liggin de-ad, all on a lump at dam he-ad." The mystery, hitherto inexplicable to my well-wisher, at once vanished, and Mr. Waterton, combining the grave with the gay, immediately wrote an exceedingly clever and most entertaining letter of condolence and congratulation to me, in which, in melancholy strain he regretted the death of this favourite bird, but rejoiced that his friend was not "liggin all on a lump at dam he-ad," and added, "I shall, in due time, 'set up' your namesake, so that no taxidermist in existence shall have just cause to display a fault-finding physiognomy, and that is saying a good deal, as we bird-stuffers are admitted to be a snarling and pugnacious tribe."

In July, 1860, the Squire, on presenting me with this beautifully-preserved mallard, declared that he

felt as much delighted on the occasion as if he were treading on enchanted ground. Its attitude is perfect, whilst the various elevations and depressions of feathers give the appearance of actual life. Within the case is written, by Mr. Waterton's own hand, the following memorandum:—

"THE COMMON DUCK.

In the year 1857, my friend, Doctor Hobson, brought this bird to Walton Hall, where it lived over two years, and then died. It was hatched without any appearance whatever of web in its feet.

"CHARLES WATERTON.

"*Walton Hall, July* 8, 1860."

I may add, that one duck in this extraordinary brood was hatched with its head reversed, having its bill, as regards its horizontal position, appearing and indeed actually situated immediately above its tail, so that when food was placed on the ground, behind its tail, this duck always had to seize it by turning a somersault.

The Squire, very much to the regret of his most intimate friends, at all times positively delighted in wearing "a shocking bad hat," and also in never allowing it to be brushed. On one occasion, when dining with me, my servant had previously had his private orders to carefully sponge the Squire's hat

with very weak vinegar and water whilst he was at dinner, and to then thoroughly brush it until its outward aspect had undergone an entire change, in my opinion for the better. When about to return home, Mr. Waterton took up his hat in the entrance passage many times and as often put it down again, in evident doubt, distrust, and apparent distress,—at last observing, under a countenance of some irritation, and in a tone of indubitable displeasure, "Now this is really too bad; some one has taken away my hat, leaving in its place a Miss Nancy looking concern, which none but some fashionable Tom Fool would put on his head." I saw that the Squire was becoming annoyed, "that the shoe pinched," and therefore, told him that this hat was really his own, but that I had desired it to be brushed up a little, and, to convince him, pointed out the letters, C. W., written by himself in the interior of the hat. He immediately remarked, "Doctor Hobson, if any other person had taken such a liberty with my hat, I should never have forgiven him, and I hope you will never do so again, as you have completely ruined my long-worn and favourite beaver."

From this very moment he calmed down again, his countenance changed from the grave to the gay, and, in genuine amnesty, he ever afterwards allowed me to joke him on the once tender and susceptible

subject, though never forgetting to wind up with a half in earnest, and half in jest rebuke, adding, "Well, but after all, you really did ruin my head-gear for all useful purposes, as I never could wear it with either pleasure or satisfaction afterwards, until it had lapsed, in some measure, into its former unaspiring condition, by getting rid of that sleek-looking surface which gave me such a priggish appearance."

I have more than once alluded to Mr. Waterton's natural kindness of heart, and this amiable trait of character, I may add, was daily manifested by having his many capacious pockets constantly well filled with scraps of bread, for distribution to all living creatures that would eat this material during his daily perigrinations from morning to night, in the neighbourhood of the mansion and the farm buildings. His admirers and followers, therefore, in this numerous class of recipients, for such he never failed to secure, were familiarly friendly with him, pecking "the staff of life" from his hand without fear, and without any apparent suspicion of its being a deceitful decoy, which friendly confidence, manifested by the feathered tribe, always delighted him.

The Squire had a numerous appointment of cats about the farm buildings, which were diligently and daily attended to. When fish was in requisition, he

would carefully collect, in an old newspaper, after dinner, all scraps of fish and their bones, and take them himself to the saddle room, and would bruise the hard relics gathered from the table with a tolerably heavy hammer, by which operation the bones were so softened as to be masticated without difficulty, swallowed without danger, and devoured evidently with an insatiable relish, by the whole feline retinue, which he could at any time assemble at the saddle room, by calling out somewhat loudly, "My Pretty." In the evening, Mr. Waterton generally regaled his favourites with new milk direct from the cow, so that the cats were well cared for, and, being thus liberally fed at home, there was less temptation for them to sneak into the grounds in quest of a leveret or of a young pheasant or partridge.

His pointers, numbering three or four, very much to my surprise, were left entirely to the care of the keeper, as, during the protracted period of my friendship with Mr. Waterton, I never knew him pay the least attention to them, nor manifest any special care about them, having laid aside the gun a long time before his death.

Many years previously to Mr. Waterton's death, when, on one occasion, we were sitting alone in the grotto, admiring his favourites flitting around us from

spray to spray, and calmly discussing their habits, or musing on their varied character of life, the Squire was apparently in the genuine enjoyment of his nature. In the midst, however, of our pleasures, and without a single preliminary remark as a harbinger of his hitherto hidden woes, his countenance suddenly changed its aspect, from apparent cheerfulness to one of unusual gravity, gradually increasing to an intensity of despair. Recovering quickly again from this smothered mental distress, he could no longer refrain from open-hearted admissions.

He then introduced and freely indulged in cool and calculating speculations as to the ultimate fate of his vast and varied handiwork. In general terms, he observed, that the diversified assemblage of all his labours might be moonshine—a flash in the pan —a Will-o'-the-wisp—a merely ephemeral gathering together of the productions of nature, the result of his unceasing and unwearied labours.

In thus giving vent to his grief, when tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and when truly "wearing the willow," he suddenly roused from his depressed condition, and, with a smile, expressed a hope that the work of his hands might yet be a spark from which, at some future period, a flood of light, by numerously radiating powers, might illuminate another generation of the scientific of their day, adding,

I do believe, even if I were aware that the whole of my collection, which has taken me a lifetime to procure and put in order, should be consumed by fire to-morrow, I should still set to work again, in good earnest, perseveringly and resolutely continuing to pursue that aristocratic (?) craft, which has always appeared to me to be my natural vocation; not, I admit, with the same pleasurable feeling, unless I could be satisfied and thoroughly convinced that my labours had a fair chance to benefit and instruct a future generation.

I wish to be understood, from what I have stated, as now speaking of the time *to come*, when *it* will be spoken of as the time gone by, just as the modern architect does when he admits the cementing superiority of the ancient thin mortar grout, compared with that of the present age—as the modern painter is wont to do, who candidly acknowledges the superiority of certain combinations of colours prepared by the ancients, as compared with those used by artists of the existing age, acknowledging and deeply lamenting the loss which all their ingenuity and all their scientific attainments can neither reproduce nor so efficiently replace.

Although, during our long, familiar intercourse and cordial friendship, we now and then had occasion to introduce private and not always agreeable

affairs, necessarily connected with an appeal to the finer feelings, affections, and passions generally, sufficient to tempt the lachrymal gland to shed its briny and crystal drops, yet, on no previous occasion, did I ever see the Squire shed a tear.

When we were about to leave the grotto, and return to the house, I quietly remarked, "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." The Squire immediately rejoined, "You never quoted a more true proverb, nor, probably, one more apropos; I do delight in natural history, and especially in a bit of bird-stuffing."

With a heart acutely sensitive—by nature delicately susceptible of the tenderest and most refined feelings and impressions, and ever brimful of sympathy and unbounded affection for his friends, or even for the stranger in difficulty or distress—how singular that I should never see Mr. Waterton give vent to his feelings, by a single tear, until the occurrence I have just named.

It seemed to me, that in order to reduce the Squire to a positively lachrymose condition, there was a something wanting beyond simple grief—that he must be roused by some additional suspicion betraying a want of confidence in the future, or by some mortification mixed up and amalgamated with his favourite natural history labours.

Mr. Waterton's great anxiety, manifested on all occasions, appeared to me not only that he should lead a spotless and untarnished life among his fellow men in all sublunary matters, but that he should be distinguished, for his high attainments, in those pursuits to which he had been so ardently and faithfully attached from infancy, and that his memory, in after ages, should be received by posterity with a feeling that he had at least done something worthy of a grateful recollection from the man of science and from the philosopher of a future generation.

For many years Mr. Waterton entertained an unconquerable horror of being the subject of an artist, consequently, it was only by a carefully preconcerted manœuvre arranged between the artist and myself, of which the Squire was entirely ignorant, that we succeeded in obtaining even the present unsatisfactory apology for the man. In accomplishing this I had to feign fatigue, and proposed to refresh myself by resting a while on the grass, and managing, by a little persuasion, to coax Mr. Waterton to adopt a similar course, so that he might be in such a position that it was impossible for him to see the artist or the camera. If he had caught the slightest glimpse of either one or the other, he would have bolted instantaneously,—hence the view of the back only,

Those, however, who were intimately acquainted with the Squire, during the last few years of his life, will have no difficulty whatever in immediately recognising the man, even from the present imperfect illustration, although so *very* incomplete.

Of course, I gladly sacrificed my own photograph, from its being necessary that I should continually talk to my companion, in order to divert his attention from the artist, and endeavour to keep him from any movement, if possible to do so, which was very difficult to do with a man having naturally so active a mind. In this photographic view of the man, without any previous intention, the lens has fortunately caught a portion of the well-known Lombardy poplar, which had been twice so terribly mutilated by lightning,

> . . . . "As when heaven's fire
> Hath scathed the forest oaks."

On telling the Squire that I believed we had been the chosen objects for the camera, he instantly assumed an erect attitude, and smilingly observed, "They might succeed in getting your face, but it was utterly impossible they could catch mine, as I had my back to them, and to that they are welcome," after which remark he made no further allusion to the subject, of which I was very glad, as I was a

MR. WATERTON AND THE AUTHOR PHOTOGRAPHED BENEATH THE LOMBARDY POPLAR.

little fearful that the march we had unsuspectingly stolen upon him might have been a source of annoyance and have ruffled his temper.

I then named a wish to photograph "John Bull and the National Debt," which was in the extension staircase, as I observed that, in my opinion, it would be an interesting object in the forthcoming little volume. He appeared delighted with the proposition, and said, he thought the "nondescript" and the "Church Reformation case" also, would photograph well, and, in high glee, brought them down stairs for that purpose himself. I suspected that his expression of countenance, which was generally communicative to the bystander, indicated amicable hostilities, betraying an inward intention to have a sly fillip against the Protestant Church, and so it was. The "Reformation case," he observed, in great hilarity, and with an intentionally caustic smile on his countenance, "would be specially gratifying, and absolutely a bonne-bouche to those professing religious sentiments as 'by law established.'" These subjects were attempted to be photographed, but that indispensable essentiality, daylight, had vanished, or, at least, so far deserted us that the "Reformation case" was a failure, whilst the "nondescript" was excellent.

By many, it will be recollected, that the "nondescript" was the frontispiece in an early work of

ing and benevolently intentioned, as to generously take charge of the supposed misdeeds of their neighbours, although, such high-minded disinterestedness might occasionally sacrifice the opportunity of attending to and correcting their own. Into such merciful hands, on the issue of that publication, was the Squire of Walton Hall tenderly committed.

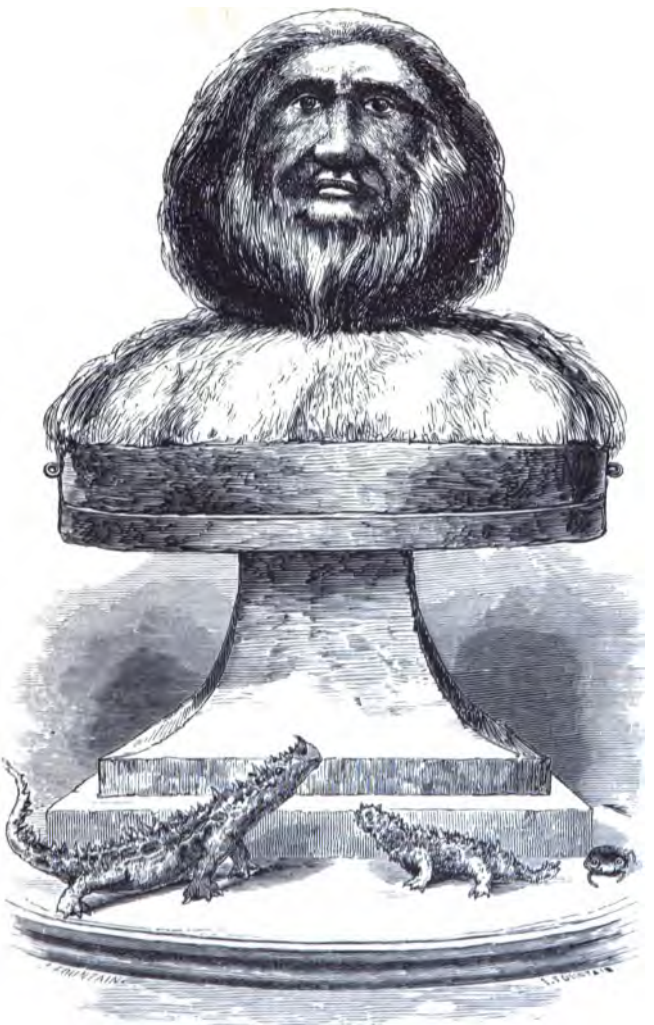
Suspicions, of the gravest and most diabolical character, were currently circulated, accompanied by dubious expressions, dismally long faces, and an awfully tremulous shaking of the head, evidently foreboding something sad in the sequel.

These vile insinuations and widely-disseminated under-currents rapidly gained ground, and lost nothing by their iterated repetition, verifying and thoroughly confirming the predication of the greatest of the Roman poets:—

"*Fama, malum quo non alind velocius ullum,*
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo."

"Rumour, than which no pest is more swift, increases by motion, and gains strength as she goes."

It was whispered that the Squire had, when in the "back woods" in South America, shot a native human being, and had actually "mounted" his head and a portion of his bust, after the fashion of his "setting up" ordinary natural history specimens, and



"THE NONDESCRIPT," IN THE EXTENSION STAIRCASE AT WALTON HALL

placed him in the grand staircase at Walton Hall, having bribed the custom-house officers to secure his safe transition through the grasping clutches of these vigilant guardians of the revenue.

Many were the severe and absolutely uncompromising remarks, and not a few nauseating aspersions, pointed at Mr. Waterton, in which certain parties indulged who professed to be in the secret, and who sapiently hinted that an inquest ought to be held on the "mounted" bust actually exposed in the Walton Hall Museum, in order that the Squire might be brought to condign punishment.

Malicious gnashing of the teeth, from *professing* friends, was currently whispered on the one hand, whilst on the other side of the question, wringing of the hands and affectionate lamentations were gravely deplored, in the most heart-felt regret, for "the poor Squire's unfortunate and pitiable position" in which it was reported he had so indiscreetly placed himself, and so recklessly played the part of the "dare devil,"—at least, a liberal amount of the surrounding residents for many miles had made up their minds to such a belief, and continued to resolutely maintain that opinion.

Time, however, without any very lengthened interval, convinced these deluded and would-be wise instigators of intended mischief, that this bust was simply

modelled from the skin of the head and bust of a monkey, and that Mr. Waterton had not dyed his hands in the blood of a human being.

It is my firm impression, that the Squire never entertained the slightest intention that this unique work of art should represent, by physiognomical similarity, any particular individual whatever.

Mr. Waterton had too much natural amiability of disposition — too much cultivated gentlemanly feeling, and was in possession of too great an amount of worldly policy, to be guilty of so flagrant and so uncalled for a voluntary and unprovoked sarcasm, or to commit himself to the possibility of a glaringly deserved rebuke from the lynx-eyed public.

The Squire had been at Corinth,—he was far too wide awake to be caught napping in connection with a subject so fertile in the possibility of mischief.

CHAPTER IX.

On one occasion, immediately before Mr. Waterton's return from Aix-la-Chapelle, which place he usually visited yearly, and where he had been staying for a considerable period, he addressed the following Letter to me:—

"My dear Sir,

'*Cernite sim qualis; qui modo qualis eram.*'*

"I may now say to myself, '*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti. Tempus abire tibi est.*'† Eating, drinking, and lounging, are so much in vogue here that there is no spare time for ornithology. The swifts left us a few days ago, and have probably reached their southern destination. You see they pretty nearly keep time with those in England.—Buzzards, owls, magpies, carrion crows, and ravens are not wantonly destroyed here, as in England, by our rascally gamekeepers. I can, therefore, always

* "Behold what I am, and what I was but a little while ago."

† "Thou hast trifled enough, hast eaten and drunk enough, 't is time for thee to depart."

have a peep at my favourites by going a couple of miles out of the town.

"Our Queen passed through here a few days since, but I did not get a look at her sacred Majesty.

"Your last kind Letter (without date by the way, never mind, it 's all one in the long run,) gave us great amusement, pleasure, and satisfaction. I had written to you once previously, since we became vagabonds, but as you made no mention of it, I conclude that my Letter got strangled on its way to Leeds. Bearing in mind the old saying, '*Qui amat periculum, peribit in illo,*'* we have given up the idea of visiting places where there is '*plurima mortis imago,*'† and shall quietly bend our returning steps to the well-known land of pride, heresy, and smoke.

"I here see fat and wealthy old sinners, a short time ago apparently bursting with beef and pudding, walking about now without assistance. They arrived with crutches, then hobbled in the course of a few weeks with two sticks, then with one stick, then with none at all.

"We shall return by Grenoble. In the vicinity of that ancient town is the famous Salette, for ever

* "He who loves danger will perish in it."

† "Death in full many a form."

memorable on account of the miraculous apparition of the blessed Virgin to the two shepherd children. We shall see all the wonders there,—and, on our return, you shall have a report of the result from my own mouth.

"The Doctors here seem to be a compound of homœopathists and non-bleeders. I think I shall write an essay on blood-letting, what say you?—please let me have your opinion; and if you would do penance, by giving me a few hours of your personal assistance, you would do a charitable deed, and if you were not one of the new faith, I would pray for your soul in purgatory, in case you go first, for, depend upon it, our souls will have vast difficulty in going to heaven in a straight line. '*Hæc scripsi non otii abundantiâ, sed amoris erga te.*'*

"Sincerely,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

The Squire's pretensions "to write an essay on blood-letting," could not, of course, under any circumstances, be seriously entertained for a single moment, but the difficulty I had to conquer was to convince him that such was the fact. When Mr. Waterton had once conceived an idea, which he unfor-

* "I have written this, not from having an abundance of leisure, but of love for you."

tunately now and then did without due consideration, and being naturally somewhat impatient under expressions of non-coincidence, it was not an easy matter nor a pleasant one either, to put an agreeable as well as an efficient break on to the rapid current of his hastily-determined intentions, without the infliction of momentary displeasure, or even an occasional approximation to offence.

In this instance, however, by a wholesome distribution of oil on the troubled waters, and by a gentle and persuasive hint that an essay on such a subject was neither his business nor his forte, and that professional etiquette, which was generally very unyielding, would taboo my treating any question of such a nature in unison with a non-professional man, I escaped without a scratch of disapprobation or of censure. The only observation he ever made on the subject being, "So you decline being joint author, although, I doubt not, that by such a union we might save many valuable lives. Your reasons," he further observed, "are probably good, at all events they are decisive, and I knock under."

The Squire certainly had, *in propria personâ*, practically experienced the effect of venesection in a wholesale degree, but never by dribblets, and had, undoubtedly, to my knowledge, frequently derived very great advantage from it; but Mr. Waterton

was naturally of so sanguine a temperament, that the benefit he gained on many occasions, when suffering acute pain, led him to believe that bleeding was a remedy in *all* cases, and thus deprived his judgment of maintaining an unbiassed value, which it would have assuredly secured in a less confident and a more coolly discriminating man.

Indeed, it cannot be denied that, to a certain extent—occasionally to a very unreasonable, and not unfrequently to a prejudicial one,—this failing, partaking so largely of pure empiricism, is, and has been, in all ages, too apt to prevail, even in the legitimately constituted healing art.

For instance, when any agent may have, in a therapeutic sense, beneficially exercised its curative influence, so as to afford the medical man an unusual and gratifying amount of satisfaction, and now and then have actually surpassed his most hopeful and confiding expectations, an impression and an unconquerable tendency are engendered, and generally so thoroughly established in its favour, as to render it exceedingly difficult to control his resorting to it too promiscuously—immoderately, or within rational bounds—hence the failure of many valuable and powerful agents, simply from their misapplication, and hence the sinking into unmerited neglect of what would be inestimable remedies if judiciously administered.

Mr. Waterton was willing to acknowledge that he himself was not entirely free from some characteristics, which certain parties thought fit to designate specialities, and even, in his presence, to stigmatise as eccentricities. This was too much for the Squire to patiently accept and endure; and, therefore, after calmly contending that what they were pleased to call eccentricities were few and trifling, he somewhat pungently observed, that "a moiety of the offences, at which they were carping, would not be noticed by any who had cut their wise teeth. The present age," he remarked, "was fertile in precocious and inexperienced popinjays, who officiously interfered by attempting to teach others, but who certainly ought to be in the learning and not in the teaching class." This was a knock-down blow for the intruding fault-finders, who had that moment indiscreetly indulged in quizzing, what they called, the Squire's eccentricity, and, unfortunately, in the hearing of his coachman, simply because he had fixed a notice in the saddle room of a prohibition to smoke in that room. As he frequently fed his cats there, he found the smoke disagreeable to him, and he also specially deprecated the use of tobacco in the immediate contiguity of all combustible matter.

The nut which Mr. Waterton had furnished to be cracked by the parties to whom I have just alluded

was not a sweet one, and the gentlemen, in due time, acknowledged their error by a singular mode of apology. They sent the Squire a bird "in the flesh," rare in the district, along with the following somewhat anomalous note:—

"Messrs. B— and N— send for Mr. Waterton's acceptance, a bird, they believe, never previously killed in Yorkshire, in exchange for their insolent remarks in the saddle-room, at Walton Hall, on the —— Inst., which they wish to retract, and sincerely apologise for an indiscretion which they are thankful to have had efficiently corrected."

I can well conceive that the Squire's manner, and expression of countenance, which, on such occasions, were any thing but agreeable, would be even more caustic than his sentiments declared on the occasion of those gentlemen's uncalled-for and officious interference, because, smoking was an accomplishment, of all others, for which he had no sympathy. Passing strange, however, as it may and certainly did appear to all at the time, the Squire, one cold winter's night, on my leaving the house for a thirteen miles drive, actually stood at the door with a burning spell in his hand, to light a cigar for me, in order, as he observed, "to keep out the cold," which kind offer had no similar antecedent at Walton Hall, but, notwithstanding this, I had the moral courage to

gratefully decline the well-intentioned overture on the part of Mr. Waterton.

Although the Squire's great abhorrence of the habit of smoking might be mixed up with a considerable amount of prejudice in opposition to what he delighted in calling "that disgusting habit," yet, his reasons, I am induced to believe, were chiefly and judiciously grounded on the universally-admitted danger of a probability of its setting fire to valuable property, frequently involving the loss of life, from accident or from carelessness, or from its being so constantly used by the free drinker, whose wits, when wine is in, are sure to be out.

I readily and cheerfully admit that smoking and drinking are not invariably, nor yet uniformly twin sisters, and further acknowledge, that they are but seldom, if ever, so closely associated in the upper classes, whilst it cannot be denied, that in the lower ranks of life, this double-relation-tendency or reciprocating affinity, is so unequivocally marked with apparently kindred feelings, that each habit seems to be a counterpart of the other.

In Mr. Waterton's early life and education, smoking was not known, much less recognised in good society; indeed, the perniciously soothing weed, in any form for that purpose, was not tolerated in his age, excepting among the humble grades. Any man

who would have dared to infringe on the then usual and ordinary rules of good breeding, by venturing to smoke in the street, which was deemed an unpardonable amount of assurance, would have been instantaneously sent to Coventry. Such were the then ordinary usages in all stations above mediocrity.

Impressions imbibed in early years, by naturally self-opinionative temperaments, have hitherto been invariably, and, I believe, correctly acknowledged to increase in ascendancy as life advances, until, at length, they amount to an undeviating conviction that their accuracy is infallible, and, undoubtedly, the old Squire was, some years before his death, an unflinching instance of the character now described.

There is, however, in the present age, one very marked feature, and a fearfully growing one, in the use of tobacco, in a banefully depraved direction, which was frequently dwelt upon and bitterly lamented by my old friend. This demoralising habit was even more repugnant to his feelings than any to which I have hitherto made reference. I allude especially to the abominable practice of smoking, now almost universally had recourse to, by mere children. No sooner has a stripling been divested of his feminine garb, than he is seen deliberately smoking his short pipe in the public streets. Wrapped up in the vainglorious supposition and affectation of manliness, he

does not attempt to conceal his disgusting transgression, nay, on the contrary, he openly and exultingly displays his malpractice, assuming and personating the man of apparent importance.

If an immoderate use of tobacco has a prejudicial influence over the adult, whose matured organs have a greater antagonistic and corrective resistance and power as antidotes, than what are possessed by immature organs,—we need not a Solomon to reveal to us the sure and fatal consequences entailed on the present as well as on a future generation.

This publicly and vauntingly displayed curse is, on all sides, acknowledged, as a reality; and a universal censure is indiscriminately and indignantly lavished on parents for their neglecting to restrain so pernicious a habit. A moment's reflection, however, furnishes a reply difficult of contradiction. How can a parent, with a pipe in his own mouth, admonish his child who is diligently walking in the footsteps of his father?

If Satan be deputed to correct sin, the reproof would be administered with a bad grace, and with little reasonable hope of its efficacy.

At Scarbro', in the Autumn of 1854, Mr. Waterton wrote to me, in his ordinarily enlivening and humorous vein, the following Letter:—

"My dear Sir,—We received your last communication with great pleasure, and read it with contented smiles. Having now taken our last dip in Neptune's briny wash-tub, nothing remains but to square accounts betwixt ourselves and good Mrs. Peacock, of Cliff No. 1., which we always arrange satisfactorily to both sides.

"To-morrow morning we shall leave Scarbro' with a sigh, and journey on to those gloomy regions, where volumes of Stygian smoke poison a once wholesome atmosphere; and where filthy drainage from hells upon earth is allowed by law, for the sacred rights of modern trade, to pollute the waters in every river far and near.

"To-morrow being our great detonating festival, I shall have a leisure hour to ruminate on the dreadful consequence of old Guy's atrocity, had he succeeded in blowing to atoms a few dozens of miscreants who ought all to have been hanged for their crimes against heaven and earth.

"The Vicar of this place is expected to be ferociously eloquent in the pulpit, in denouncing the horrors of Popery to a holy congregation of terrified old women."

In a previous Letter he writes,—

"Not having had a single line from us, you will naturally conclude that we have either forgotten you

(impossible), or that we have all gone to the bottom of the sea in a fishing-boat. We are all alive, and not far from our great festival, about to commemorate how Guy Fawkes and his holy squad did dabble in charcoal and saltpetre, to the utter consternation of all good Protestants. No doubt the Pontifex Maximus was at the bottom of all the intended mischief.

"The parson here will ascend his pulpit, and preach a sermon to warn his congregation of having any thing to do with the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender.

"You will be shocked to hear that Archdeacon ———, after having cruised for years among the shoals and sand-banks of heretical England, is on his way to the sea of eternal bliss—has gone bump ashore on St. Peter's rock. There he is, high and dry, and it is the universal opinion that, were all the steam-tugs of the country put into requisition, their united force would not be able to get him into deep water again.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

Mr. Waterton never objected, when in good feather, nay, he delighted to briefly indulge in a light and friendly argument, and, when supporting his own

creed, which he always did with great earnestness, and, I am thoroughly satisfied, with genuine sincerity, as well as with considerable force and ingenuity, he stoutly maintained that it was an extremely rare, if not an absolutely unknown occurrence, for a Protestant of a third generation, in unbroken succession, to survive and retain a beneficial interest in property confiscated from a Romanist; and that this punishment, inflicted as a Divine judgment, was sure, at all events, at no remote period, to detrimentally reach every such instance, whether lay or church patrimony or possessions.

In order to indulge, to corroborate, and to still more confirm his convinced imagination, as well as to generously favour us Protestants with an additional and enlightening rap on the knuckles, the Squire would calmly, but very determinedly, wind up his argument by saying, which he once did to a gentleman in my presence, "You now know my settled opinion, which has never been hidden under a bushel, but you shall have the benefit of another accredited assurance, infinitely surpassing any influence that my ipse dixit might contribute,—'*De male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres.*' 'A third heir seldom enjoys property dishonestly got.'"

At the moment, without in the slightest degree desiring or attempting to raise any argument, but

on merely questioning the accuracy or truth of this quotation, as regarded its known accomplishment in times gone by, Mr. Waterton, who, unquestionably, had a wonderfully retentive and correct memory in all genealogical matters, was, I admit, able to enumerate a series of family ancestry, in Yorkshire alone, to such an extent as to surprise, nay, to stagger his opponent in argument, and to apparently substantiate the quotation he had used, if not his own assertion, as to an unqualified and uninterrupted sequence by extinction beyond the third generation, to which he still most tenaciously adhered.

Probably, if the Squire's theory had been fairly and impartially tested by a searching and scrutinising examination of families generally, who had never enjoyed confiscated property at all, the result, by comparison, might have been similar in both cases, and, if so, Mr. Waterton's idolised idea, of its being a limitedly providential judgment, would fall to the ground. Under such circumstances, it might then, perhaps, be fairly conceded, that a partial and an undue leaning to the Roman Catholic side of the question had doubtless been, in a great measure, the basis for his entertaining the opinion he so staunchly maintained and promulgated.

This notion, so zealously and even religiously cherished by Mr. Waterton, was a specially favourite

crotchet with him, and was frequently introduced, during the whole period of our intimacy, whenever a familiar chit-chat accidentally took such a turn as to allude to the confiscation of property in former years, or to the adjudging, by forfeiture, of penalties to the public exchequer; and, with a man of so sanguine a temperament, and so naturally inclined to yield to the credulous, it did not surprise me to see him ride his hobby with doubtful discretion and somewhat unmercifully; a mode of argumentation, by the way, ill-calculated to gain converts. I am well aware that the Squire was not the first to broach the idea of the influence of a Divine judgment in the cases to which allusion has been made, and I merely name it, to record *his* definitive opinion on this subject, which, even in the present age, is contended by many to yet hang in equilibrium.

Having, in my immediately previous observations, introduced and directed attention to ancestry generally, I am forcibly, and, indeed, agreeably reminded of Mr. Waterton's own paternity, and, more particularly, as the natural animus of the man invariably displayed, by a variety of accidentally occurring circumstances, so much genuinely filial feeling. In three words, Virgil may have been acknowledged to have truthfully predicted and faithfully delineated the

subject of our Memoir,—"*Patriæ pietatis imago.*" "The image of filial affection."

His never-failing, enduring, and affectionate veneration, uniformly manifested for the memory of his late parents, was singularly gratifying to all around him; whilst this devoted and reverential esteem for their memory was more especially evidenced and convincing when recording any anecdotes or dubiously chronicled legends, relative to his father, which might have occurred forty or fifty years retrospectively.

The simple relation of these traditionary reflections of the mind, many of them strongly marked by the rust of antiquity, always appeared to give the Squire extreme pleasure. The respect and deference shown, on all occasions, to the judgment of his late father, on any and every subject, were remarkable, as, although Mr. Waterton was not unfrequently somewhat obstinate in not yielding to the very evidently correct opinion that might happen to be advocated by any ordinary friend, yet, if it suddenly or accidentally occurred to him that his deceased parent had held the opinion which his friend then entertained, and was maintaining, but, in opposition to which impression he himself was in direct antagonism, and was vigorously, nay, determinedly then resisting, he would at once alter his course, and

openly, and even somewhat exultingly, accord with his friend's conviction, which he had, up to this period, so diametrically opposed, and, occasionally, ventured to turn into ridicule or even derision.

The Squire, after a perceptibly internal struggle, and a grave self-condemnation as to the interpretation he had adopted regarding the question in dispute, would then say to his rival in argument,— "I must frankly own that I see, and am fully sensible of, the false impression under which I have laboured, and unreservedly acknowledge my error. I well remember, and with extreme pleasure, that the sentiments which you are now so ingeniously advocating were the very convictions entertained by my father; and, as his judgment and conclusive decisions, on all subjects, was so immeasurably superior to my own, I must draw in my horns, and cry *peccavi;*" "I have sinned." This must be admitted as a noble recantation in a man who had been so invariably accustomed to be "the lead horse in the team," or "to play the first fiddle"—in one who had seldom met with contradiction — who was naturally somewhat self-opinionated, and who was bordering on eighty years of age, a time of life when opinions are usually supposed to be irrevocably fixed or closely approximating immutability, — at least so says the world generally. We must admit, that when the

opinion of the world is all but universal, it would savour very strongly of an unwarrantable or a discourteous dogmatism to assert that it was in error, or to deny that where there is smoke there is sure to be some fire. "*Flamma fumo est proxima.*" "Flame is near akin to smoke."

If this can be, in honest truth, indubitably and correctly considered as an age of legitimate and veritable progress, as it is generally and even vauntingly stated to be, we should, at all events, *expect* to be frequently gratified by meeting with similar instances of an unpretending and modest deference, of the wayward son yielding to the sober and experienced judgment of the parent.

Is it so? Has the advanced and widely-expanded scheme of scholastic and moral education, so universally adopted, and, by some, affording such enthusiastic and wholesale approbation, together with such a signally boasted improvement in the training discipline of youth, substantiated the expectations of the sanguine supporters of the present vaingloriously approved system? Has the indulgent system, the overweening estimation on the part of the parent, in confiding to early, nay, to premature and inexperienced years, been judicious, or has it been a misplaced trust?

Do we, "now-a-days," see sons generally manifesting a respectful, a compliant, and a confiding deference to parents? I wish I could reply in the affirmative. On the contrary, are we not frequently grieved by witnessing in youth not merely an unwarrantably self-conceited and offensively arrogant estimation of their own abilities and acquirements, not merely contending for an indiscreet, a hap-hazard, or a go-a-head progress, but also openly and lavishly expressing contemptuous opinions of the judgment of "our old governor?"

Nay, we now and then, I regret being obliged to admit, see ignorance and self-sufficiency so closely interwoven and amalgamated in youth, that the son, although acknowledged by all to be immeasurably inferior in every respect to "the old governor," and, comparatively, in total darkness,—yet, we find him, instead of paying a youthful and deferential respect to age and to his parent, actually, with an insufferable assurance, disapproving and openly censuring the superior discrimination of the more enlightened and proficient parent.

If, in our inferential deductions, we are to be guided by the premature, inattentive, and off-hand manners of the present age, apparently the result of the recent system of discipline, it would appear as if there had been an encouragement adopted,

tending to the production of an undue and unbecoming precocity of intellect, the result of which short-sightedness is sure to ultimately defeat its own purpose, and, eventually, generate what a powerful author designates "the fools of paradise," who do not understand that which they profess to teach, and are too vain of their own imaginary attainments to learn knowledge from others.

The approving countenance, the absolutely laudatory encouragement, and the woefully mistaken zeal so invariably bestowed by parents upon their children, in order to promote and to advance precocity of intellect, is thoroughly destructive of healthy cerebral function, as also of general physical development.

The moment the mind takes an undue lead of the body, the normal condition of both is banefully interfered with.

If we have, from artificial measures, premature ripening of the brain, in all human probability we shall ultimately have to witness premature death, or, what is infinitely more deplorable, we may eventually calculate upon painful and permanent evidence of a lamentable and distressing imbecility of mental power in various degrees, but, to what extent, no human foresight can divine.

"*Modestè tamen et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne, quod plerisque*

accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt." "We should, however, pronounce our opinions with reserve and cautious judgment, concerning such eminent men, lest, as is the case with many, we condemn what we do not understand."

Mr. Waterton was, during his whole life, anxiously punctual and extremely exact in all his pecuniary transactions, ever having the greatest horror of being in debt. Indeed, the position of his being indebted to any one, however trifling the amount might be, or without consideration as to its having been recently incurred, was little less than an agonising condition for the Squire to realise. He also disapproved and excessively disliked all paper pecuniary payments, much preferring what he was pleased to call "solid tin" to a cheque, although it might bear the signature of an intimate friend, or even that of an acknowledged millionaire.

His management, or, in rigid truth, I ought to say, mismanagement of money, in any and every form, was unexceptionally anomalous; and, I trust, without incurring severe or even merited censure, I may add, that it was somewhat savouring of the last rather than of the present century. For instance, many years ago, he determined to encircle his park by a very high and substantial stone and mortar

wall; but, as he himself observed, "I had then no loose cash in my drawer with which to meet so indefinite, and, in all human probability, so large an expenditure, and although never reputed to be needle-witted in the acquirement of pounds, shillings, and pence, yet I trust that I had sufficient mother wit and inborn honesty in my composition to prevent my ever ordering any thing for the payment of which I should have had to borrow the amount; and catch me directing or authorising any thing to be done that I can't pay for. In that respect, at all events, I am a chip of the old block. Although this was my position, I firmly resolved, at all hazards, to gain my ends, and zealously set to work, by amassing reiterated instalments, in order to accumulate a substantial hoard, by frequent deposits of spare cash into my idolised safe, although of the vegetable kingdom only, until it should contain five hundred sovereigns, the predetermined sum requisite for the commencement of my intended 'castle in the air.'

"This being accomplished, in my humble opinion, by a laudable and thrifty economy, yet without descending to the cheese-parings system, which I ever did and ever shall abominate, I at once engaged masons to build the then contemplated, but now existing and circumjacent wall, which I had so long

and so anxiously set my heart upon; but it was commenced with a most distinctly mutual understanding that, when the last sovereign was drawn from its hiding-place, the masons should instantly cease their labours, although this state of poverty (that is, when the drawer should have yielded its last sovereign), might accidentally occur on a Friday night, and not on Saturday, the usual wage night. It was fortunate, for the sake of preventing any misunderstanding, that such a prophetic provision had been previously arranged, as it did so occur;—that is, my hitherto fund-supplying treasury pleaded '*nulla bona*,' 'no effects;' there was, consequently, a 'suspension of payment,' and I therefore, strictly according to our pre-arrangement, discharged 'every man jack' on the Friday night until further orders.

"My favourite deal drawer was at once a receiving, a protecting, and a subsidising depository, over which I kept an argus-eyed guard, as the lock, having been manufactured in an age of greater honesty and less roguery than the one to which I allude, was of ancient and simple construction. This affianced custodian of my pecuniary capital was subsequently again and again replenished by frequent spare cash reserves, until it had gratefully admitted and ultimately as liberally yielded the last sovereign needful to complete the noble barrier which

now stands as an invaluable and permanent rock of defence between the poacher and myself, and within which I can, with pleasure, and at all events, figuratively, echo the following lines:—

'I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.'

"On suspending all building operations by discontinuing the masons, as I have already stated, agreeably to the contract antecedently and mutually endorsed on the commencement of their labours, until my sovereigns should increase in number, a professing friend, about whom I always had my own well-balanced opinion, and that a suspicious one, officiously and impertinently censured this act of mine, by remarks unworthy of a gentleman, and of much too coarse a nature to be gratifying, or even palatable to me, but I speedily settled his unnecessary and discourteous interference, by simply asking him if I had performed my portion of the original contract. He replied, 'abstractedly, you have.' I then observed, Sir, when my father disapproved of any thing I was saying, or was evidently about to say, in the presence of a third party, he would very audibly whisper, '*tace* is the Latin for a candle,' which

was tantamount to saying, hold your tongue, and dont make such a fool of yourself. This, Sir, is the observation I should have thought it my duty to have made to you, if a third party had been present, which, unfortunately, is not the case."

I admit the extreme severity of the rebuke, yet, probably, an overwhelming majority of my just, equitable, and high-principled readers may be induced to concede even its necessary propriety, as, the Squire observed, it required a giant's blow, or something tantamount to steam power, to level this gentleman with the ordinary usages of society.

When I expostulated with the *sovereign* hoarder and store-keeper, in the most gentle way imaginable, as to the possibility or even probability, of robbery in his own house, and the very evident insecurity and inexpediency of treasuring up so large a sum in an ordinary deal drawer, and also, in a financial point of view, as regarded the loss of interest whilst the sovereigns were accumulating, he remarked, in apparently intense gravity, that, "according to the political aspect of the times in which we live and are so unmercifully taxed, the money is quite as safe in my favourite drawer as it would be in the Bank of England, and I shall have infinitely more pleasure in paying the masons in solid gold than in flimsy paper, which a drunken mason might accidentally

use in order to light his pipe, and thus, by this simple inadvertence or sottish stupidity, deprive his family of sustenance for the next month. I will have nothing to do with the shadow when I can lay hold of the substance.

"I am well aware," continued the Squire, "that your Leeds merchants, who are keen, crafty, and wide awake in 'their generation,' would have designated me a flat, or, according to the fashionable slang of the present day, 'a muff,' and would have regarded me as having taken leave of my senses, by robbing my sovereigns of daylight for so long a period, and myself of interest for the cash in reserve, or, as they would have commercially contended, in a useless heap; but this is a question which I shall not contest, as I strongly suspect that ninety-nine out of a hundred would vote against me in this new-fangled age, which means, make money honestly if you can, but if not honestly, yet make it, as my old favourite, Horace, whispered to me in my Stonyhurst days, and which sentiment, some parties, who are prepared to sail as near the wind as possible, now cordially endorse, although I never did, and most assuredly never shall so steer my craft, although I should live to number the days of Old Parr."

CHAPTER X.

I HAVE previously hazarded the liberty and propriety of alluding to Mr. Waterton's politics, which were of somewhat singular texture, and I think the opinion then recorded is pretty accurately corroborated by the following Letter to me:—

"My Dear Sir,—I shall not vote. You know my sentiments. If driven to extremities, I had rather be slain by the sword of a Tory at noon-day than be stabbed at midnight by the muckfork of a sinuous, tortuous, treacherous Whig. As for the Radicals—poor needy devils!—they would take the last remaining farthing from my breeches pocket, and then leave me to shift for myself. What a patriotic trio! Poor Britain! I pity thee from my heart. True patriotism is banished from thy once independent realm. What with Jew, and what with Gentile, thy Parliament House will soon want a Lord Protector with his whitening brush. 'Sir Harry Vane!' The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane.

"I am just returned from Lancashire, where I have spent a most delicious week with the holy

Jesuits at Stonyhurst. Their arrangements for the Christmas merriments were so admirably seasoned with ingredients to warn you on your passage to a better world, that it would be almost impossible to say whether the soul or the body received the greater benefit. Would that you had been there. As your unavoidable engagements cut us off from an opportunity of telling you by word of mouth, how sincerely, how fervently, we wished you a merry Christmas, let us hope that nothing will interfere on New Year's Day, to prevent our shaking you by the hand, and saying, at the same time, 'a happy, happy new year' to one whose friendship is ever dear to us, and whose professional services to us are beyond all estimation.

"In addition, I wish to show you two magnificent toads, which have been sent to me in spirits from Bahia, and which are now ready for a distinguished place in the Museum.

"And lastly, I feel a vehement inclination to gratify you with a view of your old friends, the Reformers of the Church as by law established. I am also anxious that you should invite me to eat a bit of mutton, or even a morsel of bread and cheese with you, under your hospitable roof, any day next week.

"Ever sincerely and faithfully,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

On the occasion of any official declaration, by the sovereign, of a general fast, or any thing of a similar character, I was sure to fall heir to a little good-natured raillery or friendly sarcasm from the Squire, as the following Letter will amply testify:—

Walton Hall, Friday.

"My Dear Sir,—Your Proclamation is excellent, and cannot be mended, saving, that a box of 'Squire Watterton's Pills' ought to be directed to be on the side-board the following day.

"I am just writing to Mr. ——, with a request that he will come and have a drop of broth with us on Sunday. How lucky it will be if you are obliged to be professionally in Wakefield on that day. Kindest remembrances from your patient, who is much better. Thanks for this to the incomparable Doctor Hobson.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Ever truly yours,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

Anxious, for various reasons, (which it is unnecessary that I should here explain), not to introduce a greater number of my late friend's Letters than would, as much as possible, simply, faithfully, and accurately delineate his true character, I have not,

although in possession of upwards of a hundred, and frequently placed in a tantalising and tempting position, yielded to the desire to do so, nor have I indulged in the quotation of a single line, unless, from a stern conviction, that I deemed it absolutely necessary to illustrate some peculiar trait of disposition, natural propensity, or some singularly inherent and pervading spirit of this man, so remarkable in many points of view, and so matchless in his natural history attainments.

It will, I feel confident, be freely and willingly admitted, that no written description, however carefully drawn, short of the Squire's own identical sentences, words, and ideas, could convey to the reader so vivid and correct an imagination, or represent so life-like a form, as the Letters themselves, which are so unique, so pithy, and so original; and, it must be remembered, that these communications were, one and all, written without the slightest conception of their ever meeting the eye of the public;—therefore, we have here, without a particle of affectation or intentional concealment, Charles Waterton himself, in his spontaneously free, normal, and undressed colours;—for instance,

"My Dear Sir,—If I should have sufficient strength, after this day's Government fast (think of a fast appointed by a Government which ridicules

the fast of Advent, and sets that of Lent at utter defiance), I will be with you at the usual time. God bless and protect you.

"Most sincerely,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

Some writer, in alluding to Mr. Waterton's extraordinary muscular activity, wonderful nerve, and evident contempt of danger, has expressed surprise at his maintaining his youthful propensities, together with such vast energetic power, and unusual daring intrepidity, when verging on forty years of age, substantiating his astonishment by the following quotation from the Squire's own pen.

"During our stay in the Eternal City, I fell in with my old friend and schoolfellow, Captain Jones. Many a tree had we climbed together, in the last century, and, as our nerves were in excellent trim, we mounted to the top of St. Peter's, ascended the Cross, and then climbed thirteen feet higher, where we reached the point of the conductor, and left our gloves upon it.

"After this we visited the Castle St. Angelo, and contrived to get on to the head of the Guardian Angel, where we stood on one leg."

I introduce the above quotation now, which had, up to this time, singularly enough, entirely escaped

my recollection, although Mr. Waterton had often named to me this daring and dangerous climbing frolic. An allusion to it here, is especially made, in order to still further establish and verify the really boyish predilections of the Squire, by reminding and directing the reader's particular attention to a simply sportive freak of his already recorded by me, namely, his concealing himself under a table, and imitating the growling rage of a savage dog, when his years numbered nearly four-score, which practical joke he not only excessively enjoyed at the moment, but, in high glee, and with all the animation and gaiety of juvenescence on his part, reported to a friend, who accidentally arrived soon afterward.

On the last occasion of his playing this practical joke, I gently hinted at the fortuitous hazard incurred, stating that many instances were recorded, on undoubted authority, when even permanent aberration of the mind had been the result of such a sudden and unexpected shock to the nervous system. The Squire, in perfectly good humour, and with a positively atoning smile beaming on his countenance as an apparent peace-offering, rejoined, "Doctor Hobson, you have spoken discreetly, whilst I have acted indiscreetly. I realise the danger to which you have alluded, having myself read of such issues as you state. If I ever again play a similar trick, you

shall flog me with a cat-o'-nine-tails. It shall not be said of me, as a Yankee observed, when in conversation with me, 'Things have come to a pretty pass when a man is not allowed to flog his own nigger,'—you, however, shall have the signal privilege of flogging your own friend, if such a chastening correction should be deserved in future."

I have here cheerfully alluded to this perilous ascent, in corroboration of Mr. Waterton's statement, in order to observe that the late Captain Jones himself detailed to me all the circumstances connected with this sky-larking defiance of danger.

Mr. Waterton's universally-acknowledged familiarity with the habits of the "beasts of the field and the fowls of the air," was, I suspect, unparalleled, which rendered him not only a "Triton among the minnows," and exquisitely amusing to all, but a marvellously instructive and enlightening companion to any friend partial to the captivating study of natural history. If a positive knowledge was wanting of any diffidently stated or unauthenticated peculiarity, or of a recognition of the habit of any bird, which had been recorded on equivocal authority,—or if his memory failed him as to any habit, which, singular to say, at his age, it rarely did, he would observe, "We must ascertain this point without a doubt as

to its positive accuracy from actual and careful observation, so as to be sure that we make no blunder, or we might undeservedly appear in the category of simply closet naturalists. We must study nature where she is, and on no occasion by deputy nor by plagiarism. She is never to be found in the library, nor in the drawing-room, excepting (if I may be allowed the metaphorical expression,) through the medium of the telescope."

This, the telescopic mode of procuring a sound and unerring knowledge of the habits of birds and of animals, is really, in all cases where it is practicable, infinitely preferable even to that which is generally termed "field" in contradistinction to "closet ornithology." For instance, all birds, assembling on the "little island," in the centre of the lake at Walton Hall, are in a locality inducing them to believe that they are free from the haunts of man, and, consequently, under this confident impression of their undiscoverable privacy and entire seclusion, as well as being located in a position of entire freedom from disturbance, appear and act unpremeditatedly and in a thoroughly spontaneous manner. Having no knowledge of a detecting nor of a supervising eye being placed over them by the telescope, there is nothing to limit nor to cramp their ordinary acts —their likes or dislikes—their desires or their objec-

tions—which is that precise condition in nature so desirable but so difficult to secure.

When there is no human agency, nor unusual external influence being exercised over them, tending to control any sudden impulse of feeling, you then see them "*in puris naturalibus*," that is, in the reality of nature,—and, by careful telescopic observation, you have the rare and eligible opportunity of acquiring a clear and unerring insight into the unsuspecting and unbiassed actions and habits of this type of organised life, guided by instinct. You see their habits intuitively directed to adopt beneficial and reject hurtful operations, not merely for the moment, not limited to the present only, but, by instinct, wonderfully and discriminately selected, and hence, extended for their good to the future.

How nearly do instinct and reason approximate,—how closely they verge and tread on each other's heels,—they are assuredly within call, nay, they frequently *appear* to absolutely amalgamate.

We see a half-starved and hungry dog pick up a scrap of offal, thrown from the butcher's stall into the dirty street, and, consequently, offensively and unpalatably soiled with various impurities. His appetite may be ravenous, yet he refuses, in its filthy condition, to masticate the prize he has laid hold of, in order to satisfy his craving hunger.

The animal at once recognises the necessity of cleansing the spoil he has obtained, and, with his front teeth only, he grasps a small portion of the unsavoury treasure, in its then disagreeable condition, and shakes it with a vengeance, until it is freed from its gross impurities. Having effectually carried out the object he had in view, he greedily, and with an evident relish, devours that which was recently offensive, but which is now made sufficiently pure for him by his own device.

Another instance of a close approximation of instinct and reason, may be deduced from the feathered tribe. In the farm-yard, among the poultry, we see the male bird, from a feeling of admiration and affection for the softer sex, sedulously scratching the dunghill in anxious search of worms, or of imperfectly digested cereal produce, for his feminine associates; and when his labours are rewarded with success, he stands erect for the moment, with his head raised aloft, loudly calling by a peculiar "chuck, chuck, chuck," for some lady pet, to whom he may bestow the delicate morsel he has secured and which he holds in his beak for her acceptance.

It must be admitted, that immediately successive and evidently projected intentions are, in many instances, put in force by the male bird in order to accomplish an end, which appears to be foreseen.

The first intention that chanticleer proudly entertains, is, in his gallantry, to unmistakeably indicate some marked attention to the weaker vessel, or, in other and more complimentary terms, to the fair sex, in conceiving the idea of procuring a "tit-bit" for some favourite, by adopting Doctor Kitchiner's sentiment, namely, a thorough conviction that "the way to the heart is through the medium of the stomach."

The male bird clearly knows *where* to find the food he requires, and he is equally conversant with a knowledge *how* to procure it; he also knows that he can, by an intelligible signal,—a language of his own,—secure the presence of another, to whom he desires to give the food he finds. Sometimes, whilst actually holding the prize he has discovered, he makes his well-understood signal, by crying "chuck, chuck, chuck;" on other occasions, immediately on perceiving it, he resorts to his signal, and, on the hen's arrival, points to it with his beak, or picks it up and gracefully presents it to her.

An accurately observing and very intelligent friend, on whom I can thoroughly depend, informs me that he had, some years ago, a goldfinch which was passionately fond of the soft interior of household bread. If, however, a crust was offered to the songster, it was always accepted, but, the cunning bird, with consummate skill, immediately dropped the gift into

his drinking reservoir, and invariably allowed it to remain in the water until rendered sufficiently soft for easy deglutition, when it would sagaciously, and of its own accord, fish it out, and use it as choice and delectable food. My friend assures me that this was done without any previous instruction whatever.

There is no "glorious uncertainty of the law" existing with birds and animals, "*ferœ naturæ*," "in a state of wild nature;" with them might is right, and an admission of this acquired authority or dominion is yielded and permanently established and witnessed on all sides, without the aid of magnifying power. You unerringly ascertain, on both land and water, that there is not merely non-resistance, not simply a capitulation under certain circumstances for the moment, but it is evidenced as a permanency, by a run-away, a swim-away, or a fly-away retreat. The less powerful or less courageous rival for monarchy on land or on water soon discovers that its position is an untenable one, and, in future, submissively occupies that station in the degree of mastership, in relation to its associates, which a superiority in courage or physical force has awarded it. Nature, in her nude state, has few difficulties to encounter or to contend with, since each species speedily claims and as resolutely maintains its precise and previ-

ously acquired and recognised position as regards the various degrees of supremacy, or even despotism in some few species, which appear to inherit an innate spirit of tyranny.

The Squire himself was, for a number of years previously to his death, inestimably indebted to the telescope, for a wholesome correction of many early-conceived and erroneous impressions of the habits of various birds, having unwittingly picked up ill-founded impressions, by a sort of universal yet unauthorised consent, that such and such birds were the subjects of such and such habits; whereas, the telescope, when brought to the rescue, soon set him right, as it invariably and infallibly does correct and put an end to all mere assumption and closet ornithological theories, as well as to the speculations of a romantic or fanciful brain. Unfortunately, sanguine temperaments, when pursuing and professing to closely examine the intricacies of natural history, as in other sciences which require great circumspection and positively absolute facts, take many things for granted which have no existence excepting in a stretch of imagination, or in the fumes of fancy, so that no dependence can be, with any confidence, placed on their statements,—hence, habits which actually do exist are passed over without the slightest

notice, whilst those existing only in imagination are promulgated as realities.

This is a great and a growing grievance, and a lamentable cause of retarding truth and accuracy in natural history publications, because few authors have the desired opportunity of practically gaining for themselves the accurate information necessarily required for the correction of unfounded impressions, and are, consequently, driven (that is, if they are determined to write,) to publish opinions and statements formed by and gathered from their general reading on these subjects, or from direct plagiarism derived from visionary or unauthorised sources,—and thus are errors, or, indeed, decided misstatements, perpetuated from one generation to another.

In the ordinary and every-day occurrences in life, we continually find it acknowledged that verbally expressed, and even written statements, need frequent, and, indeed, severe correction. Now, if common occurrences, which are every body's business, require an expostulating and a redressing influence, how can we reasonably expect to find natural history statements, which are studied comparatively by few,—and those comprising the sanguine as well as the indolent,—I say, how can we expect such a medley of descriptions to be in a position entitled to claim exemption from such a chastisement?

The man who writes a book, on the heterogeneous subjects of natural history, for the sake of pecuniary profit, which is, I suspect, generally an unproductive as well as an infelicitous speculation, or, that he may acquire honorary distinction as an author, without being deeply, and, I may add, naturally imbued by a devoted and inherent love for the science, and without a thorough knowledge of the elementary details and foundation of this charming study, is not the man to instruct. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who peruse such a book, with a view to gain correct knowledge in the varied departments of natural history, may be much pleased and highly *amused*, and very reasonably and justly so, according to the ability, the skill, or the refined taste of the author, but its inevitable inaccuracy and indisputably vague definitions, as regards nature, will always debar its being a base by which the learning ornithologist can be safely or invulnerably guided in the attainment of his wants.

Any one, who dares to call himself a naturalist, ought never to be in a position entitling him to claim the privilege of its being necessary to shelter himself under an ignorance of a habit of any bird or animal, by using the expression, *generally*. The path of nature is undeviating, and may be fancifully assimilated to the skin of the Ethiopian, or to

the laws of the Medes and Persians, which change not. Nature always says it is, or it is not. She invariably deals in stern individualities, and never indulges in dubious nor in undefined generalities, —of course, monstrosities excepted.

We should remember that we may, by earnest and assiduous labour, but, most assuredly, not without it, attain a position to require only a comparatively trifling amount of shelter in consequence of our ignorance in this branch of science. On the other hand, if we calculate upon possessing an accurate knowledge of God's varied works in creation as a congenital gift, we labour under a grievous and a really inexcusable error, and one which can never be compensated by any substitute. Nature no more furnishes us with this knowledge without the utmost exertion of our energies, than she bestows virtue without the shoulder being put to the wheel. "*Natura non dat virtutem; nascimur quidem ad hoc, sed sine hoc.*" "Nature does not bestow virtue; we are born indeed to it, but without it."

Inasmuch as it is extremely difficult and almost impossible to secure favourable opportunities in order to rigorously investigate some habits, therefore, when we can, by means of the telescope, witness any acts absolutely exercised, it is essential, for the sake of accuracy, and to prevent the possibility of mistake,

by trusting to memory, that we should jot down the facts ascertained at that very moment, when such well-authenticated truths are before our eyes, nay, are actually discovered and determined, leaving nothing for memory to supply,—a wrinkle is thus added, confirmed, or destroyed in the book of nature.

The Squire, in all his numerous and unusually long-continued natural history pursuits, had invariably three simple and elementary objects in view, viz., the discovery of a habit hitherto unrecorded—the verification of those already enrolled and generally admitted in natural history—and the irrefutable correction of those resting on hearsay or equivocal evidence, or on the theoretical, the fanciful, and the questionable contributions emanating from the closet, the latter of which provokingly unacceptable consignments to the public were surprisingly numerous.

Mr. Waterton would say, when in a facetious or jocose humour, "If it be necessary to eat a peck of salt at a man's table before you can be said to know him, what length of time and close observation is it reasonable to suppose, would be required to become a proficient in the absolutely practical knowledge of the habits of birds and of animals? On working this out by the rule of three, you will find the result will be a man's lifetime, and an indefinite period beyond that as a remainder; and

even this remainder, let me tell the off-hand and take-for-granted naturalist, will be no atom."

Mr. Waterton, I believe, never manifested the slightest disposition, during any period of his life, to attempt to tame or to domesticate wild animals, and certainly never sanctioned nor approved of such an essay being made by any other person in the lengthened span of our intimacy; indeed, the deprivation of the liberty of either bird or beast was distasteful in the extreme to the tender-hearted naturalist, and was by him sternly deprecated.

If any one ever suggested, or desired the domestication of a wild animal, of any species whatever, the Squire would instantly and determinedly oppose the proposition, contending against it with a countenance betraying an inward horror, which was expressive of its being the *avant-coureur*, the harbinger of a future cruelty, to which he could never be persuaded to consent, much less approve. He would, in a firm but subdued tone, say, that he never could endure to witness desert nature repulsively disfigured and painfully tormented during life.

The Squire also insisted, that if even the mildest form of domestication, or, assuredly, of incarceration, should be once unfortunately conceived and indulged in—if the thin end of the wedge should be

once introduced, that it would, in a great number of cases, lead to tribulation or torture, and, indeed, to his positive knowledge, had, in some instances, terminated in the greatest barbarity, but one fortunately seldom seen in a civilised country.

The Squire's argument was grounded and uniformly exemplified by adducing, in his brief but telling phraseology, "the inhuman cage confinement of birds," and especially on that of the bullfinch, which, he contended, if viewed in the most favourable light that any deprivation of liberty could claim, was nothing less than imprisonment, nay, solitary confinement, for life. And callous and unimpressible as all endowed with right feeling must admit such an infliction on innocent and unsuspecting nature, yet it was but the first act in the tragedy.

The second link in the chain of its afflictions, the teaching it music, he contended, although mild by comparison, had its numerous discomforts and annoyances, very frequently from the inconsiderate and case-hardened austerity of its teacher. For instance, when birds are taught to perform or to do certain acts requiring (in order to accomplish such unnatural feats,) severe and long-continued training, it is found necessary to deprive them of all food for a protracted period, so that they may especially enjoy their rations which are given to them immediately

after their training lesson, as it is supposed that the poor creature, after a little time, ascertains that this food is given as a reward or a bribe for its obedience. When it is supposed to be requisite to punish a bird, the trainer takes it in his left hand, and with a flirting or jerking action of his right thumb and long finger, hits the bird on the scalp,—and sometimes these fillips are of a flint-hearted character.

When poor "bully," as the bird-catchers call him, has been made, in the art and execution of vocal music, as perfect, under existing circumstances, as human skill can inculcate, his brutal and avaricious teacher, believing that there can be a still further improvement, a more melodious and attractive vocalization, secured in his pupil, by obliterating his vision, hesitates not to perforate the pupil of each eye with a red hot needle, hoping, by this cruel act, to improve his intonation and also secure some other additional refinement, and, consequently, to obtain a more extravagant remuneration for him.

Mr. Waterton, when abroad, had several times seen the bullfinch in this deplorable condition, and there appeared, from what he could learn, to be no doubt but the poor creature, in order to "pass dull time away," when ruthlessly and inhumanly deprived of the faculty of vision, is driven to amuse himself by singing more frequently than he otherwise would

do, if his attention were occupied and amused by seeing the various objects around him. I may add, that the Squire stated he was not sufficiently skilled in the science of music, to be able to distinguish with accuracy whether the loss of eyesight certainly tended to improve the acquired vocal powers of the songster. He also remarked, that he had known many instances, in England, of the linnet being deprived of vision, but he knew not by what means. The chief reason for this savage act is grounded on the supposition that by depriving the bird of one sense, namely, that of seeing, the other senses become more acute, perfect, and refined.

I understand that, in England, the linnet frequently suffers, by bird-fanciers, this merciless and cold-blooded barbarity, by an apparently less torturing, but certainly by a longer-continued, and, probably, in reality, by a still more excruciatingly painful operation. The means these bird-fancying miscreants adopt, is the application of intensely heated iron, or some other metal similarly prepared, for a continued period, in such close approximation to the eyes as to produce a degree of inflammatory action sufficiently intense to entirely destroy their healthy organization, and to induce consequent loss of vision, which is the entire aim of these mean-spirited and mercenary recreants.

Although we can not literally assimilate "poor bully," nor the harmless linnet, however mutilated and disfigured in aspect, to any thing strictly monstrous, even under the most aggravated circumstances, yet we are figuratively reminded of Virgil's line relative to Polyphemus the Cyclops:—

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

"A monster horrible, mis-shapen, huge, and deprived of his eye."

It has been previously stated that Walton Hall did not abound with game;—and the reason then assigned was, the heavy cost and extreme difficulty of preserving the manor, in addition to the frequently consequent sacrifice of human life. A more matured recollection furnishes me with other representations, creating additional stumbling-blocks in the way of accomplishing all that could be desired in the way of preservation of game, which ought not to be omitted without some explanation.

It is a universally acknowledged fact, that hares, in order to be in a healthy and productive condition, require variety of food and distant feeding ground. Now these essentials, within the park walls at Walton Hall, are necessarily limited, the amount of arable land being trifling, and the feeding ground unfortunately in close proximity with that in which

they make their forms in which to rest; and, whensoever hares are very numerous on a limited space, they soon become infected with what keepers call the "rot," very many dying off, and those that "pull through" are not fit for the table, at all events for six or eight months.

The nesting ground for partridges is good and safe, if the weasel be "kept under," as the ground is dry, and there is always a plentiful supply of water, but there is a lamentable dearth of arable land, and, consequently, an insufficiency of cereal crops to sufficiently attach and endear them to their birth-place,—and, by straying out of the manor in quest of seeds, turnip and potatoe cover, as well as basking ground, they are often picked up on the outskirts by the straggling poacher.

Pheasants, being very fond of roosting and of cover, if artificially supplied with Indian corn, buck wheat, or some other equivalent, do remarkably well at Walton Hall;—indeed, the Squire had, beyond all doubt, ample proof of this in by-gone days.

One day, on paying Mr. Waterton a casual visit, and immediately observing that his temper was somewhat ruffled,—which irritated condition his countenance always speedily betrayed,—I enquired if he was poorly, or if any thing had distressed him,

when he excitedly replied, "Yes, I am grieved to the back bone, Mr. ——, whom you would just now meet in the carriage-road, and who professes to be enchanted and in raptures with the works of God's creation, has just left the house; and, what do you think? he coolly turned up his nose at my Bahia toad, calling it 'an ugly brute.'

"That a gentleman, avowing himself a lover of natural history, and pretending an anxiety to work in the same vineyard with me, should profanely designate one of God's creation 'an ugly brute,' was enough 'to put me out' for a week,—so I left him in the staircase to his own cogitations."

This was a mode of manifesting indignation or displeasure not entirely free from objection, and was one which, indisputably, few persons would have adopted under similar circumstances, as the Squire, doubtless, by his remorseless countenance and unpalatable manner, did not conceal from the gentleman that he shelved him in evident umbrage.

When we, however, make reasonable or privileged allowances for the peculiar idiosyncracy of the man, in consequence of his positive adoration of the works of creation, and also for the light in which he very probably received the unguarded, and, certainly, the unfortunately selected expression of his casual natural history visitor, there was then much to be said

on behalf of Mr. Waterton, and in extenuation of his sore annoyance at this manifestly unintentional offence on the part of the stranger.

This, like some other of our friend's little failings, (and who is free from a sprinkling of imperfections?) had an origin and a foundation grounded on a sacred feeling, which, by some, might be considered as more than compensating for the intentionally ungracious desertion of a gentleman in his own house, and yet offering no correcting nor reproving observations to the offending party in proof of his disapprobation, which mode of condemnation was not the usual one with the Squire. In fact, as a general rule, he was instantaneously "down upon" those whom he conceived unreasonably differing in opinion with him, and, occasionally, where the dissent savoured of officiousness, and, when he had his antagonist fairly "*inter malleum incudem*," "between the hammer and the anvil," in rather a rough-and-ready fashion. He was implicitly impressed with the idea that every thing in nature was beautiful, and, consequently, could not see any thing disgusting in the toad, which he would handle, nay fondle, apparently with the greatest delight. He would expatiate, in evident pleasure, on its eyes, "those brilliant luminaries of vision," upon its utility to man, notwithstanding his ingratitude, in return for its destruction

of the despoiling insect families. He would dwell upon its harmlessness, and upon its general appearance, as an object of interest and admiration, with evident pleasure.

Mr. Waterton always entertained and manifested such a profound respect for the Deity, and, indeed, absolute veneration for every thing created by or associated with his potentiality or his sacred attributes, that he could seldom even sanction an expression of disapprobation of any of God's works, much less endure appellations, in the slightest degree repulsive, to be applied to any object whatever within the range of natural history, without, what he termed, giving a "Rowland for an Oliver," yet, in this isolated instance, he signally failed in his wonted effective retort, his displeasure being such as to entirely destroy his ordinary presence of mind, which was usually in the ascendant.

CHAPTER XI.

FOR a very long time I have carefully preserved many of Mr. Waterton's Letters written to myself, without any special reference to the character of their contents, not, however, until recently, with any idea or pre-determined intention of *my* applying them to their present purpose, but with a hope that they would be useful to some other surviving friend who might, and, I doubted not, would feel an anxiety to rescue their hitherto hidden recital and the good deeds of this extraordinary man from oblivion.

Indeed, at one period, I had entertained a rather confident, and, certainly, a pleasing idea, that some Jesuit, or a combined phalanx of that fraternity, to whom the Squire was such a hospitable, considerate, and warm-hearted friend, would have been naturally induced, or, in naked truth, would have been tempted to have written *the life* of their noble and generous benefactor, and I then determined, that not only should Mr. Waterton's Letters to me be at their unlimited service, but that I should have been, in addition, delighted to have furnished the author, or

the incorporation of authors, with all the information that I was master of, from which they might have selected or rejected at pleasure.

Of course, it would have been little less than an insane act, on my part, to have contemplated, and, still more so, to have attempted to write *the life* of a man, of whose *early* antecedents I was totally ignorant—of the first half of whose life I literally knew nothing—and of whose family ancestry I was comparatively ignorant, knowing little more than what the ordinary newspapers of the day brought to light, when the good man had ceased to exist.

It will, then, be evident, that I never meditated any thing beyond a brief sketch of the retained and deeply impressed reminiscences of my friend, and I should, in truth, bitterly lament if a single sentence should have escaped from my pen which would have been contrary to the wishes of the deceased.

The Squire's spontaneous, his voluntary, and his uninvited acts never failed to be of a noble character. His chief objects, when fairly relaxed from his various and numerous taxidermic labours, were, by exemplification, directed to the generous support and relief of his fellow-creatures, and, as the organs of credulity and benevolence were largely developed in our enterprising friend, we cannot be surprised to find that he was very often grossly imposed upon,

and, therefore, fully verifying the truth of an assertion of Ovid's,—"*Quique aliis cavit, non cavet ipse sibi;*" "And he that has defended others, fails to defend himself." Let me here add, that the charities of the Squire's benevolent heart, carried out in supposed secrecy on his part, were innumerable; some of which, accidentally coming to light, thoroughly established that which his intimate friends never questioned, namely, his innate kind and generous feeling.

Few persons have known Mr. Waterton for so lengthened and uninterrupted a period and so intimately as I had the satisfaction of doing, and the number of individuals would be limited indeed who could advantageously enter into and record any very detailed information with regard to his ordinary and undisguised habits, or with respect to his marvellous manipulating powers; and, probably, a still smaller number, *if there be any such* surviving confidants, who were, during the life of my friend, so intimately acquainted as I was with the many interesting minutiæ of Walton Hall and its surrounding scenery in its familiar and unaffected attire.

Under his own roof, at all times, during our friendship, the Squire's every-day habits were never reserved nor concealed from me, whilst his taxi-

dermic skill, as an amateur and practical expert, with all his ingenious arrangements and contrivances, were invariably and even seductively exposed to me; nay, I was cordially invited, at all times, to share in the interest Mr. Waterton himself experienced in ornithological operations, in order to endeavour to fathom all their difficulties, and to attain a knowledge of all their intricacies, whilst Walton Hall and its many peculiarities, in consequence of their being so frequently and so unreservedly under my eye, and so precisely harmonising with my own tastes, were as familiar to me as if I had resided within the park walls for half a century.

Mr. Waterton, from the commencement of our friendly and familiar intercourse, was well aware of my ardent attachment to every thing connected with natural history, and therefore, when he had obtained any thing novel or out of the ordinary way; or if he had himself added any thing by his own handiwork to his collection, well selected acquisitions to which he was incessantly contributing until the close of life; or if a strange bird had made its appearance on the lake, or in the grounds, I was pretty sure to receive a Letter requesting me to pay him a visit, whilst every possibly seductive inducement was volunteered to encourage and persuade me to

drive over and socially share his prospective pleasures,—the object of which visit was, without exception, in his letter of invitation fully entered into and minutely explained, so as to give me a detailed foresight of his contemplated intentions; and the more especially, if there was any knotty or disputed point associated with natural history to solve, to determine, or to correct, or any attempt to be made to unravel, by our united effort, any recent discovery which had been publicly recorded as actually accomplished and practically displayed, and particularly, if it appeared to be enveloped in any unusual mystery, or in some degree of incredibility.

The Squire was always in possession of moral courage sufficient, in the first instance, to firmly but to gently contend for the correction of an error unguardedly or recklessly stated, and, if a palpable one was obstinately persevered in, he would then not at all hesitate to support his own side of the argument by very energetic language, and, occasionally, by a tartness and an asperity of expression somewhat ungracious, and, unfortunately, also by a very decided insuavity of manner.

On my arrival at the Hall, on such occasions as I have named, Mr. Waterton was always on the tip-toe of expectation, being as sure as "death and taxes" to be eagerly looking out; and the moment my

foot had overstepped the threshold of the entrance hall door, his anxiety was manifested to introduce the subject of his previously noticed novelty,—probably some unique abnormity in the animal kingdom or in the feathered tribe might be prepared and conspicuously placed so as to create intense surprise or "love at first sight," or, it might be, some recently and exquisitely-mounted rare but normal specimen in some other or collateral branch of natural history. At all events, I was never disappointed by his frequent special invitations, which, on no occasion, failed to be interesting and to afford a gratifying treat to me, independently of a certainty of two or three hours of genuine enjoyment with the Squire himself. Then, to witness his animated manner, his hurried anxiety, and his extreme delight to exhibit any thing new, "fresh from the mint," or recently executed was such, that my heart must have been frigid indeed if I had not cordially shared in his very manifest pleasure and gratification, whilst rapidly recounting or vividly explaining its peculiarities or nature's necessary and marvellous provisions, with such evident heartiness and impetuosity of exposition, and in his own incomparably quaint style.

Mr. Waterton might be fairly, and indeed, impartially deemed, in some degree, impatient with any one hazarding an opinion at variance with his own,

as regarded the attitude or anatomical form of the birds he mounted. In whatever attitude he placed the subject of his labours it was always natural, but seldom deviating from one of repose. It is rare to see a bird of the Squire's "mounting" in an attitude representing a state of surprise, of auscultation, or of anger. That position in which the bird is evidently listening is very interesting, and adds, in many instances, materially to the appearance of life,—but I recollect very few mounted by the Squire "*arrectis auribus*," "with ears erect."

This excessive degree of sensitiveness and susceptibility, or, what I have ventured to designate impatience, or an unfortunate tendency to too readily "champ the bit," which I have frequently alluded to by its proper name to Mr. Waterton himself, was perceptibly indicated, even if merely the most trifling difference of opinion was ventured to be expressed in the mildest and in the most gentle manner possible, and, in this respect, no one was exempt from the reception of a testy or a somewhat irascible punition, nor did any one possess the slightest immunity from this infliction in consequence of age, friendship, or sex;—in this, as in other instances, he dealt out equal justice to all.

It has been my most anxious and even ambitious desire, and, I may add, my firm determination, in writing this Sketch of the "Home, Habits, and Handiwork" of my late friend, never to tread, nor even, in the least degree, trench upon what writers in the present age would liberally permit me to designate sacred ground, or, in other words, on a substructure, from which I should have been "warned off" by the Squire himself during his life.

It has also been my inflexible resolution, so far as a cautiously-formed judgment could direct and guide me, never to infringe on any subject beyond what even Mr. Waterton himself would have countenanced and sanctioned during life. How far a successful or approved issue has been realised, as regards the object in view, must be left for an impartial and unbiassed public to determine.

Conflicting, prejudiced, and, in all likelihood, even positively neutralised opinions may be formed, and, perhaps, now and then, of an obstinate and unyielding character, as to the remarks contained and the sentiments expressed in this Volume, probably as to their propriety, and, possibly, as to its hazarded publication, and especially, I suspect, by parties, in truth, totally ignorant of the circumstances under which I write, and yet, of course, speaking as if "*ex cathedrâ*," "coming from high authority."

I quarrel not with any opposing party-spirit, from whatever cause it may emanate, nor even with a jaundiced or malevolent eye, if such should prevail, nor with any diversity of opinion that may be entertained; indeed, it would be unreasonable in me to calculate upon casting my net with such exquisite skill as to secure every variety of fish by a single draught. Such really dexterous management would, in all conscience, require, in reality, "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," which combination of good luck and skill rarely falls to the lot of human decision, however cautiously formed and judiciously directed.

If the subject of this Memoir had been a naturally diffident and retiring character—if he had dwelt within his own park walls all his life, and had parsimoniously wrapped himself up in his own sphere of knowledge, niggardly tenacious of its distribution—if he had never travelled—had never encountered the lion's share of danger by land nor by sea, —if he had never mixed in society, nor roughed it in foreign climes,—if he had ingloriously concealed his every-day deeds "under a bushel,"—if he had ever acted, in the eyes of his fellow-men, "as a thief in the night"—in that case, and under such unenviable circumstances, the writing of this Volume might have been an irksome and would

have been an unwilling and a disagreeable task, as well as a difficult card to play.

The Squire had far too open and generous a disposition to care who might become acquainted with the ordinary acts of his long and well-spent life, and more especially in its later years,—he knew his own singularities, and cared not who shared in that knowledge. The old man never beat a retreat from broad day-light, always abominating "deeds of darkness." He himself, uninvitedly, supplied me with memoranda, as to dates, in order to complete this sketch, and, years previously, he hesitated not to publish his own biography, and was then not sparing in recounting his own peculiarities nor ashamed to describe, in not very complimentary terms, his own personal appearance,—therefore, the base on which I rest, is a permission more than equal to all my necessary requirements for the publication of this Volume.

"Si quid amicum erga bene feci, aut consului fideliter,
Non videor meruisse laudem; culpâ caruisse arbitror."

"If I have in any way acted well towards my friend, or have faithfully consulted his advantage, I deem myself not deserving of praise; I consider only that I am free from blame."

The Squire's heart, in allegorical or vernacular language, was infinitely too large "to rest and be thankful" with those amusements or labours which usually terminate by merely affording self-gratification only, so long as others were in misery. Although always the most happy when putting his shoulder to the wheel in good earnest, in favour of his hobby, or when feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and ministering to the wants of the poor and the desolate, yet, his varied, his unwearied, and enterprising labours were not all devoted exclusively to the useful, nor all exclusively to the pleasing—not all to the temporary, nor all to the more durable.

His handicraft operations were so judiciously, so suitably, and so reasonably combined, by mingling the agreeable with the useful and the laborious, that they never failed to yield an interest more than commensurate with certain duties which are necessarily inseparable from some disagreeable, repulsive, and responsible obligations attached to the department of positively practical taxidermy,—but where is the rose without its accompanying thorn?

The embryonic source of the Walton Hall Museum undoubtedly derives its origin, its initiative inchoation, as regards time, from the summer of the

year 1812, when its founder, the "South American Wanderer," literally rambled, unaccompanied by any friend, through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, and boldly penetrated the borders of Macousia, in anxious search of the Woorali poison, which, at that period, he not only fortunately obtained in the Portuguese inland frontier, but actually witnessed its elaborate and mystifying manufacture, and which now, at the expiration of more than fifty-three years, maintains all its pristine purity, and appears not to be deprived of the shadow of a shade of its original virulent intensity, as an effective and a speedy poison, when inserted within the cuticle, even in very minute portions; indeed, recently, good and advantageous opportunities, as well as clever, well-informed, and experieneed professional men, have tested and thoroughly proved and established the possession of its original efficacy, as regards its immediately and certainly destructive power.

Mr. Waterton has, on several occasions, intimated to me that he was primarily initiated into the fascinating labyrinths of natural history—that the impedient curtain was first raised by witnessing the varied and resplendent plumage of the feathered tribes in Demerara, which gorgeous display of the multifarious and diversified tints of colour, when the numerous

birds were flitting from spray to spray, and peacefully and playfully hovering on the wing all around him, appeared, from recollection, at the moment to far excel the brilliant shades of the rainbow,—declaring that he had never entertained nor previously cherished the slightest conception of the ornamentation and beauty of colours in nature which he should meet with in foreign climes—that he was totally ignorant of callæsthetics, never having, in his earlier life, instructed himself nor ever having been enlightened by others in the science of the perception of beauty. The Squire, on his first and unattended visit to South America, when young, powerful, and abounding in physical activity, with a mind equally eagle-eyed, resolute, and energetic, was evidently in blissful ecstacy with the vividly-radiating and harmonious colours of the birds he there met with, as he says in his "Wanderings," "the finest precious stones are far surpassed by the vivid tints which adorn the birds," and, in after-life, his countenance always vigorously lighted up simply from his own graphic description to his friends of these lustrous, varied, and harmonious colours.

From that date, 1812, to the melancholy and heart-rending period of his death, did the Author of the Walton Hall Museum—that extraordinary and unequalled achievement in natural history—pursue

his ceaseless labours with a lively zeal, as agreeable as it was indefatigable, and which, when its author was called hence, was, I believe, never surpassed, and, indeed, was generally acknowledged to have been rarely if ever equalled by any single individual in any previously known generation.

The Squire has several times, when speaking of his early pedestrianising, and, what he called, vagabondising expeditions in South America, insinuated to me that, in admiration of nature in all her varied profusion of modified phases and alluring aspects, he had frequently, with extreme pleasure and with a deep and fervid interest, which none but an ardent admirer of nature could realise—that he had, he observed, in numerous instances, been delighted and animated beyond measure, during a long succession of years, by closely watching simple arborescent vegetation during its gradually advancing growth, from the tiny twig to its umbrageous and approaching ornamental maturity.

With this carefully acquired impression, formed on the absolutely well-grounded information that I have now described, firmly rivetted in his judgment, (and retained in his memory), and continually in view, Mr. Waterton invariably found himself assimilating, by anxious and frequently repeated compari-

son, his growing and rapidly accumulating natural history collection, in a corresponding ratio, to the tender sapling of the forest, whilst gradually increasing, ripening, and expanding into maturity.

What greater criterion or proof can we have that the Walton Hall Museum was, in reality, originally and intentionally designed, by the Squire himself, as the affiliating link between his continually progressing acquisitions, his untiring labours, and the ultimate completion of this permanent and lasting patrimony in conjunction and in perpetuity with the name of the naturalist?

It is not, then, surprising, that this engaging and proselytising series of the rare and the beautiful, combined and associated with the unique and abnormal effusions of the animated and organised world, by degrees artificially unfolding, developing, and unmistakeably disclosing innumerably hitherto latent attractions, should have created, affixed, and secured the enthusiastic and permanently devoted attachment of this good old man to the captivating and enchanting objects of his own handiwork.

This wonderfully harmonious and fascinating accumulation of nature and of art—these numerous and far-famed celebrities, the distinguished offspring of the unwearied labour of the single-minded and persevering "fine old English gentleman," had become, in

the eyes of the people, and, indeed, in the unsought but highly appreciated estimation of naturalists of all grades and from various nations, as it were, an hereditary heir-loom, an immoveable portion of the freehold of the Walton Hall territory.

Hence, it requires no great stretch of imagination, no far-fetched nor extravagant flight of fancy, to forcibly idealise the pitiable condition of the residents in the surrounding district, when mourning the loss of the Museum, its founder and its fabricator, that they should be tempted to exclaim with Ovid, when writing a beautiful and pathetic elegy on the death of his friend,—

. . . . . "*Jacet ecce Tibullus,*
Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit."

. . . . . "See, here Tibullus lies,
Of one so great there hardly remains enough to fill a little urn."

Painful and grievous as the bereavement of this universally esteemed veteran was, which event passed through the whole district like a flash of lightning, when the somewhat sudden calamity, at last, did occur—widely, deeply, and poignantly as his death was deplored, yet, the completion of an age far exceeding that short span in Scripture allotted to man, had, for some time previously, forewarned and convinced his surviving friends, and, indeed, all who

frequently came in contact with him, that they lived only in disconsolating anticipation of the coming change at no distant period.

The manifestly and very distinctly and painfully visible drooping into the grave, so heart-rending to his numerous admirers, had, for a considerable time before the fatal accident, gradually and extensively foretold the anticipated fact, its shadow had been previously reflected, and had, consequently, by degrees, ameliorated the distress of his associates, so as to more calmly and submissively surrender their feelings of anguish to the evidently impending and irrevocable summons—to the fiat of a higher Power. "*Prævisus ante, mollior ictus venit.*" "Seen beforehand, the blow comes more lightly."

But, that they should be so speedily called upon, and so unexpectedly summoned by a firm and an unalterable edict, to sacrifice and to permanently relinquish and surrender the very objects they adored —to summarily and indisputably realise so abruptly the perennial deprivation of all the Squire's exquisite handiwork from their immediate neighbourhood, from so appropriate and *naturally* determined a site—to witness the desolating change in the residence and in the grounds of the very birth-place of this remarkable man, once, nay, so recently, monopolising a positively magnetic influence and the admiration of all—

to yield the Museum, the very idol of the people—the elaborate toil of his own unaided mental and physical powers—the result of the refined taste of this son of nature, to another arena, is lamentable in the extreme, and has been productive of the assumption of an aspect of the deepest regret in the surrounding district, and of the bitterest disappointment to the philosopher and to the man of science.

Is it possible, that the place which I have so recently shadowed forth, and which I have had such inconceivable yet melancholy pleasure in so carefully and minutely delineating, should have, in conformity with this description, ceased to be?—that it is, at this moment, a myth, in reality a thing of the past—that it was, but is not—that it has been not only deprived of the laudable pride of its existence by the uncompromising hand of death, which no human power can contravene, "*Nulla herba aut vis mortis tela frangit*," "No herb can break the darts of death;" but, that it has, at last, been shorn of its pre-eminently attractive position by forfeiture of the handiwork of its great inaugurating master, the subject of the present Memoir, and the unparalleled artificial preserver of nature, in whatever character she presented herself?

Is it possible, that the multiplicity of objects rendering Walton Hall so conspicuously unique and

so deservedly worthy of its celebrity and world-wide fame—so retrospectively fascinating in natural history to the scientific stranger from every quarter of the globe for so long a period,—Is it possible, that these, the indisputable admiration of all, should have taken to themselves wings, and have literally realised their ever-to-be-lamented flight from their birth-place to another region,—that they should have deserted their native soil and have been transported to a land of strangers, to which there seems to be no indigenous nor connecting link of attachment?

It is now, I grieve to say, no longer a question hanging in anxious suspense, no longer in painful ambiguity, as the days of this splendid and distinguished collection have already been numbered,—it is a grave reality—it is a *fait accompli*. Each niche, so recently proud of its occupant, the handiwork of "the old Squire," is now left desolate, to exhibit a melancholy blank, a mournful recollection of the past, and an irreparable deprivation of that which was recently so dear to us.

We now know, and, most unfortunately, to our deep regret, the "ultimate fate" of what cost the Squire an incalculable amount of time, of physical labour, and an age to accomplish. We are cognisant of, and have to reluctantly record a second, nay, a twofold grief, which is as unwelcome as it has been

unexpected to the surrounding district, and to the many, many, distant friends.

All our grief, however, will not restore to us the loss of that for which we vainly mourn. Submission to the fates decreed is, or, at all events, ought to be, on all occasions, our sheet anchor, and although "lowering our flag" is seldom an agreeable act, or gracefully capitulated, yet it may be a politic and a just one. Humanly speaking, we find it difficult to train our unwilling minds to kiss the rod that inflicts the source of our heart-ache, and, even under wholesome correction, to bravely but patiently meet and endure the worst, yet, after all, the only legitimate, and, I may truly add, praiseworthy remedy we possess is, to "stoop to conquer."

"*Levius fit patientia, quidquid corrigere est nefas.*"

"What we cannot correct becomes lighter by patience."

All the *facts* which are stated in this Volume, directly or indirectly, as connected with Mr. Waterton personally, have been carefully verified by the Squire himself when in his eightieth year. With regard to the *opinions* that are here entertained and expressed of the man, I may add that they are stated by me with scrupulous sincerity, and from a firm conviction of their real existence, and that they have been deeply impressed by a frequent, most cordial, and familiar intercourse of many years' duration. I also hesitate not to affirm, which assertion gives me extreme pleasure, that, during this protracted "hand and glove" intimacy, there was between us a reciprocal esteem, an affectionate familiarity, and a mutually devoted attachment rarely equalled; and I may now, and I trust to the last day of my existence, truly say with Cicero, "*Vita enim mortuorum in memoriâ vivorum est posita.*" "The life of the dead is retained in the memory of the living."

There is no necessity, in my case, to stimulate nor to officiously jog the memory, although treacherous on many occasions, that it should bear in mind and dwell upon the recollection of the countless happy hours and days that we unitedly enjoyed. Even now, with the mind closely absorbed on a

variety of other subjects, the Squire's vividly remembered and deeply impressed figure—his singularly pithy phraseology—his genuine warmth of heart—and his countenance beaming with a smile of inexpressible pleasure on the discovery of any thing new to him in his favourite scientific pursuit,—all, uninvitedly and attractively, insinuate themselves into my mind's eye, and spontaneously flit before me as if scarcely an hour had separated us.

Hence, under all the circumstances enumerated, seasonably tinctured with the most agreeable recollections of by-gone days, of felicitous conversations and associations with the unparalleled admirer of organised nature, it has been a most grateful pleasure, on my part, and I have felt it a duty absolutely incumbent upon me, not to willingly allow the remembrance of my late friend's generous and humane acts, coupled with his disinterested and meritorious virtues, to pass unnoticed.

It would hereafter grieve me, if I were now to neglect acknowledging the pleasure derived from frequently listening to the myriads of interesting and most amusing anecdotes, and to the variously thrilling incidents recounted by the Squire, relative to the aristocracy of the broad-acred county in which he was born, in which he had lived for so lengthened a period, where he had been distinguished,

honoured, and beloved by all grades of society, and where his memory will long be cherished with feelings of a most grateful recognition and pleasure.

It would be ingratitude of the deepest dye, if I could forget how delighted I had repeatedly been by the highly amusing narratives and adventures related by my late friend with so much genuine zest, and especially, on all occasions, with such delicacy of feeling for the memory of the dead. It would, indeed, be an unpardonable oblivion of sunny days gone by, the memory of which enjoyment is still fresh and inextinguishably indulged by me, to allow an undeveloped recollection of all these pleasures to silently perish along with the crumbling to dust of their Author.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

"What moderation or limit can there be to our regret at the loss of so dear a friend?"

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
He is gone,— and for ever."

CATALOGUE

OF

PICTURES

AT

Walton Hall, near Wakefield;

AS PREPARED BY THE LATE MR. WATERTON.

Not being able to do justice to the numerous Paintings at Walton Hall, by any written description of my own, the least that my readers may anticipate, and which expectation they are undoubtedly in a position to reasonably calculate upon, is, that I should furnish them with a copy of a Catalogue presented to me by Mr. Waterton himself.

The interest associated with these Paintings, unfortunately and unavoidably deprived of an artistic description, will be partially compensated by some observations relative to them from the Squire's own pen, and still further enhanced by the introduction of an extract from a Letter addressed to Mr. Waterton, by the celebrated George Ord, Esquire, President of the Institute of Arts and Sciences in Philadelphia, with whom I have the pleasure of being personally acquainted.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

ONE hundred and forty-eight of the Pictures in this Museum came from Bavaria in the year 1830.

I stopped at Wursburg on my return from a visit to Mr. FORSTER, the Prince of Hohenlohe's secretary at Huttenheim; and, hearing that there was a very fine private collection of pictures to be seen in the town, I obtained permission to inspect it; not having any idea of purchasing it, as I did not know that it was for sale.

It belonged to Mr. BERWIND, who was eighty-two years of age, and in the bank of Wursburg.

The old gentleman received me with great politeness. He said, his mortal course was nearly run; that he had no children; and that, if he left it to his relatives, they would sell it; and then the government would cheat them out of half of the proceeds;—and they themselves would fight for the remainder.

Wherefore, he had made up his mind to sell it:—and, on saying this, he went and fetched a printed catalogue from a table in a corner of his room;—put it into my hand;—and requested at the same time, that, on my return to England, if I had a friend, who

wished to become possessed of a most choice and valuable collection of pictures, I would recommend his collection to him.

He added, that he had been unceasing in his exertions to form the collection; and that it had taken him fully thirty-four years of his life to bring together what I saw before me.

He attended all the different sales of pictures far and near, during the revolutionary war, when specimens were choice, and buyers few;—and thus, he had managed to form a collection, which was universally acknowledged to be the pride and ornament of his native city.

I spent an hour in his rooms; and I begged permission to revisit them at four o'clock in the afternoon. This was kindly granted; and ere the sun had set, I became the purchaser of his collection.

Mr. Berwind sent it down the Rhine to Rotterdam. Thence it went to London;—and so on to Walton Hall, which, I trust, will be its last resting place.

Eight other pictures, with an asterisk (*) before them, are an invaluable present from my dear and excellent friend, GEORGE ORD, Esq., of Philadelphia, the elegant biographer of Alexander Wilson, the renowned ornithologist.

CHARLES WATERTON.

[*See his Letter, dated March 22nd, 1841, page 307.*]

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GEORGE ORD, ESQ.

"PHILADELPHIA, March 22nd, 1841.

"These paintings are eight in number.

"The largest is a Fruit Piece by Campidoglio, a Roman artist, greatly celebrated in his day for the natural effect of his productions. This picture belonged to Bingham, the father of Lady Baring. It was purchased at the sale of his paintings, by the late Thomas M. Willing, and from the last-named gentleman it passed to me. It is a genuine picture; but the name of the artist was not discovered until I got it cleaned, when the signature and date became visible. They may yet be seen, although indistinctly.

"The Virgin and Infants Jesus and John was another of Bingham's pictures, also purchased by Mr. Willing, and by me at the sale of the effects of the latter. I know not the author of this picture, but from its style and execution I should suppose it to be the work of an Italian master: it bears the marks of genuineness about it. The English connoisseurs will soon determine its parentage, if it be the production of an eminent artist.

"Tobit and the Angel has been pronounced a Breughel. This is conjecture; but from its peculiar style,

it will doubtless attract the attention of those capable of ascertaining its paternity. It was one of Bingham's favourite pictures; it ornamented one of his parlours, and I myself bought it at the sale of his family furniture, in December, 1805. It is a pity that this fine picture was painted, as was customary in the age of the artist, on two boards, so loosely jointed, that they now cease to adhere together. However, it is in good preservation.

"The last picture which I got out of the collection of Bingham, is the figure of an ecclesiastic. This, I have no doubt is a portrait, of some celebrated personage, perhaps one of your distinguished authors. I have somewhere seen an engraved head which resembled it, but can not recall circumstances to mind. Should this prove to be an original portrait of a great man, it will be an acquisition of no mean value. There is something in its manner resembling that of Le Brun's portraits.

"Jupiter and Europa is the work of a French artist. It is a highly-finished picture, and it will be easily recognised by those conversant in these matters.

"The two pieces by Jac. Van Es are in good preservation. This was a celebrated Flemish painter.

"The Fruit and Flowers piece is said to be from the pencil of J. B. Monnoyer, a French artist. I possess no means of ascertaining the fact; but the picture will speak for itself, as to its merits.

"G. ORD."

CATALOGUE.

No.		BY
1	Noah and his Daughters, . .	*Henri Goltzius.*
2	The Holy Family, ...	*Sir Anthony Vandyck.*
3	The Fortune-Teller, . . .	*Zaganelli.*
4	Landscape with Figures, . .	*Vinckenbooms.*
5	Bacchus on a Barrel, . . .	*The Flemish School.*
6	Venetian Architecture, . . .	*Van Hoeck.*
7	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
8	A Landscape, ...	*Anthony Waterloo.*
9	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
10	A Small Landscape, . . .	*Genoels.*
11	Feast of the Dedication, . .	*Droogsloot.*
12	The Blessed Virgin, with the Infant Jesus and St. Joseph,	*Moucheron.*
13	St. John the Evangelist, .	*Michael Angelo, Buonarotti.*
14	St. James the Apostle, . . .	*Ditto.*
15	St. Francis in Contemplation, .	*Francis Franck.*
16	The Holy Family, ...	*The School of Correggio.*
17	St. Magdalen in Contemplation,	*Dominic Feti, commonly called Domenichino.*
18	A Mountain Landscape, with Figures, ...	*Joos Momper.*
19	The Bust of St. Francis, . .	*Bernardo Strozzi.*

No.		BY
20	St. Sebastian, ...	*Adrian Vander Werf.*
21	Judith with the Head of Holofernes,	*Lucas Cranach.*
22	The Resurrection of our Lord, .	*The German School.*
23	Falconer on Horseback, . .	*Augustus Querfurt.*
24	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
25	St. Jerome, ...	*The School of Rubens.*
26	A Storm at Sea, ...	*De Vlieger.*
27	Old Woman with a Candle, .	*Godefroi Schalcken.*
28	Old Man Warming Himself, .	*Ditto.*
29	A Small Landscape, . . .	*Peter Van Bemmel.*
30	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
31	Church in Frankfort, . . .	*Stober.*
32	A Small Sea Piece, . . .	*Jean Bellevois.*
33	Bust of the ever Blessed Virgin,	*Carlo Dolce.*
34	Charity, ...	*Francis Floris.*
35	Vessels at Sea, ...	*William Vandervelde.*
36	St. Francis, ...	*The Spanish School.*
37	A Portrait, ...	*Jean Holbein.*
38	Portrait of Louis, Elector Palatine,	*The German School.*
39	Portrait of his Wife, . . .	*Ditto.*
40	A Landscape, ...	*Eisemann.*
41	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
42	Abraham and Jacob, . . .	*Jean Zick.*
43	Abraham and Agar, . . .	*Ditto.*
44	A Landscape during a Tempest,	*Eisemann.*
45	A Landscape, ...	*Bredael.*
46	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
47	Entrance into a Town, . .	*Jean Baptist, Tiepolo.*

No.		BY
48	A Landscape with Turkish Figures,	*Jean Baptist, Tiepolo.*
49	Lucretia Stabbing Herself, .	*Lucas Cranach.*
50	A View in England, . . .	*Stephonoff.*
51	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
52	A Peasant Smoking, . . .	*Brauwere.*
53	A Baker crying Bread, . . .	*Ditto.*
54	Dead Poultry, ...	*Francis Kuyp.*
55	Our Saviour carrying His Cross,	
56	A Fruit Piece, ...	*Jean Wagenseil.*
57	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
58	A Rustic Family, ...	*The School of Teniers.*
59	Country Musicians, . . .	*Ditto.*
60	A Small Landscape, . . .	*William Van Bemmel,*
61	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
62	A Knight on Horseback, . .	*The Flemish School.*
63	A Sea Piece, ...	*Backhuysen.*
64	A Table with Bread and Fruit,	*William Gabron.*
65	A Brood Mare and Foal, . .	*Dujardin.*
66	Numidian Crane and other Birds,	*Roland Savery.*
67	The Holy Family, ...	*Augustine Caracci.*
68	St. Benedict Curing the Sick, .	*Januaire Zick.*
69	A Beaver, ...	*Hamilton.*
70	The Birth of Christ, . . .	*Jean Van Achen.*
71	Adoration of the Three Sages, .	*Ditto.*
72	A Landscape, ...	*Christian Schutz.*
73	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
74	The ever Blessed Virgin and Dead Christ, ...	*Jean Van Hemssen.*

No.		BY
75	A Cavalry Attack, . . .	*Christian Lowenstern.*
76	St. Sebastian, ...	*Raphael Menge.*
77	An Old Man, ...	*Adrian Van Ostade.*
78	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
79	Dead Game, ...	*Wengel Brasch.*
80	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
81	A Post Boy in the Snow, . .	*Watzdorf.*
82	Cattle, ...	*Ditto.*
83	Running the Stag, . . .	*Wouverman.*
84	A Halt in Stag Hunting, . .	*Ditto.*
85	Landscape in Hungary, . .	*Drillert.*
86	A Countryman, ...	*Artist unknown.*
87	St. Nicholas in Greek Costume,	*Ditto.*
88	Triumph of Bacchus, . . .	*Francis Franck.*
89	A Landscape, ...	*Peter Molyn, commonly called Tempesta.*
90	Bust of a Persian Prince, .	*Rembrandt.*
91	The Holy Family and St. Catherine,	*Otto Van Veen.*
92	Holy Family and the Three Sages,	*Albert Durer.*
93	Countryman with a Pitcher, .	*Van Helmont.*
94	Ecce Homo, ...	*Sir Anthony Vandyck.*
95	Sketch of St. Mark, . . .	*Peter Paul Rubens.*
96	Sketch of St. Matthew, . .	*Ditto.*
97	A Landscape, ...	*Manskirsch.*
98	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
99	Shepherd and his Flock, . .	*The School of Berghem.*
100	A Landscape, ...	*The School of Breughel.*
101	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*

No.		BY
102	A Landscape, ...	*Besschey.*
103	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
104	A Nest with Young Birds, .	*Hamilton.*
105	Goldfinch on her Nest, . .	*Ditto.*
106	Blind Beggar and Boy, . .	*Januaire Zick.*
107	Snails, ...	*Otto Marcellis.*
108	The Last Judgment, . . .	*Stolker.*
109	St. Jerome, ...	*Joseph Dorn.*
110	A Landscape, ...	*Hockegger.*
111	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
112	An Angel, ...	*Francis Albano.*
113	Fruit Piece, ...	*Catherine Treu.*
114	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
115	Bible Piece, ...	*Seekatz.*
116	Interior of a Church, . . .	*Hoekgeest.*
117	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
118	Dancing Party, ...	*Palamedes.*
119	Crucifixion of our Lord, . .	*Christopher Schwartz.*
120	Flowers, ...	*Deville.*
121	Marriage by a Greek Patriarch,	*Paul Veronese.*
122	A Nun at her Devotions, . .	*Dionysius Calvart.*
123	A Military Train, ...	*Christian Lowenstern.*
124	Fruit Piece, ...	*Christian Striep.*
125	Working of the Mines, . .	*Lucas Van Valckenburg.*
126	Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, .	*School of Poussin.*
127	Bust of an Old Man, . . .	*Anthony Arlaud.*
128	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
129	Fruit, Vases, and Shells, . .	*Catherine Treu.*

No.		BY
130	Fruit, Vases, and Shells, . .	*Catherine Treu.*
131	A Fire, ...	*Christian Schutz.*
132	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
133	Sketch of our Saviour, adored by the ever Blessed Virgin, St. Peter, St. Aloysius, and St. Dominick, ...	*Sebastian Conca.*
134	Head of an Old Woman, . .	*Voelk.*
135	Head of an Old Man, . . .	*Ditto.*
136	Landscape, ...	*Anthony Krimm.*
137	A Battle, ...	*Augustus Querfurt.*
138	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
139	Shepherds and Flock, . . .	*Francis Londonio.*
140	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
141	Ditto, ...	*Wutzer.*
142	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
143	Portrait of Guibal, . . .	*By himself.*
144	Holy Family, ...	*Kobell.*
145	Feast of the People, cut in paper,	*Charles Pinterics.*
146	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
147	Academy of Sciences, . . .	*Stolker.*
148	Entrance of Alexander into Babylon, ...	*Ditto.*
149	The Itouli, or Nondescript, .	*Captain E. Jones.*
150	Head of the Howling Monkey,	*Ditto.*
151	Family Portrait, ...	
152	Ditto, ...	
153	A Sea Piece, ...	*Artist unknown.*

No.		BY
154	*Jupiter and Europa, . . .	*Artist unknown.*
155	St. Jerome, ...	*Ditto.*
156	Family Portrait, ...	
157	Edmund Waterton, . . .	*W. H. Furze, Rome,* 1841.
158	Sir John Bedingfeld, who, by his personal intrepidity, saved the life of King George III. when attacked in his carriage by the mob in the year 1796.	
159	Family Portrait, ...	*Sir Peter Lely.*
160	Ditto, ...	*Sir Godfrey Kneller.*
161	Ditto, ...	*Sir Peter Lely.*
162	Charles Waterton, .	*Peele, sen. In Philadelphia,* 1824.
163	Head of an Old Man, . . .	
164	Family Portrait, ...	
165	Ditto, ...	
166	The Ram of Apulia, . . .	*Rosa di Tivoli.*
167	An original Portrait of Queen Bess.	
168	Monkeys Shaving and Doctoring Cats.	
169	King James II. of England, .	
170	Son of King James II., . .	
171	The Triumph of Faith, . .	
172	Pontefract Castle, ...	
173	Capture of the Cayman, . .	*Captain E. Jones.*
174	Descent from the Cross, . .	*School of Rubens.*
175	Sir Thomas More, . . .	*Hans Holbein.*
176	The Scourging of our Lord, .	*Francis Franck.*
177	High Priest of the Jews, . .	*Supposed to be by Rubens.*
178	St. Jerome, ...	*Artist unknown.*
179	Pope Pius VII., . . .	*Carved and bought in Turin.*

No.		BY
180	Canova's Venus, ...	*Bartolini of Florence.*
181	Head of an Old Man, ...	*Artist unknown.*
182	Head of a Man, ...	*Ditto.*
183	Don Quixote, from Londesbro' House.	
184	St. Catherine of Alexandria, .	*Carlo Maratti.*
185	Pork, painted in 1563, . . .	*J. B.*
186	Dutch Cook, ...	*Jean de Fyt.*
187	Bull-baiting, ...	*Van Limborch.*
188	The Roebuck, ...	*B. P. on the Rock.*
189	A Perch, ...	*Adam Van Noordt.*
190	Spanish Piece, ...	*Artist unknown.*
191	Ditto, ...	*Ditto.*
192	*Fruit, ...	*Campidoglio.*
193	A Drunken Bacchus and Satyrs,	*Luca Giordano.*
194	Wild Boar of Italy, ...	*P. Vallatti.*
195	Contents of a Larder, ...	*Artist unknown.*
196	*Fruit Piece, ...	*Jac. Van Es.*
197	*Lemon and Oysters, ...	*Ditto.*
198	Dead Birds, ...	*Artist unknown.*
199	Portrait of Luca Giordano, .	
200	Dead Game from Moscow, .	*Beck.*
201	*Fruit, ...	*J. B. Monnoyer.*
202	*Tobit and the Angel, . .	*J. Breughel.*
203	*Holy Family, ...	*A Copy from Carlo Maratti.*
204	Fancy Piece, ...	*Miss Lucette Barker, of Thirkleby.*
205	Monkey Cramming a Cat, .	*Captain E. Jones.*
206	*Portrait of an Ecclesiastic, .	*Artist unknown.*

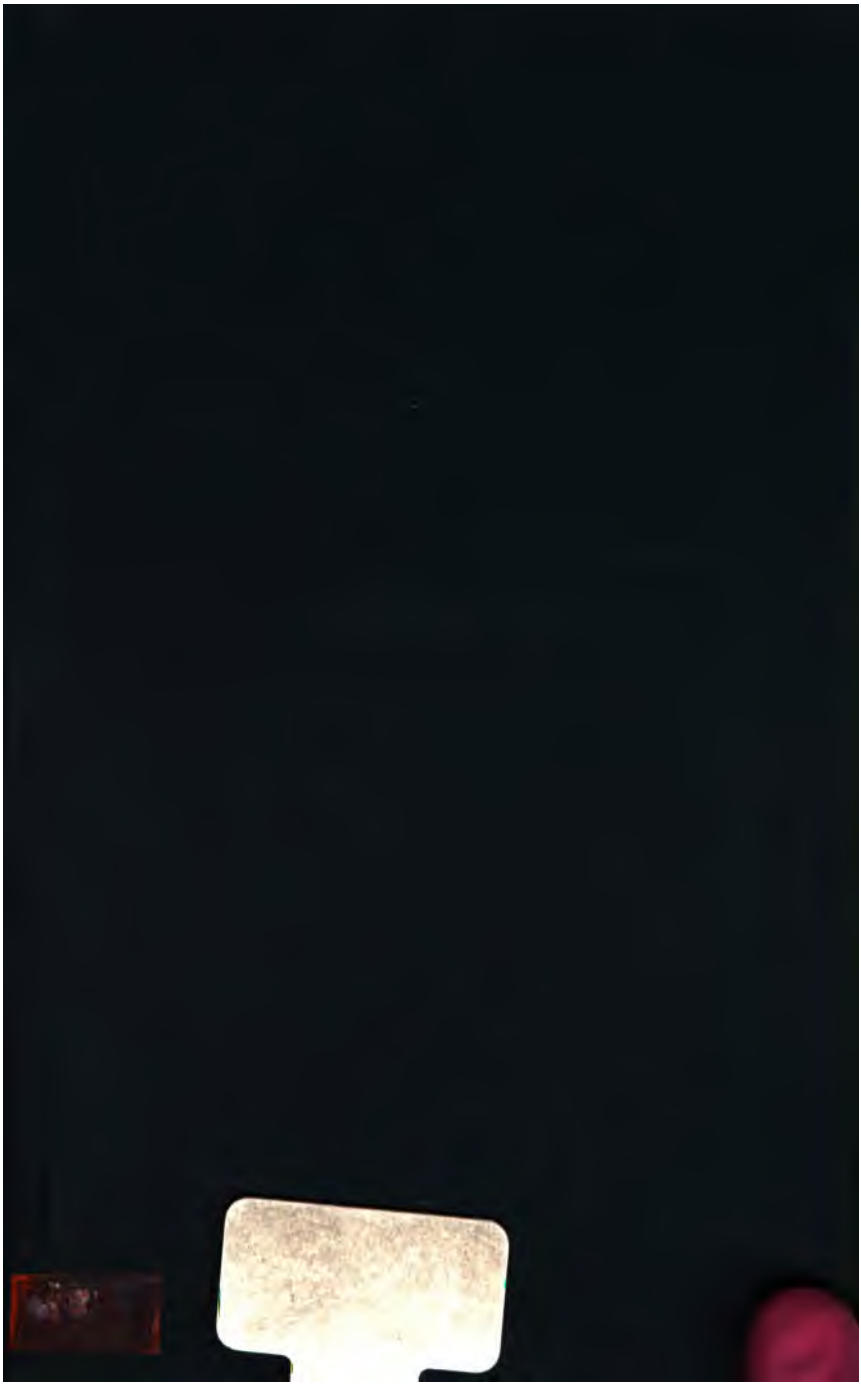
No.		BY
207	Tryptich in Distemper, representing the Blessed Virgin and our Saviour surrounded by Angels. On the right wing is St. Bonaventure; on the left St. John the Baptist; at the foot is embossed "THADDEVS · DE · SENIS · PINXIT."	
208	Madonna and Child, . . .	*School of Vaneyck.*
209	Cock of the Wood, from Moscow,	*I. F. Grooth*, 1774.
210	German Hunting Piece, . .	
211	Vanity. Painted in 1678, .	*S. B.*
212	Dutchman and his Owl, . .	
213	St. John the Evangelist, .	*Antonio Amorosi*, 1737, *in the* 81*st year of his age.*
214	Fruit and Lobsters, . . .	

WOORALI POISON,—See Page 59.

Being in possession of some of the Woorali Poison, which was given to me by the late Mr. Waterton, and which he obtained from the Macoushi Indians in 1812, I am induced, for the benefit of Science, to furnish any Hospital, Medical School, or any other Public Medical body, with small portions of this poison for experimental purposes, if desired to do so.

It is obvious that I could not make such an offer to private individuals, as the amount possessed would not guarantee the fulfilment of such an open-handed course, nor could I be at all certain that its use would be exclusively restricted to the purpose proposed.

RICHARD HOBSON.

Leeds, May, 1866.

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